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Comhchrinneachadh

Ghlinn-a-Bhaird:

THE GLENBARD COLLECTION

OF

GAELIC POETRY.

BY THE

REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.



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PREFACE.

JOHAN MACLEAN, the Poet, was born in Tyree, Argyleshire, in 1787, and came to Nova Scotia in 1819. He lived in Glenbard in the county of Antigonish. He died in 1848. Whilst in Scotland he made a large collection of Gaelic poetry. He also came into possession of a valuable collection made in Mull by Dr. Hector Maclean, about the year 1768. He brought both collections with him to this country. Christy, the eldest of his family, was married to John Sinclair from the Parish of Reay in Caithness. I am their son. Owing to the influence of my mother, and indeed of all my surroundings, I have been led from my youth to take an interest in the poetry, legends, traditions, and history of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

I have now in my possession John Maclean's manuscript collection, Dr. Maclean's manuscript collection, and the Gaelic manuscripts of the Rev.

James Macgregor, D. D., author of *Dain a Chomh-nadh Crabhuidh*. During the last twenty-one years, whenever I met a person who had old Gaelic poems by heart, poems not in any book, I have been in the habit of getting him to recite them, and writing them down. I have in this way collected quite a number of valuable poems.

I know that if I do not publish the poems in my possession no one else will. I know also that unless I publish them, they are likely to perish ; and Gaelic literature is not of so extensive a character that this should be allowed to happen. Besides, I feel that it would be utterly unbecoming on my part not to publish at least the manuscripts brought to this country by my grandfather. Influenced by these reasons I have resolved to publish all the poems that I have.

Some of the poems in this work have been taken from old collections that are now out of print, such as Ranald Macdonald's collection, Gillies's collection, A. and D. Stewart's collection, and Turner's collection. It may be a comparatively easy matter to procure one or two of these collections in the old country ; in this country it is impossible to obtain any of them. The few poetical works brought with them by the early immigrants were borrowed, handled, and used until they became reduced to tattered fragments.

Of what use, it may asked, are the old poems in this work ? In the first place, some of them are useful merely as poems, whilst others are not.

I am very far from thinking that all the poetry in this work is of a high order ; some of it is very poor. In the second place, all the old poems in this work are useful as Gaelic compositions. Those who composed them understood the language in which they thought and sung. If we want to learn Gaelic correctly we must study the works of the Gaelic bards, J. F. Campbell's *Sgeulachd-an Gaidhealach*, and Norman McLeod's *Cuairtear nan Gleann*. In the third place, the old poems in this work are exceedingly useful from a historic point of view. They throw much light upon the thoughts, feelings, aims, habits and actions of the old Highlanders. We can learn the external history of the Highlands from Skene's works, but if we wish to learn the inner history of the Highlanders, the real history of the people, we must study the works left us by the Gaelic bards. We find the history of a people in their poetry far more than in their chronicles.

It may be said that this book would sell much better if I had omitted some of the old poems and inserted modern and popular songs. I have no doubt that it would. But my aim has not been either to make a collection that would sell readily or a collection of popular songs. This collection with all its defects will serve my chief purpose. It will help to give, to such as may take an interest in them, the old poems in the manuscripts in my possession. The manuscripts may perish, but probably some copies of this work will be preserved.

I have published only two hundred copies of this work, and I have had it printed in as cheap a manner as possible. The greater part of it was published in newspapers, and struck off from the type of the newspapers for publication in book form. From page 1 to the end of page 128 appeared in the "Island Reporter," Baddeck, Cape Breton; from page 129 to the end of page 220, and also from page 261 to the end of page 322, in the same paper, after it had been transferred to Sydney, Cape Breton. The forty pages between page 220 and page 261 appeared in the "Pictou News."

The typographical errors are very numerous, but this is not to be wondered at. The printers did not understand a word of Gaelic. The proofs had to be sent me by mail. It was inconvenient to send proofs to me more than once. A few of the proofs I never saw. I have given a full list of corrections, so that any one who desires to read the poems can do so without any difficulty.

I have arranged the poems, as far as practicable, in chronological order in the Index. With regard to a few of them, I do not know when, where, or by whom they were composed.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, Prince Edward Island,
October 28th, 1890.

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JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER BARD.

Alastair Carrach Macdonald, third son of John, first Lord of the Isles, by Margaret, daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland, who was a grandson of Robert Bruce, was the founder of the family of Keppoch, Clann Domhnaill a Bhraighe. He was succeeded by his son, Aonghas na Feairte. Aonghas na Feairte had two sons, Donald and Alexander. Donald, who succeeded his father in the Braes of Lochaber, was killed in a battle with the Stewarts of Appin and the Maclarens, about the year 1497. To Donald succeeded his only son, John, who was known as Iain Alainn. Iain Alainn, in consequence of his having delivered up to the vengeance of the Clan Chattan one of his followers, Domhnall Ruadh Beag Mac-Gille-Mhanntaich, was deposed from the chieftainship by his clan. His cousin, Domhnall Glas, son of Alastair, son of Aonghas na Feairte, was chosen in his place. After his deposition, Iain Alainn moved to a place called An Uichair. His descendants were known as Sliochd Dhomhnaill, and also as Sliochd a Bhra-thar bu Shine. They were sometimes termed, by way of reproach, Shiochd an t-Siapa. They were designated by this name in consequence of having delivered

up Domhnall Ruadh Beag to the Clan Chattan. John Macdonald, or Iain Lom the famous bard, was the son of Donald, son of John, son of Donald, son of Iain Alann, the deposed chief. He had thus the blood of the Lords of the Isles, the Stewarts, and the illustrious Bruce, in his veins.

The year of Iain Lom's birth is not known. We know, however, that he was present at the battle of Stron-a-Chlachain in 1640. We know also that he was a man of a good deal of prominence in 1645, the year in which the battle of Inverlochy was fought. We would not probably be very far astray if we were to say that he was born about the year 1620. He died in 1709. He possessed mental powers of a high order, and was a man of real honesty and intense earnestness. He was a poet of great ability.

The following extracts will show what kind of man Iain Lom was, and also what competent judges think of his poetry:

"John Macdonald was one of the most remarkable bards of modern times. He was commonly called Iain Lom, and sometimes Iain Manntach or Iain Mabach from an impediment in his speech. He composed as many poems as would fill a large volume. Most of his compositions have great merit. He lived from the the rein of Charles the First to the time of King William. Charles the Second settled a yearly pension upon him for officiating as his bard. As many of his poems mention the chief transactions of the times, as well as the names of the

princes, chiefs and nobility whose achievements he sang, they carry their dates in their bosoms, and fix the era in which they were composed. He lived to an extreme old age, so that there are still a few people of very advanced years who remember to have seen him."—*Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, by the Rev. Donald McNicol, published in the year 1799.*

"Of the political school of Gaelic bards the most remarkable poet the Highlands have produced was John Macdonald, commonly called Iain Lom. He lived during the stormy period of the commonwealth, and entered warmly into the political questions of his day in the Highlands. He was a strenuous partizan of the House of Stewart, and did as much for their interest in the north by his muse as was accomplished by any other influence brought to bear upon the popular mind. He was a Roman Catholic, and his religion combined with his politics in giving a bias to his views, and force and point to his verses. Charles the Second appointed him a sort of Poet Laureat for Scotland, and conferred upon him a small pension, which it is said he enjoyed until the period of his death. Many of his Jacobite compositions have been handed down to us. In these two things are remarkable; his fierce appeals to the passions of the clans favorable to the royal cause, and his equally violent denunciations of those opposed to it."—*Keltic Gleanings, by the Rev. Thomas McLauchlan, LL. D., Edinburgh.*

“Of the personal history of Iain Lom, very little is known for certain. He was of the family of Mac-Mhic-Raonail, or Macdonalds of Keppoch, and, living through the greater part of the reigns of Charles I. and II., died unmarried, a very old man, in the autumn of 1709. He was a man of considerable education, which we have heard accounted for by one likely to be well informed on such a matter, by the assertion that he had been for some years in training for the priesthood at the college of Valladolid in Spain, when some unpardonable indiscretion caused his expulsion from that seminary, and his return to Scotland as a gentleman at large—a sort of hybrid nondescript, half clerical and half lay. His poetical powers are of a very high order, and he was unquestionably a man of very superior talents. In the wild times in which he lived his talents and habits of life caused him to become a very prominent man indeed. To Montrose and Alastair Mac Cholla-Chiotaich, as well as afterwards to Graham, Lord Viscount Dundee, he was well known, and by them all much trusted and employed on the most delicate political embassies. No man of his day knew the Highlands and its temper so thoroughly. In those wonderful campaigns which, true in every particular, yet read like Mediaeval romances, in which Montrose made himself the talk and envy of every soldier in Europe, it is certain that he consulted Iain Lom at almost every step. A brief but characteristic note, which we have more than once

seen and read, from the great Marquis to the Bard, was in possession of the late Rev. Dr. Macintyre, minister of Kilmonivaig, and is probably still preserved in the family as a very valuable and interesting relic, which in truth it is. It consists but of some half dozen lines, but when we find the Marquis declaring himself, under his own hand, from his "Camp near Kilsyth," Iain Lom's "very loving and true friend to command," we may be pretty sure that the Brae-Lochaber Bard was a man of no small account and consequence in his day. Of his poetry it is hardly possible to speak too highly. Rough and rugged, and rude almost always, it yet hits the mark arrived at so unmistakeably that you cannot but applaud."—*Twist Ben Nevis and Glencoe, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL. D., author of "Nether Lochaber."*

Iain Lom was buried at Dun-Aingeal in the Braes of Lochaber. A very beautiful and substantial monument was erected over his grave a few years ago. It is ten feet in height and richly ornamented. The inscription, as of course it ought to be, is in Gaelic.

It is to be regretted that Iain Lom's poems have never been published in a collected form. That such should be the case is not at all to the credit of his countrymen.

RANN.

LE IAIN LOM.

Chaidh Iain Lom nair, is e 'na bhalach
og, comhla ri athair agus feadhain eile gu
baile Inbhernis. Air dhaibh cruinneach-
adh anns an taigh osda 'san robh iad a dol
a dh'fhuireach fad na h-oidheche, thachair
do choigreach a bha 'nam measg ni eigin
a radh mu Iain. Cha luaithe a bha na
facail a 'pheul na thubhairt Iain mar
fhreagairt da:

Breith luath, lochdach,
Breith air loth pheallagaich,
No air giullan breac-luirgneach.

Air d'a athair na buathran so a chluin-
ntinn thubhairt e ris:

'S math thu fein, Iain, ni thu gleus
fhathast.

CUMHA AONGHAIS MHIC RAON- UILL OIG.

LE IAIN LOM.

Rìgh, gur mor no chuid mulaid,
Ged is fheadar dhomh fhulang,
Ge b'e dh'eisdeadh ri m' uireasbhuidh
aireamh.

Rìgh, gur mor, &c.

Bho na chaill mi na gaothair
 Is an t eug 'g an sior thaoghal,
 'S beag mo thoirt gar an taoghail mi 'm
 Braighe.

S eum bochd mi gun daoine
 Air mo lor air gach taobh dhìom
 Is tric rosad an aoig air mo chairdean.

Gur mi 'n giàll air a spionadh
 Gun iteach, gun linnich,
 'S mi mar Oisean fo bhion an taigh
 Phadruig.

Gur mi 'chraobh air a rusgadh.
 Gun chaothan, gun ubhlan,
 'S an suodhach 's an rasg air a fagail.

Ruaig sin cheann Lochatatha
 'S i 'chuir mise ann am ghaibhtheach:
 Dh'fhag mi Aonghas 'na laithe 'suarach
 Mu 'n do dhìrich sibh 'm bruthach
 'S ann 'n ar deaghaidh bha 'n ulaidh:
 Bha giomanach guna air dhroch caramh.
 Ged a dh'fhag mi ann m' athair
 Cha 'n ann air 'tha mi labhairt
 Ach an lot 'rinn an claidheamh mu d'air-
 nean.

Gur h-e dhruigh air mo leacainn
 'M buille mor a bha 'd leth-taobh,
 'S tu 'nad laithe 'n taigh beag choire
 Charmraig.

B'i mo ghradh do ghnuis aobhach
 Dheanadh dath le d'fhuil chraobhaich,
 'S nach robh seachnach air aodann do
 namhaid.

Gaothar—a greyhound, a lurcher or cross-bred dog, half greyhound and half fox hound. Rosad—misfortune, mischief
 Toirt—care, regard. Linnich—layer,

lining. Gaibhtheach – a person in want, a complainant. Leacainn—the side of the head.

In 1640 a fight took place between the Macdonalds of Keppoch, and the Campbells of Breadalbane. There were about 120 of the former, and probably about the same number of the latter. The Macdonalds won the fight, but lost their chief, Aonghas Obhar, who was killed. Iain Lom's father, Domhnall Mac Iain Mhic Dhomhnaill Mhic Iain Alainn, was also among the slain. An account of the fight will be found in the Keltic Magazine for January, 1880. It took place at Stronachlachain, at the head of Loch Tay.

ORAN DO DHOMHNALL GORM OG.

LE IAIN LOM.

A Dhomhnaill nan dun,
 'Mhic Ghilleasbuig nan tur,
 Chaidh d'eanach 's do chliu thar chaich.
 Tha seirc ann ad ghruaidh,
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim,
 Beul meachair bho 'n suairce gradh.
 Bidh sid ort a' triall,
 Chaidheamh sgaiteach gorm siar;
 Air d' uilinn bidh sgiath gun sghath.
 'S a ghrabhailt mhath ur
 Air a taghadh o'n bhuth;
 B' i do roghainn an tus a bhlair.
 A churaidh gun ghiamh,
 'N trath ghabhadh tu fiamh,
 'S e 'thogadh tu sgian mar arm.

An gunna nach diult
 'N trath 'chaogas tu 'n t-suil,
 Thu 'n bitheadh a sugradh searbh.

Is bogh' an t-sar-chuid,
 De'n mheallanaich nìr,
 Caoin, fallain de'n iubhraich dheire.

Is taifeid nan dual
 Air a tarruing' bho d' chluais;
 'S mairg neach air an buailteadh meall.

Is ite an eoin leith
 Air a sparradh le ceir;
 Bhiodh briogadh an deigh a h-earr'.

Air an leacainn mu'n iath
 Cinn ghlasa nan sgiath;
 Cha bu ghaiseach bu mhiann le d' chram.

Bho imeachd do'n Fhemm
 'S cinn fhine sibh fein
 Air fineachan fheil' gu dearbh.

Iarl Antruim nan sluagh
 'S Clann-Ghilleain nam buadh
 Bhiodh sid leat is Ruairidh garbh.

Mae Mhic Ailein nan ceud
 'S Mae Mhic Alastair fheil',
 Is Mae-Fhionghain gu treun nan ceann.

Creach 'g a stroiceadh,
 Ruith na torachd,
 'S fir fo leon nan aram.

Loug 'g a seoladh,
 Crith air sgothaibh,
 Stiuir-bheairt sheolta, theam.

Beucaich mara
 'Leum ri darach,
 Sugh 'g a sgaradh thall.

Cha bu nasag
 Ri sruth trath i,
 'S muir 'na gair fo 'ceann.

Thig luingeas le gaoith
 Gu baile nan laoch,
 Ged bhitheadh na caoiltean garbh.

Gu talla nam pios
 'S am farumach fion,
 Far am falaichear mile cran.

Bhiodh cruit is clarsach
 'S mnai uchd aillidh
 An tur nan taileasg gearr.

Foirm nam pioban
 'S orgain liobhte,
 'S cuirn 'gan lionadh ard.

Ceir 'na drilsean
 Ri fad oidhche,
 'G eisdeachd stri nam bard.

Ruaig air dhisnean,
 Foirm air thithibh,
 'S or a sios mar gheall.

Aig ogh 'Iarl Ile
 Agus Chinntire
 Rois is Innse-Gall.

Clann-Domhnaill nach crion
 Mu 'n or 's mu 'n ni,
 Sid a bhuidheann a 's prisèl gearr.

Bho Theamhair gu I,
 Gus a Chananaich shios,
 Luchd-ealaidh o n chrich 'n 'ur dail.

Eana chor eineach—bounty, liberality, goodness, courtesy; also praise, renown. Meallanach—bossy or having knobs. Fheile—of hospitality. Iubhrach—a yew grove. Taifeid—a bow-string. Briogadh—stabbing or thrusting. Taileasg—backgammon or chess. Drilsean—sparkles. Disnean—dice. Nasag—an empty shell. Teamhair—Tara in Ireland. The word teamhair signifies an elevated spot commanding an extensive prospect. *Joyce's Irish Names of Places*, page 293.

Hugh, the first Macdonald, of Sleat, was the third son of Alexander, third Lord of the Isles. Domhnall Gorm, son of Domhnall Gruamach, son of Domhual Gallach, son of Hugh, was the fifth Macdonald of Sleat. He styled himself Lord of the Isles, and Earl of Ross. Donald, his son and successor, was married to Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, and had by her three sons, Domhnall Gorm Mor, Archibald and Alexander. Domhual Gorm Mor died without issue in 1616, and was succeeded by Domhnall Gorm Og, son of his brother, Archibald, by his wife, Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Islay and the Glynnys in Antrim. Domhnall Gorm Og was the eighth Macdonald, of Sleat. He was created a Baronet in 1625; he died in 1643.

ORAN.

Do dh' Alastair Mac Colla, an deigh
latha Allt Eireann.

LE TAIN LOM.

Gu ma slan 's gu ma h eibhinn
Do 'n Alastair euehdach
Choisinn latha Allt Eireann le 'mhor
shluagh.

Gu ma slan &c.

Le 'shaigdeireibh laghach
'N am gabhail an rathaid,
Leis 'm bu mhiannach 'bhi 'gabhail a
chronain.

Cha bu phrabaire tlath thu,
'Dhol an caigneachadh chlaidhean
'Nuair a bha thu 's a gharadh a'd 'onar.

Bha luchd chlogad is phicean
A 'cur ort mar an dichìoll,
Gus an d'fhuair thu *reliobh* o Mhontrosa.

'S iomad oganach suil-ghorm,
Bha fo lot nan arm ruisgte,
Aig geata Chinn-Iudaich gun chomhradh.

Agus oganach loinneil
Thuit an aobhar do lainne,
Bba na shineadh am polla ud Lechaidh.

'S cha robh domhach no geinneach
Ann an talamh Mhic-Coinnich,
Nach do dh 'fhag an airm theine air a
mhointich.

Cha robh Tomai no Simi
Ann an talamh Mhic-Shimi

Nach do thar anns gach ionad 'am frogaibh.

Chuir sibh pairt diu air theicheadh

Gas 'n do rainig iad Muiri

S' chuir sibh lasraichean teine 's a
Mhoraich.

Alit Eireann seems to mean Eire's Brook, and to have been named after Eire, one of the Queens of the Tuath De Danann. Eireann is the old form of the genitive of Eire. Some are of the opinion that Ireland received its name from Eire. Whitley Stokes is inclined to look upon Ireland as deriving its name from a word connected with the Sanskrit, *avara*, western. Max Muller's *Science of Language*, vol. I., page 246.

Prabaire—a worthless fellow. Caig-neachadh or caigneadh—coupling or linking. Domhach—a savage. Geinneach—a short, stout man.

The battle of Auldearn was fought, May 9th, 1645. The MacKenzies and Frasers were on the side of the Covenanters. Alastair MacColla came near losing his life in trying to regain a position behind a garden fence, which he had very unwisely left. Gen. Hurry who commanded the Covenanters had 3,500 foot and 400 horse; Montrose had 1,500 foot and 250 horse. The latter won a complete victory. Some days after the battle Montrose committed to the flames a good many houses in Elgin, Garmouth and other places

ORAN DO MHORAIR HUNNDAIDH.

'Nuair a ghlacadh e le Seumas Meinne,
an Crunair, 's a bhliadhna 1647.

LE IAIN LOM.

Gur-a trom lean a ta mi
Leis gach sgeul tha mi 'claistinn.
'S mi 'tearnadh staigh braigh 'uisge Dhe:

Mi tearnadh air m'aineoil
Gu braigh' Abarfeallaidh,
Gun aon luaidh air fear faraid mo sgeil.

Cha 'n e gaoir bhan a chlachain
A tha mis 'an div 'g acain,
Gar an d'thigeadh gin as de 'n choig ceud.

Ach ma ghlacadh am Marcus
Leis a Mheinneireach thachrais,
B'e mo dhiubhal na bh'aca 's mo bheud.

'S mor an aoidheachd e 'n Albainn
Bog no gaoithe 'n Strath-bhalgaidh
'Bhi 'g a chlaoidheadh le armailtean sreìn.

Ceann uighe nan Gaidheal,
Far an suidheamaid saibhir,
'S tu gu 'n taghadh gach aite dhuinn
reidh.

'Sann a b' abhaist dbuit sheidu
Ann an garadh nan ubhal.
Fo fhaileadh nan luibhean 's nan peur.

ORAN DO MHORAIR HUNNDAIDH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Luinneag:—

Lamh Dhe leinn, a dhaoine,
 C'uin 'a chaoch 'leas a bheairt se?
 'S gu bheil fios 'san Roinn-Eorpa
 Gun h-i choir 't'ea sibh 'sracadh
 'Fhir a chruthaich bho thas sinn
 Cuir a chuis gu treun taice
 Air na Banntairean breige
 'Rinn an eucoir a chleachdadh.

Mi 'g amharc Strathchuaiche
 'S mor mo ghruaim 's cha bheag m' eislein;
 'S mi 'g amharc nan gleann-tan
 'S an robh 'n camp aig Iarl Einne,
 Ris an goirte 'n t-eun tuathach
 Nach d'fhuaradh ri breun-chirc,
 Ged-a tha e 'san an so
 Gun cheann an Dun Eideann.

Lamh Rìgh leinn a dhaoine.

Gur mor mo chuis mulaid
 'S mi air m' uilinn a'm onrachd,
 'S mi 'g amharc an rughe
 Far 'n do shuidhicheadh bordaibh.
 'Tha i 'n diugh fo ghleus chapull,
 Fear fada agus folach;
 Aig aon stata na machrach,
 An sar Mharcus o Ghordan.

'Naile chunnaic mi uair thu
 Is gu'm b' uasal do loiseam,
 'Tigh'n'n a mach le d' gheard rioghail
 Air na grinneinean gorma;
 Luchd nan casagan sìoda

'Ghlacadh pic gu gle mhedhar,
Is a bheireadh adbhansa
Ann' an am dol an ordagh

Bha mi eolach a'd' thalla
'S bha mi steach ann a'd' sheomar:
Bhiodh ann iomairt air thaileasg
'S da chlarsaich a' comh-stri;
Gus am freagradh am balla
Do mhac-falla nan organ;
'S bhiodh fion Spainteach 'ga losgalla
Am pairt de dh' obair nan or-cheard.

Cha d' fhoghain leo d' fhogradh
Feadh fhrogan 'ga d' fhalach;
Ach do thur-bhailtean mora
Bhi gun choir aig Mac-Cailein.
'N uair a fhuair iad thu d' onrachd
Rinn iad oirne gnìomh alla
Bha d'fhail rioghail gun fhotus
'G a dortadh mu 'n sgafal.

Ach a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt
S' fad' an dusgadh so 'th' agad;
Gur fad' ann ad shuain thu,
S tim dhuit gluasad bho d'chadal.
Mur h-'eil d'aire gu dìreach
Air do rioghachd a thagradh;
Leig dhìot 's an droch uair i,
Mur h-'eil cruadal a'd' aigneadh.

'Smath an cuideachadh sluaigh dhuit
Thu 'bhi 'n uachdar na corach,
Gu coir d'athar a dhiuladh
Air na h-ludasaich dheamhnaidh.
Ach na faireadh iad baoth thu
No blas faoin air do chomhradh;
No mar chlaidheamh bog staoine
'N truall chaoin air a h-oradh

Tha uaislean do rioghachd
 Glan stiogadh an claisean;
 'S gam falach 'an giubhsaich
 N deigh do chainneadh a *phrèssadh*;
 Daoine beaga 'rinn cillein
 De shìol *skineirean* chraicinn;
 Tha 'n am parlamaid rioghail
 'N deigh an rìgh a chur seachad.

Tha na h-amraichean muine
 'Gabhail iuil 'sa chuan fharsuing;
 'S an loingeas daraich a crìonadh
 'Dh' oilteadh fion air an *saitse*;
 Is 'gan tilgadh air òitir,
 As na portaibh a chleachd iad;
 Ma mhaireas an tuil so,
 'S mairg a dh'fhuirich r'a faicinn.

Na Banntairean — the Covenanters.
 Einne, Enzie — a district in Banffshire be-
 longing to the Gordons. An t-Eun
 Tuathach—the Cock of the North, a
 name given to the head of the Clan Gor-
 don. Ruighe—the outstretched part or
 base of a mountain, a summer residence
 for herdsmen and cattle. Folach—rank
 grass growing upon dunghills. Loiseam—
 show, pomp. Stacin—pewter or tin.
 Stiog—to crouch or skulk. Saitse—hatch.
 Amar—a trough; amraichean troughs
 Òitir—reef of sand.

The Gordons took their name from the
 lands of Gordon in Berwickshire. They
 received a grant of Strathbogie, Strath-
 bhalgaidh, from Bruce. George Gordon,
 the second Marquis of Huntly, was be-
 headed in Edinburgh in 1649.

IORRAM.

Do Mhac-Gilleain Dhubhairt.

LE IAIN LOM.

Ged is fada mu thuath mi,
 Soraidh slan do na h-uaislean;
 Leam bu mhithich 'bhi 'gluasad gu'r tìr.

Gu duthaich Shir Iachuinn
 Nam piob is nam bratach;
 'S m'èr blur diobhail ri *faction* an rìgh.

Cna b'e leamtuinn na ludaig
 Ris na teudan bu dluithe
 A thug mise do'r duthaich bhig, chrin.

Ach bas Mhic-Gilleain,
 Tha 'n reidhlig Orain na laidhe;
 So dh' fhag mise gun aighear, gun phris.

Agus Eachunn 's an araich
 Fo thrupa nan naimhdean;
 Fath mo thursa gach la 'bhi g'ur caoidh.

'S math thigeadh clogaide cruadhach
 Air eul bachlach nan dual glan;
 Gnuis fhlat'hail is gnuaidh mar am fion;

Agus spainteach ghear thairis
 An an ceann claiginn ealant',
 Is sgiath bhreachd nam ball daingean,
 'gad dhion.

Nam biodh agam air blarau
 De chlann-Dombnaill 's de m chairdean
 'Mheud 'sa chunnaic mi 'n armailt an rìgh;

'Mhead 'sa chunntaie mi fein diu
 'Teachd air luingeas a Eirinn,
 De shliochd gasda Choinn cheud-chath
 nam pios:

'Cha bu shiochaint 'ur cogadh
 'N am dol sìos an tus troide,
 A dhream rioghail nan clogad 's nam pie.

Chluinnteadh farum 'ur claidhean
 Air claignibh 'ur namhad
 Agus blaghean nan ceann 'gan toirt sìos.

'Siomad cubaire gealtach
 'Tha buidhinn cuire ann an Sasunn
 'Bha 'ga chubadh mar chat ann an craoibh:

Agus rogaire breugach
 'Bha mu mhilleadh rìgh Seurlas.
 A ta 'uis oirnn ag eirigh gu stri.

'S mur a caochail sìth *faction*
 Gu ma taobh-dhearg 'ur leaba
 'S'ur fuil a taosgadh an Claisean 's an dig.

Ga'n cluinnteadh feadarsaich luaidhe
 An lorg sraide na cluaise,
 'S mnai ri acain 's cha chruidh lean an
 caoidh.

Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, was a faithful follower of the great Montrose. He died in 1649. His son and successor, Sir Hector, was killed at the battle of Inverkeithing, July 20th, 1651. Seven hundred and sixty Macleans were slain along with him.

ORAN DO MHAC-GILLEAIN DHU-BHAIRT.

LE IAIN LOM.

Mur bhi 'n abhainn air fas oirnn,
'S tuil air eirigh 's na h-aithean,
Bhithinn latha roimh chach air a chomh-
dhail.

Mur bhi, &c.

Is bochd an ciridinn paisde,
N uair a bhuail an lot bais e,
'Bhi gun cheirein, gun phlasda, gun
fheoirnein.

'Sann de'n choinaimeh a 's miosa,
An garadh-droma air bristeadh
Mar gu 'm pronnadh sibh sligean le or-
daibh.

'S ann de dh'fhortan 'ur cuise,
Ma 's e 'n tore 'th'oirbh 'a muiseag,
Gu 'n teid stopadh na muire 'na phoraibh.

Tha sgrìob gheur nam peann gearra
'Cumail dìon' air Mac-Cailein.
S e cho briathrach ri parraid 'na chomh-
radh.

Thug sibh bhuiadhne le spleadhan
Eilean Ile ghlais, laghaich,
Is Cinntire le 'mhaghannan gorma.

Ghlac an eire greim teanchrach
Air deadh chinneadh mo sheannmhar:
'S lag an iomairt ge h-ainmeil an seors-
iad.

Dh fhalbh 'ur cruadal 's ur gaisge,
 Le Eachann Ruadh 's le Sir Lachainn,
 'Th' ann 's an uaigh far 'n do thaisgeadh
 'san t-srol iad.

'S Lachainn Mor a fhuair urram,
 'Chaidh a bhualadh an Gruineart,
 Cha d' thught' nachd'ranachd Mhuile ri
 'bheo dheth.

Is math mo bharail is m'earbsa,
 Mura roghainn gun dearmad,
 Nach bu chladhaire cearbach Fear-
 Bhrolais.

'N eaglais I Chalun Chille,
 Tha suinn chrodha gun tioma
 'Chaisgeadh doruinn, 's gu 'n tilleadh iad
 torachd.

'S mor gn 'm b' fheairde dream fiata,
 Nan each seang-fhada fiadhaich,
 Eoghan Abrach Loch-Iall agus Lochaidh.

Eiridinn—a nursing of, or attending
 on, the sick. Ceirein, a poultice. Feoir-
 nein—a pile of grass, a blade of grass
 Muire—the leprosy. Spleadhar—false
 hoods, fictions. Teanchaire—a vice.

It seems that Sir Ewen Cameron, of
 Lochiel, deserted his old friends, the
 Macleans, at a critical moment. An old
 manuscript quoted by Sheriff Nicholson
 in his Gaelic proverbs, at page 136, con-

tains the following statements: "Sir Ewen Cameron was bound by alliance, money and solemn oath to the Macleans, but renounced all on Argyll's quitting to him a debt of 40,000 merks." It was in this transaction that the following proverb had its origin: "Chaill Eeghan a Dhia, ach chaill an t-Iarla 'chuid airgid."

BRIAN AGUS IAIN LOM.

BRIAN.

Thoir soraidh gu Iain Manntach bhuam,
 Rag mheirleach nan each breannadalach.
 Gur tric a thug am meirleach ud
 Leis meann a mach o 'n ehro.

B'e fasan fir a Bhraighe ud
 Da thaobh Loch-Iall is Arasaig,
 Bbiodh sgian 'san dara brachair dhiu
 Mu viread ara 'dh'fheoil.

IAIN LOM.

A theanga liotach mhi'raltach,
 Nach tuig thu bhi 'gad dhiomoladh;
 'S mithich tarruing gu claidh-lionrait! leat
 'S am faigheadh Brian a leoir.

Thoir soraidh gu bard Aisint bhuam,
 Gu seann bhus liath nan ceapairean:
 Gur coltach do bhial rapasach
 Ri slait de 'n chealtair ch'k th'.

Cha b' chubaire 'ghoid ghearran mi;
 Cha d'chuir mi uic'h 's an ealaidh sin;
 Cha mho a chum e caithris orm
 'Toirt mhult a cairidh cro.

Do bheal tha molach feusagach,
 Lan smuig is uile is reumannan;
 Gur tric do bhru 's a gheisgeil ort
 'N deigh fuigheal creis nam bord.

An uair 'bu dluiche 'n aileag ort
 Bu lionmhor cu is galla 'bhiodh
 A' toirt nan sul 's nam mala dhiot,
 Le bruchdadh boladh feoil.

A sheann-tuir leith nan ursannan
 A's tric a dheabh na capachan,
 'S tu 'd shineadh anns na guiteirean
 An deigh do ghucag ol.

Gur salchar lic is urlair thu,
 Lan sgeig is uile is iombasaich,
 Mar bharaille 'n deigh a thionndadh
 A cur sgum gu barr-iall bhrog.

Ged 's cam a staigh fo d' ghluinean thu,
 Gur caime 'staigh fo d' shuilcan thu;
 S tu traoitear nan seachd duchannan
 A reic an crun air ghrot.

Droch coinneamh ort, a shiochaire;
 Mar caol a reiceadh d'fhirinn leat,
 Airson na mine Lìtich sin,
 Nach deach 'san ire choir.

Mi-'raltach for mi-ioraltach—not skill-
 ful or prompt, not distinct in utterance.

Breann dalach—brindled. Ata—a kidney. Smug—spittle. Reum—phlegm. Cubaire—a shabby, sneaking fellow. Cairidh—a fence of stakes or twigs set in a stream for taking fish, a weir; here a place for catching sheep. Geisgeil—creaking. Creis—grease. Seann-tuir—an old acquaintance, a frequenter of a place. Siobhairs—a contemptible fellow.

Iain Lom and Brian, the Assynt bard, happened to meet at one of the Inverness annual markets. Brian, having learned that the person with whom he was in conversation was a Lochaber man, asked him if he knew Iain Lom. Upon ascertaining that he did, he requested him to bring his soraidh or compliments to him. Iain Lom, stung by the words of the soraidh, replied to Brian on the spur of the moment.

ORAN DO MHAC MHIC-RAONUILL NA CEAPAICH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Mi 'm shuidhe air bruaich torrain
Mu 'n cuairt do Choire na Cleithe;

Ged nach 'eil mo chas crubach
Tha lot na's mu orm fo m' leine,

Gar nach 'eil mo bhian sracte,
Tha fo m'aisne mo chreuchdan.

'S cha 'n e curam na h-imrich
No iomagain na spreidhe.

No bhi 'g am chur do Cheanntaile,
'S gan fhios cia 'n t-aite dha 'n teid mi,

Ach 'bhi 'n nochd gun cheann-cinnidh,
'S tric 's gur minic leam fhein sin.

Ceann-cinnidh nam Braigheach
'Chuireadh sgath air luchd Beurla.

Cha b' e fuaim do ghreigh lodain
'Gheibhtheadh 'sodraich gu feilltean.

No geum do bha torrain
'Dol an coinnimh a ceud laigh.

No uisge nan sluasaid
Bharr druablas na feithe.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh leam d' uaisle
'Thigh 'nn an uachdar ort eudail.

Sa liuthad sruth uaibhreach
 As 'n do bhuaineadh thu 'n ceud la.

'Ceist nam fear thu bho 'n Fhearsaid
 Is bho Cheapaich nam peuran;

'S bho cheann Daile na mine,
 Gu Bron-na-h-Iolaire leithe.

Se bu mhiann le d' luchd-taighe
 'Bhi 'gan tathaich le beusan.

Mu dha thaobh Garbh-a-chonnaidh
 Far 'm biodh na sonuanaich gle mhor.

Le 'm morgha geur sgaiteach,
 Frith bhacach, garbh leumnach.

Tha me choill' air a maoladh
 Ni a shaoil lean nach eireadh.

Tha mo chnothan air faoisgneadh,
 S' cha bu chaoch iad ri 'm feuchainn;

'S nach 'eil agam dhiu tuaileas
 Dh 'fhan iad bhuam am barr gheugan.

ORAN.

Do Mhorair Ghlinne Garadh.

LE IAIN LOM.

S e mo chion an t-og meannnach
 'Bu shar cheannard nan ceudan;
 Fluair thu urram fir Alba
 Le do dhearbh acfhuinn ghleusda.

Mac Moire 'dhion d' anma
 Anns gach aona bhall 'san teid thu:
 'S na rachadh do mharbhadh
 Gun oircheas Mhìc De leat.

A shar mharcaich an steud eich
 Ur ghleusd air dheagh inneal,
 Le acfhuinn mhath 'sreine,
 'S d'a reir sin do stiorap,
 'N uair a rachadh, tu 'leum air
 Cha bu reidh dol gad thilleadh;
 Spainteach ghasda chruaidh gheur ort.
 'S bhiodh ra-treut mar a shirinn.

Beus de bheusaibh a Ghlinnich,
 Gu 'n robh sinne umad eolach,
 Nach gabhadh tu giorag;
 'N aile thilleadh tu 'n torachd.
 Bhiodh an t-iubhair 'ga lubadh
 Mar-ri fiubhaidh 'chinn storaich
 Air a leigeadh gu h-ealamh
 As na taifeidean corcaich.

Ach, Aonghais oig Ghlinnich,
 Cha 'n 'eil sinne umad suarach,
 'Nuair a thogadh tu 'n iomairt
 Bu ghlan do chinneadh ri 'ghluasad.
 Gu bheil cuid diu air linne
 'N laimh an innein so 'suas bhuainn:
 Ceud connspunn gun ghiorag
 Nach tilleadh le fuathas.

Cha 'n fhuil fhodach no prabair,
 Cha 'n fhuil graisge no tuatha,
 Ach fuil ghlan an Iarl Ilich
 A ta 'dreadh ri d' ghruaidhibh,
 'S car thu mhillidh nan cathan

A thaobh d'athar coig uairean;
 Dh'fhag sid cruadal a'd' lamhan
 Gus an claidbeamh a bhuailadh.

Nam biodh maoin air do naimhdean
 Gu do champ' mar bu mhinic,
 Gu'm biodh cuid diu 'nan laidhe
 'S gun 'an lamhan ri 'n slinnein
 'S iad gun chlaiginn, gun chluasan,
 Ach an uairchiun ri sileadh.
 'Sgaithteadh 'n casan o 'n cruachamailt
 Le cruadal a Ghlinnich.

'S mor an muiseag 'san trath so
 Air mo ghradh de na fearaibh,
 Mu 'n tagradh air Cnoideart
 A bhi 'm poca Mhic-Cailein.
 'S iomadh uisge nach lugha,
 'S nach leigeadh claothaire thairis.
 As an d'thug thu do chasan
 Gu coiseachd a dh'aindeoin.

Rud a's mo orm mar churam
 Anns an uair so 'ga eisdeachd
 Meud ardain mo chinuidh;
 Dia 'gan tilleadh gu reite.
 Air bhuir tighinn gu fallain,
 Thugaibh aire do m' sgeul-sa,
 'S fhearr dhuibh dithisd 'san abhainn
 Na 'bhi grathunn bho cheile.

Aimh-reite Chlann-Domhmaill
 Leam 's neo-chomhnard a bheairt e:
 Gu 'n do chuir e orm gruaman
 Coig uairean 's mi 'm chadal.
 'S ann a dh'eirich iad comhlà
 Leis a mhor fhear so bh' againn.

E-fhein 's 'Onair Sir Seumas,
A bha 'reir an aon aignidh.

Ged tha 'Onair Sir Seumas,
Dhuit fhein mara ta e,
B'ait leam Iarlachd Rìgh Fionna-Ghall
A chluinntinn mar b' ail leam,
Bheirinn bliadhna dhe m' shaoghol,
'S gach ni 'dh'fhaotuinn a tharsainn,
'Chionn do choir a bhi sgriobhte
Bho laimh an rìgh gun dad failinn.

Mur bhi cliopaich mo theanga
Dheanainn seanachas mu 'n cuairt duit:
Tha do rauntaichean farsuinn,
A lub thaitneach a chruadail;
Gha 'n 'eil Rothach, no Barrach,
Gha 'n'eil Gallach, no Tuathach,
Nach bu dleas da 'bhi leatsa.
'N am caismeachd na h-uaire.

Gura farsuinn do raantachd,
Agus teann sa ri 'cheile iad;
Gu bheil cuid diu gu cliuiteach
Mu Ruta na h-Eirinn,
Is cuid eile 'n Lochabar
Ma 's a beachdaidh mo sgeul-sa:
'S bu cheud feairrd thu iad agad
An am tapadh nan geur-lann.

'Mac-Pharlaimn 'sa chinneadh
Gur leat sin an am d'fheuma;
Is Clann-Donnachaidh bho Atholl
Ged is grathunn bho cheile iad;
'S gura leat Mac-an-Aba,
Le 'aitim mhoir mheadhraich,

'S Mac-Laomhinn 's Mac-Lachunn
 Nan glas lannan geura.

'Nuair a dheanteadh camp cruinn leibh,
 'S ncart bhur n-uilnean ri 'cheile,
 Co a b' urrainn dèl cadraibh
 'Nuair nach seasadh sibh fhein e?
 Ged tha ro-mhead bhur n-uabhair
 'N cìu 'g ur buaireadh bho cheile
 'Se 'n t-aon stoc as na ghluais sibh.
 Fuil uasal Chuinn cheud-chathaich.

Co 'ni taice no tabhachd,
 No ni stath dhomb air domhan?
 Ma nìtear leat m' fhagail,
 Tha mi baite am muir dhomhainn.
 Cha 'n tèil neach d'beanadh m' eucoir
 No 'shaltradh ceum ann am ghnothach,
 Nach tu b' urrainn a reiteach?
 Fheadh 's a dh' eireadh tu romhan.

'S mi nach iarradh mar bharant
 'N lathair bàra no bìne
 Ach Tighearn og Ghlinne-Garadh.
 Mo dheagh charaid glan riomhach.
 Sgeul a's mo 'tha mi 'gearan,
 'S tha orm mar anshocair chinntich.
 Gun do shìochd a bhi 'd' aite
 Dh' fhìes an la theid ceann crìch ort.

Oircheas--piety, clemency. Imcan--a
 hill or rock also an anvil. Prabhar--the
 rabble. Uairehinn--side of the head.
 Muiseag--a threat, threatening. Rann
 relationship, ancestry, pedigree, gene-

adegy. Barant—a support, surety, safeguard, reliance. Dh'fhios—unto, to, literally to the knowledge of.

Angus Macdonald, of Glengarry, was a son of Alastair Dearg, son of Donald Macdonald, of Glengarry. His mother, Jean Cameron, was a daughter of Allan Cameron, of Lochiel, by his wife, a daughter of Stewart of Appin. He succeeded his grandfather as chief of the Macdonalds of Glengarry in 1645. He was a devoted follower of the Marquis of Montrose. "Nam mor fhear so bh'againn." He crossed over to Ireland to support the Earl of Antrim against his enemies in 1647. He was elevated to the peerage in 1660, by the title of Lord Macdonell and Arross. He tried to get himself acknowledged as chief of all the Macdonalds, and thus caused the disturbance referred to in the poem. He was married to a sister of Sir James Macdonald, of Sleat. He died in 1682.

The Lord of the Isles was frequently termed Rìgh Fionna-Ghall, or king of the fair strangers. The Fionna-Ghoill, or fair strangers, were the Norwegians, who had settled among the Keltic inhabitants of the Western Isles. They were called

Fionna-Ghoill to distinguish them from the Danes, who were spoken of as Dubh-Ghoill, or black strangers. The Fionna-Ghoill married Keltic wives, learned the Gaelic language and wore the Highland dress. They became in a short time thoroughly identified with the native Keltic population.

The earldom, "Iarlachd rìgh Fionna Ghall," that Iain Lom would give to Lord Macdonell, was that of Ross. It belonged at one time to the Lords of the Isles.

ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLINNE- GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

'Cha b'è bas mo cheann-cinnidh
'Chuir mi-fein gu trom iomairt
Ach gun d'òighre bhi 'd' ionad 'n nair dè
eug thu.

Fear mor curanta baidir
Bh'aig gach duine mar sgathan,
Geda tha e gun chainnt an Duncideann.

Gu 'n do chaireadh 's an talamh,
'M fear a chonnsaich Mac-Cailein;
Co a b'urrainn an easadh na srein' riart?

Thug thu Cnoicart dheth 's tuilleadh,
'S lagh an rìgh air do mhuineal;
Cha do chonnsaich e Muile 's an d'eug thu.

Rinn Mac-Coinnich Cheamtaile,
Is Mac-Shimi na h-airde,
Garh choinneamh gu sathadh le cheil'ort.

'N nair a chunnaic an cairdean
Nach deanadh iad stath dhiot,
'Se gu mor leo a b'fhearr a bhi reidh riart.

MARBHRANN DO DH'AONGHUS OG, MORAIR GHLINNE-GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi 'liathadh
'Si so 'bhliadhna bluail brog orm.

'N diu 's mi 'gabhail an rathaid
'S trom a thathaich do bhron orain.

Gu'n do chaochail mi cruitheachd,
Dh'fhag mo spionnadh 's mo threoir m'.

Gur h-i dileab na donaich'
'Tha mi 'buntuinn a' m' phocaid.

A ghrabhat 'bha mu d' mhuineal,
'S tric i cruinneachadh dheoir orain.

Dh'fhag mi taisgte 'n Duneideann
Na sgar o cheile mo mhoreluis.

An eiste chumhainn nan slios-bhorc
Fo lie nan stol reota;

Fo chasan luchd-bhriogais;
Gur b-e mise 'th' air mo leobadh.

'S ann a chog thu 'n tur dealbhach
Goirid gearr o Loch-Lochaidh.

Chunnaic mis' Dubhir-Gharaidh
Muirneach, aighearach, ceolmh or.

Bhiodh an eup ann ad chearr-lainn
Is e dear-lan gu dortadh.

'N uair a chuir' an lan strachd air,
Gu 'm b'e 'm fath 'chumail comhuard.

'S tha 'nis do thalla mer greadhnach
Gun solus coimle, gun cheol ann:

'S do sheomraichean geala
Gun smuid, gun deathach, gun cheo dhia.

ORAN AN AGHAIDH AN AONAIDH
EADAR ALBAINN AGUS
SASUNN.

LE IAIN LOM.

Ge b'e fhogas an lasair
An am fadadh na sinuide,
Thaid an cuibhreach, mu'n chag uil,
Gun bhi fada fo 'gleinibh:
Ach 'fhir a dh'eirich le gradachd
A chur fasdadh nan lub oirr',
Sparr thu 'n goisnean mu 'ladhan
Mar eun clombach an ruchain.

Bhrist thu luing agus a chrann sin,
'S chaidh an searbh damh' am mearachd;
Na daimh oga tha 'benaich,
'S iad gun fheum a chum tarraim.
'Fhir a b' abhaist an ceannsach'
Is an tionndadh le an-ichead,
'S e Diuc Atholl le durachd
'Bhrist do luban a dh'aindeoin.

Ge b'e 'leana-th ga direach
Diuca firinneach Atholl,
'S roghainn cruthaicht' thar sluaigh e
'Bbuidhneadh buaidh mar 'rinn athair.
Bha thu 'n aghaidh luchd-eise
'Ghabh na miltean mar roghainn:
Ach fagaidd mis' iad gu h-ìosal
'Nan laidhe shìos anns na spleadhann.

'S mor 'tha 'ghliocas na rioghachd
Deagh sgriobht' ann ad mheomhair.
'Bha thu foghlum as d'oige
'Chur na corach air adhart
'N aghaidh Bhanntairean misgeach

Bha ri bristeadh an lugha;
 Nam biodh iad uile gu m'ordagh-s
 Gheibheadh iad cord agus teadhair.

Na bioch ort-sa bonn airtneil,
 Tha fir Athoill nan seasamh;
 Luchd nan gorm lannan geura
 'Dheanadh feum dhuit 'gad fhreasdal;
 Mar sid 's do dheagh bhraithrean
 Luchd nan sar-bhuillean sgaiteach;
 Fir a chaitheamh nan saighead,
 'Sa ro ghleidheadh na cartach.

Na biodh ortsa bonn mi-ghean,
 Tha fir do thire gle ullamh;
 Corr mor is deich mile
 Ged a leughainn an tuilleadh,
 'Mheud 's a bhuinnig e 'phris dhuir
 'Ghaidh e sgriobhte do Lannan;
 Na chuireadh dragh orra an Alba
 Gu'n robh 'nan armaibh gle ullamh.

Latha randabhu 'n t-sleibhe
 Bha mi-fein ann is chuimaic;
 Bha na trupanen sreìn' ann
 Bha na ceudan a' cruinneach,
 Ge b'e ghabhadh air 'anam
 Gu'n robh mnathan mar dhuin' ann,
 Gu'n rachadh saighead na airnibh
 Gus an traigh i an fhuil as.

'Mhorair *Dupplin*, gun fhuireach,
 Dh'fhosgail uinneag do sgornain;
 Dh'eirich roscal a'd' chridhe
 'Nuair chual thu tighinn an t-or ud;
 Shluig thu 'n aileag de'n gheanach,
 Dh'at do sgamhan is bhoc e;
 Dh'fhosgail teannsgal do ghoile,
 'S lasaich greallag do thona.

Cha b' ioghnadh sid dhuit a thachairt
 Ogha bhaigeire Linn-saidh,
 'Sa linnhad dorus mor caisteil
 Ris 'n do staile e 'chnaimh tiompain.
 Cha d'fhag e baile gun siubhal
 Bho Chill-rudha gu Frainse,
 Mar ghabhas sin 's an t-ord Gallach
 Gu ruige baile Iarl Anutrum.

Ogha baigeir na luinich
 Ciod do chuis an taigh-parla,
 Mur deach thu dh'fhoghlum a gheanaich.
 Mar bha 'n seanair o 'n d'fhas thu.
 Cha d'fhag e ursann gun loacadh
 Eadar Ros is Ceann-Taile;
 Bhiodh a dhiosg-san gle ullamh
 An am cromadh fo 'n fhar-dorus.

Tha *Queensbury* 'n trath so
 Mar fhear straic' a cor thairis.
 Eis' a' tarraing gu direach
 Mar ghearran dian ann an greallaig;
 'S luchd nam putagan anairt
 Lan smear' agus geire;
 Nam bu r'his an ceannair',
 Bhiodh 'n ceann de 'n amull air dheireadh.

Tha Diuc Atholl's Diuc Gordan
 Gle chloiste 's iad duinte,
 Air an sgrìobhadh gu daingeann.
 Ach tha Hamilton dubailt',
 Iarla Bhrathainn bhiodh mar-ris.
 Cha bhiodh mealladh 'sa chuis sin.
 'Toirt a chruin bhuainn le ceannach.
 An ceart fhradharc ar suilean.

Tha Memnerreach Uaimh ann
 Gle luaineach 'na bhreathal,
 'Se mar dhuine gun suilean

‘Giarraidh iuil air feadh ceathaich;
 Ach thig e fathast le umhlachd
 ‘Chum an Diuc, ma ‘s i bheatha,
 ‘S bidh a shannat ‘s a mhi-dhurachd
 Anns an smur gum aon rath air.

Larla Bhrathainn a *Scaforth*,
 Cha bhi sith-shainn ri d’ bheo dhuit,
 Gum bi ort-sa cruaidh fhaoghaid
 ‘N taobh a staigh de ‘n Roim-Eorpa.
 Ach nam faighian mo roghainn
 ‘S dearbh gu ‘n leaghainn an t-or dhuit
 A stigh an faochaid do chlaiginn
 Gus an eas e do bhotuinn.

Spleadhan, falsehoods.—Cairt—a charter.
 Roseal—joy. Greallag—a swing in the
 8th verse, or according to the Highland
 Society’s Dictionary, a gut, a swingle-tree
 in the 11th verse. Putagan anairt—pock
 pudding. Ceannaire—a driver, a leader
 of plough horses.

The Union with England, which took place May 1st 1707, was exceedingly unpopular in Scotland. It was carried however, in the Scottish parliament by a hundred and ten votes against sixty-nine. Many of those who voted for it were bribed by English gold, or by promises of rank and office. James Douglas, second duke of Queensbury, was the most active agent in bringing it about. Thomas Hay, viscount Dupplin, was in favor of it. Menzies of Weem and Uilleam Dubh, fifth Earl of Scaforth were also in favor

of it. James Douglas, fourth duke of Hamilton, opposed it, but not in such a straightforward manner as was expected of him. He could have prevented it if he had exerted himself properly. John Murray, first duke of Athol, opposed it with great zeal.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH AGUS IAIN LOM.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

A bhean nam pòg meala,
S nan gorm-shuilean meallach;
'S ann a tha mo chion falaich
Fo m' bhannan do m' ghradh.
A bhean &c.

Cha 'n 'eil mi 'gad leirsinn,
Ach mar gu 'm biodh reul ann
An taic ris a' ghrein so
'Tha 'g eirigh gach la.

IAIN LOM.

Air leatsa gur reul i,
'S gur coltach ri grein i,
'S og a chaill thu do leirsinn
Ma thug thu 'n eisg ud do ghradh.

Bola th uilleadh an sgadain,
De dh' urlainn na h-apa;
S i 's cubaiche faicinn
A tha 'n taice ri traigh.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

Fios bhuam gu Iain Mabach,

Do 'm bu cheird a bhi 'gadachd,
Nach co-ion da 'bhi 'caig riun
Is ricabaire baird.

Am busaire ronnach,
Fear nam pluit-chasan croma:
'Tha na cuspan air lomadh
Gu bonnaibh do shail'.

Am pluitaire busach,
Fear nam brnsg-shuilean musach:
'Cha 'n fhasa do 'thuigsinn
Na plubartaich cail.

Ged tha thu 'm fhuil dhirich,
Naile, cumaidh mi sios thu;
'Cha bhi coille gun chrionaich
Gu dilinn a 'fas.

Fuigheal fìor-dheireadh feachd thu,
'Cha 'n fhiach le each ac 'thu;
Chaill thu d' ìugnean 's a' Cheapaich
S griobadh prais' agus chlar.

TAIN LOM.

Fios bhaansa dhuit, 'ille,
Chaill thu dualchas co chinnidh:
Gu bheil thu air maire,
Lan de dh' inisgean baird.

Mi cho saor de na ronnan
Ri aon beo dho do shloinneadh:
Naile, rinn thu breug shoilleir
Ann am follais do chack.

Ma 's ann ormsa mar dhimeas,
Ghabh thu 'choill as a crionaich,
Iarr an doire na 's isle
Bho iochdar do chlair.

Mur bhi dhomhsa mac d' athar,
 Is ann da 'tha mi 'g athadh,
 Naile, chuirinn ort athais
 A tha faiste 'nad chail.

Ba triuir mhac aig Iain Bhoth-
 Fhionntain, Alastair, Domhnall Donn,
 agus Domhnall Gruamach. Bha Domhnall
 Donn 'na bhard fìor mhath. Tha e
 coltach ris nach robh Domhnall Gruamach
 a bheag air dheireadh air.

IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

John Macdonald, commonly known as Iain Dubh Mac Iain Mhic Ailein, belonged to the Clanranald branch of the MacDonalds. He was born about the year 1665. He received a good education. He belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. He received at Grulean in the island of Eigg. He fought at the battle of Sheriffmuir. He lived in comfortable circumstances. The time of his death, like that of Mac Mhaighstir Alastair, seems to be unknown. At any rate we have never seen it mentioned. There are three of his poems: "Oran nam Fineachan Gaidhealach," "Oran do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein," and "Marbhrann do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein," in Mackenzie's *Sar-Obair nam Bard*. The other poems ascribed to him in that work. "Marbhrann do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain" and "Crosanachd Fhir nan Drimnean" were composed by Iain Mac-Ailein, of Mull.

AONGHAS OG MAC SHEUMAIS.

Oran do dh' Aonghas Bhaile Fhionn
laidh.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

Aonghais oig mhic Sheumais,
'Fhir ghleusd' an aigne mhoir,
Ma dh'fhalbh thu siubhal reidh leat,
Deagh sgeul ort leamsa 's deoin;
Thu fhein 's do bhrathair gle mhath
A ghlac an fheil' air dhorn;
Cha dean mi tuilleadh pleide ruibh
Bho 'n 's beag oirbh fein am bosd.

Leamsa 'ur seol eigin e
Nach d'fheud mi 'bhi 'n 'ur coir,
'S gu 'm faighinn sealladh eibhinn.
Le toil De na'm bithinn beo,
Air aghaidh Ailein Mhuideartaich,
Bho 'n 's e san grunn mo sgeoil,
Is fradharc sul' an tanaisteir
A bhrathair, Raonull og.

'S gu 'm faicinn an ros fìor uasal
A's priseile na 'n t-or,
'S an t-eumhann gasda riombach sin,
'S a dhreach air fianh an lo,
Leug nam buadhan firinneach
'S an fheinics fhior-ghlan chorr;
'S air lionmhoireachd nan reultaichean
Gun cheist 's tu fhein am *pol*.

Gur muirneach, cliuiteach, eireachdail
Penelope mar ainm;

Gur nìarach i te da'n goirear e,
 Ma leanas i do lorg;
 Do ghionnharan 's co soilleir iad
 'S tha 'n geal a bhios air dearg;
 'S i 'n ti so tha mi 'g innseadh dhuibh
 An t-sic bhaltachd gun fhèirg.

Penelope 'bhan Ghreugach sin,
 Gur buan a sgeul aig each,
 A chionn gu 'n robh i firinneach
 Is fìor sheasmhach 'na gradh;
 Ach Penelope dhubh ghle-ghèal se
 Le a ceutadh choisinn barr;
 Cha ruigeadh bean Uiliseis i
 Mar 'n deicheamh, cuid 's gach cas.

tochd is gradh is fiughantas
 An triuir a bha 's a' ghleann,
 Is creidimh, ciall, is umhlachd,
 Na cruintean 'bh air an ceann,
 Fuigse, baidh, is faighidinn,
 'S gun sgaiteachd ann an cainnt;
 Bha 'n deichnear sin cho pusda riut.
 'S tha 'n uirri friamh nan crann.

Beir soraidh bhuam, ged dh'fhnìrich ai.
 Gu taigh nan uinneag ard;
 'N taigh buadhach, stuadhach tuireid ch
 Nach uireasbhach ri daimh;
 'N taigh ceolmhor, olmhor, aighearach
 'S an faighear cuirm le failt;—
 Gu'n gleidheadh an Rìgh a cheannard
 dhuinn
 'S a' bhain-tigh'rna 's math ghaths.

Ged dh'fhan mi air bhur eulthaobh
 'S ann leam tha chuis ro chaillt',

Nach d'thug mi greis de'n dublachd
 Anns a chuir 'am biodh an damas'.
 Ach tha n seanfhacl 'ga urachadh.
 Ge luthor an cu cam,
 Ge titheach air an smodal e.
 Cha bheir e bhos is thall.

Pleid or bleid—a wheedling a cajoling.
 Eumhann—a pearl. Feinies—the phoenix—a mythical Egyptian bird. Pol—the north pole. Ceutadh—pleasantness, elegance. Penelope, wife of Ulysses, is regarded as a model of conjugal and domestic virtue. Her praise was sung by Homer. Smodal—crumbs, fragments of meat. sweepings.

Ailean Muideartach was married to Penelope Mackenzie, daughter of Colonel Mackenzie, of Tangiers. She was possessed of beauty, wit and sweetness of temper, and was highly esteemed.

AM BRUADAR.

Oran air cor na rioghachd 'sa bhliadh-
na 1715.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIIC AILEIN.

Luinnseag—

Hei ho, tha mulad air m' iuntinn,
Cho trom ri claich mhuilinn
Air lonnaibh na sineadh,
Bho nach b' eil a h-uile rud
'Chunnaic mi sgrìobhte,
Cha bheo air a chruinne
Na 's urrainn an innseadh.

Hei ho!

'Chunnaic mise 's mi 'm' chadal
Ghe de dh'aisling ro fhuath'sach,
Ghabh mi 'leithid de dh' eagal
'S gun do theap mi 'bhi 'm' uaigh leis.
'Thug mi sealladh 's na speuraibh
Is ghlac maoin mi le uamhann.
Gà'n robh Mars anns an leum sin
'Na lan eic eadh geal cruadhach.

Ann an toiseach na ccmh-stri
Chaidh Bellona air ghluasad;
'S nochd sinne, 'thoirt caismeachd bliainne.
Ar bratach gu h-uallach.
Bha sluagh cois' agus marcachd
A dol seachad mu 'n cuairt duinn:
Bha run feirg' air gach gaisgeach,
'Se dian lasadh gu cruadal.

Thug mi suil air an fhàirge,
 'S cha bu dearmadach m' inntinn,
 'Nuair a chunnaic mi 'gharbh luaidh
 Is fiamh calma gach mìlidh,
 Thainig smaointinn a' m' eanchainn,
 Ma bha 'n tairgreadh 'na fhirinn
 Gu 'm biodh cogadh is marbhadh
 A bhiodh gailbheach 'san rioghachd.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad uile,
 Sluagh gach lunge 's luchd tìre,
 Bu phàilt biadh ac' is lannan,
 Cha robh gainne 'thaobh ni orr'.
 Bha iad namhaideach fuileach,
 Is dian guineach 'chum strithe;
 Bho la Fhinn cha do chruinnich
 Tric an uiread de mhiltibh.

Bu dluth chluinnteadh nan campa
 Guth na Gall tromb' 's fuainn pioba.
 Fairgneadh sunndach na druina
 'Cur gach curaidh gu dian theas.
 Fhuair gach fear 'bha 'n comanuda
 Ordagh teann thun a ghnìomha,
 'S theann an armait ri marsadh
 'Thoir gach namhaid fo ehis dhailh.

Labhair guth rium na briathran s':
 "Ged's cuis-fhiamha na chi thu
 Cha dean aon diu bonn lochd' ort
 Mura coisinn thu 'm miorun;
 Is an neach tha thu 'g iarraidh
 Na bi fiafraich os 'n iosal
 Gus am faic thu 'mhuc iasaid
 'Ga sior stialladh aig miolchoin."

Chunnaic mise mu 'n d' dhuaisg mi

Ni chuir curam air m' inntinn,
 Teine 'bruchdadh a canain,
 'S bristeadh bhallachan dìona,
 Leagadh 's leadairt mu 'r bailtean
 'S iad 'gar glacadh os 'n ìosal
 Paisdean 's mnathan a' caoineadh
 S luchd an gaoil ann am prìosan.

Lunn—the pole of a litter or bier, a
 skid or pry. Mars—the God of War.
 Bellona—the Goddess of War. Tairg-
 readh—a prophesy. Fairgneadh—beat-
 ing, hacking. Fiafraich or fiafruigh—
 enquire, ask. A mhuc iasaid—King
 George I.

The Jacobites, who took part in the in-
 surrection of 1715, expected help in men
 and money from France. The standard
 of prince James was raised at Castletown,
 in Braemar, September 6th, 1715. The
 battle of Sheriffmuir was fought on the
 13th of the following November. The
 Highlanders, who were cooped up in
 Preston, surrendered on the same day.
 The poem was composed shortly after
 these events.

ORAN DO MHAC-SHIMI.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIK AILEIN.

An deicheamh la de thus a' Mhairt
A ghluais an staca 's measail aite;
'S ait le chairdean beo.

An deicheamh la, &c.

Ged chuir naimbdean thu le anneart
'Null do 'n Fhraing bhuainn, neo-ar-thaing
dhaibh,
Fhuair thu 'm ball fo d'bhroig.

Fhuair thu cuirt an sin o Luthais
Ghabh e curam dhìot o'n b'fhu thu
Chionn do ghiulain chorr.

'S iomadh fuaran glan gun truailleadh
De 'n fhuil uaibhrich 'ruith mu'd ghuail-
libh,
'Fhir a's uaisle feoil.

Caiunt gun aicheadh, ceart ri 'radh e,
'S tusa 's cairdiche 'm measg Ghaidheal
'Bha riamh air d'aite beo

Tha fuil Stiubhartaich a' chruin
'N deigh a dubladh a'd' chorp cubhraidh,
'S Iarla Weem 's Mhic Leoid

Tha fuil phriseil Iarla Seaforth
Air a sioladh a'd' bhallaibh rioghail,
Glac nach crìon mu 'n or.

Cairdeas fal' thu 'Mhac-Mhic-Ailein;
 Da uair daingeann ri Gleann-Garadh:
 Car thu Mhac-Gilleoin.

An t-armunn Sleiteach, Mac Shir Seumas
 Nan arm geura, dhuit 'sa'cheum ud,
 Dha 'm biodh na ceudan sloigh.

Ceannard aigeantach nan Abrach.
 Gura fagus dhuit am fear sin;
 Dh'eireadh leat na seoid.

Dreagan feardha 's nath'rail searbh thu;
 'S tu bu ghailbhiche fo d' armaibh,
 S ó' fhuil 'na tailbheum mor.

Leoghan ainmeil 's neimheil calg,
 A bheithir ana-meineach gu marbhadh
 N uair 'chasedh fearg a'd' shroin.

An láoch garg 's am buinne borb,
 Is deacair fhoireigneadh, triath na cal-
 machd,
 Le 'm miannach mordhail chorr.

'S muirneach foirmeil an ceann airm thu,
 Cuis a dhearbhadh o d' aois leanabais
 'Bhi gun dearmad gleois.

Fhuair thu d'ghlacaibh ceile leapach,
 Deagh Nic Ailpein gleidhteach sgapach.
 Beul o'm blasd thig gloir,

Bain-tighearn dhiadhaidh, shocrach, chial-
 lach;
 Cridhe fialaidh le deagh riaghailt,
 Gnais gun iomhaigh reot'.

An neamhain shoillear 's an leug nach
doilleir,

N ti gun choire mar sgathan gloine,
Lan eireachdais gu leoir.

Gu ma buan do 'n lanain uasail,
'Dh'fhas gun uabhar, air aon chluasaig
An seirc 's am buaidh gun leon.

'Dheagh Mhic Shimi nan arm innealt',
Slan thu philleadh gu d'dheagh ionad,
Sid mar shirinn do.

Tailbheum, properly *tail-bhacum*—a torrent—*Neamhain* or *neamhuaid*—a pearl.
Ana-meineach—stubborn, furious.

Hugh Fraser, 7th Lord Lovat, married Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Athol, by whom he had Simon, 8th Lord Lovat. Simon married Catherine, eldest daughter of Cailean Cam, 11th MacKenzie of Kintail, and had by her Hugh, 9th Lord Lovat. Hugh married Isabella Wemyss, daughter of John, 1st Earl of Wemyss, and had six sons, Thomas of Beaufort being the fourth. Upon the death of Hugh, 11th Lord Lovat, in 1696, Thomas of Beaufort became the representative of the family. He was born in 1631, and died in 1698. He was married to Sybella, daughter of John Macleod, of Macleod, and had six

sons. Alexander his eldest son having killed a man by accident at a wedding near Inverness, had to leave the country. He fled to Wales, where he died. Simon, his second son, was the famous Lord Lovat of history. Simon's mother, Sybilla Macleod, Sir John Maclean's mother and Ailean Muideartach's mother were sisters. Thomas of Beaufort was actually the 12th Lord Lovat. It seems, however, that his right to the title had never been properly acknowledged; hence Simon was invariably designated 12th Lord Lovat. Simon was born in 1667. He studied at the university of Aberdeen, where he highly distinguished himself. He was treated very unjustly by the Earl of Athol, who endeavored to deprive him of his estate. He married Margaret Grant, daughter of Ludovick Grant, of Grant, in 1717. This is the "Nic-Ailpein" of the poem. He was beheaded in London, April 9th, 1747. He was a man of ability. He was pleasant in his manners when he liked, but selfish and full of duplicity. But whatever his character was, his execution, in the 80th year of his age, was a shameful and cruel act.

IAIN MAC AILEIN.

John Maclean, commonly called Iain Mac Ailein, or Iain Mac Ailein Mhic Iain Mhic Eoghain, is entitled to a very high rank as a poet. He belonged to the Ard-gour branch of the Macleans. Ewen, sixth Maclean, of Ard-gour, was married to a daughter of Stewart, of Appin, and had two sons, Allan his heir and successor, and John. John was married and had a son named Allan. The poet was a son of this Allan. He was thus a great-grand-son of Maclean of Ard-gour. He lived in Mull. His place of residence was not far from Aros. His poems were taken down by Dr. Hector Maclean, who lived about a mile from Tobermory. Dr. Johnson and Boswell called to see Dr. Maclean, when travelling through the Western Islands in 1773. The doctor was not at home, but the visitors were entertained by his daughter Mary, a highly accomplished young lady. She read and translated some of John Maclean's poems for them. Boswell makes the following reference to this fact:

“Miss Maclean produced some Gaelic

poems by John Maclean, who was a famous bard in Mu'll, and had died only a few years ago. He could neither read nor write. She read and translated two of them, one a kind of elegy on Sir John Maclean's being obliged to fly his country in 1715; another a dialogue between two Roman Catholic young ladies, sisters, whether it was better to be a nun or to marry. I could not perceive much poetical imagery in the translation. Yet all of our company who understood Gaelic seemed charmed with the original. There may perhaps be some choice expression, and some excellence of arrangement, that cannot be shown in translations."

Dr. Johnson's reference to Miss MacLean's translating Iain Mac Ailein's poems for him is as follows:

"There has lately been in the islands one of these illiterate poets, who, hearing the Bible read at church, is said to have turned the sacred history into verse. I heard part of a dialogue, composed by him translated by a young lady in Mull, and thought it had more meaning than I expected from a man totally uneducated; but he had some opportunities of knowledge; he lived among a learned people."

We scarcely think it probable that Iain

Mac Ailein was not able to read. His father, we may take for granted, was in fairly comfortable circumstances, and could afford to give him some education. The poet shows a good acquaintance with the traditionary history of Ireland. It is evident that he was well versed in the bible. He was thoroughly familiar with the political events of his own day. These facts, however, do not prove that he could read.

Iain Mac Ailein was evidently in his prime in 1689, the year in which the battle of Killiecrankie was fought. He composed a magnificent elegy on Sir John Maclean, who died in 1716. His *Imric Fear Threisinnis* must have been composed about the year 1738. There is no reference in any of his poems to the events of 1745. It is probable that he died about that time. He was an old man at the time of his death.

ORAN.

A rinneadh 'n uair a bha Sir Iain Mac-
Gilleain, Triath Dhubhairt, ann
an Carnabrug.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Beir fios leat bhuam do Carnabrug
Gu deagh Shir Iain nan armunn gasd',
Ged rinn mi caochladh maighistir
Nach feaird' mi mu mo mhiadh e.

Ge tric a dol a dh' Aros mi
 A dh'ol gach boinne 'tharas mi,
 Cha 'n ionnan's mar a b'abhaist dhomh.
 Cha bhi mo ghair' air m' fhiacail.

Na mionnan 'thug sinn thall an sin,
 'N uair a bha camp Mhic Cailein ann,
 'Dheoin De cha mhisd' ar n-anam iad,
 Ach b' aindeonach an gnìomh e.

Na'n cluinninn fhin an Bacach
 'Thigh 'nn le chabhlach laidir acfhuinn-
 each,
 Cha dearbhadh neach thar fasdaidh orn
 Gu 'm b'fhear *protection* riamh mi.

Na'm faicinn duine firinneach
 A chomhdaicheadh na dh' innseadh dhomh
 Gheibhteadh 's an Leth lochdaich mi
 'S mi comhdach mo phios iarunn.

Ged nach robh mi riamh cho tapaidh
 'S gu 'n deanainn sealg no tacar leis,
 Is leoir leam fhad 's a chaidil e
 Fo 'n leabaidh far 'n do liath e.

Tacar—provision, plenty.

Shortly after the battle of Killiecrankie the Earl of Argyll obtained a commission of fire and sword against the Macleans, and invaded Mull with a force of 2,500 men. Sir John Maclean retired to the fortified island of Kernburgh, and advised his followers to take the oath of allegiance to the new government, and accept protections from Argyll. He remained in Kernburgh until 1692.

SGEUL AN EISHNEIS;

Oran a rinn am Bard 'n uair a chual e
gu'r. robh Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain beo.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,
Sgeul dearbhte so,

Bu mhire mi-fhin
Na caitean beag mios'
Nan digeadh gu crìch
An tairgineachd,

An neach so 'chaidh eug
Am barail gach leigh
'Thigh 'un thugainn
'Na threun-fhear Albanach;

Mar thàice ri 'r cul
'Sa' chath mar cheann-iuil,
Gu 'n togamaid suil
Bho 'r plangaidean;

Gu 'n eireadh deagh fhonn
'S gach cridhe 'tha trom,
'S cha 'n fhaicteadh cinn chom
Neo-mheanmnach oirn.

Gu 'n tilgeamaid clach
Ri 'r nabaidh cho ceart,
Gus an ruigeamaid *stap*
An t-seann duine;

Gu 'n cuireamaid baile
Air oiribh ar cas,

Cha lealadh aon drap
De 'r dranndan ruinn,

'S gu'n tilleamaid breug
Air ar coimpire fein,
'Nuair 'chuireadh e 'n eucoir
Dhalmar' eirun.

Le fabhar a chruin
'S le rathad an Diuc'
Na'm faighinn do chuis
A dhainghneachadh,

'Sa chinneadh so fòs
Chit' iongantas mor,
Gu 'm bu mhacanaibh og
Na seann daoine,

'S na sgriotachain mhios'
'Dol 'n airdead 's am miad.
'S bhiodh iad aithghearr aig linn
An leanabalachd;

'S gach bean dha'm bu tric
Clann nighean mar shlioc
Gu 'm biodh aca mic
Gu toirbheartach.

Mar nach d'fhas e 'nad dheigh
An airdead no 'm meud,
'S ro mhath chinneadh am fear
'S na garbh-chriochaibh.

'S bu lionmhor na feidh
Nam frithearaibh fein
'Dh' aindheoin tapachd is treinid
Shealgairean.

Dheanadh machair is coill
Gair' lachainn ri d' chloinn,

'S tu 'thigh'nn dachaidh fo staoileadh
Ainmealachd.

'Tha mi guidhe gu dur
Air an 'Ti 'th' air an stiuir
'Ur cur sabhailt' o'n chunnart
Chaillteach so.

Gu cala gun ghuais,
Gun bhairlinn, gun stuadh,
Gun trioblaid, gun luasgan
Laimhrige,

Gu tearuinteachd nois
Gun uireasbhuidh gleois,
Far nach tuairg'neadh an rod
No 'n t-anfhadh sibh.

'N sin bu mhire mi-fhin
Na caitean beag mios',
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior sgeul
Dearbhte sin.

Tairgineachd — prediction. Guais—
danger. Laimhrig—a landing-place, a
wharf.

NA'N DIGEADH SIR IAIN.

Oran a rinn am Bard 'nuair a chual e
gu'n robh Sir Iain Mac Gilleain
ann an Sasunn.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Luinneag—

Na'n d' thigeadh, na'n d' thigeadh,
Na'n d' thigeadh do sgeul,

'S gu 'm faodaim 'bhi cinnteach
 As na dh' innseadh dhomh 'n de,
 Gu'n tilginn as m' fhochair
 An cochull gun fheum,
 'S gu 'm faicteadh mi fhathast
 Air atharrach gleus'.

Na'n digeadh Sir Iain
 Mo chridhe 's mo chleibh,
 Gu 'm b'eibhinn ar n-aigheadh,
 Mar bhradan a' leum.
 Thogadh cridhe do mhuinntreach
 'Tha 'n cunnart dol eug,
 'S gu 'n digeadh do m' ionnsaidh-s'
 Mo shugradh beag fhein.

Do chinneadh 's do dhualchas
 'Bha cruadalach treun,
 'S bu mhath an Raon-Ruairidh
 Mu 'd ghuailuibh 's an fheum.
 Tha 'nis 'n am fath truaighe,
 Mar chuagair' tha 'm beus;
 Ged gheibh iad am bualadh
 Cha ghluais iad am beul.

Ged tha sinn fo dhochair,
 Mar mholtaibh mu chro,
 Aig naimhdean fo bhaogh'l
 'Toirt dhuinn aobhar air bron,
 'S luchd-spuillidh ri tair oirnn
 Mar thraill na spain bhrog,
 Cha'n aithnicht' an teas la sinn
 Aig airdead ar croic'.

An ealta ro gbleusd'
 An robh eifeachd gu leoir,
 'Bhuidh' neadh geall air gach tulaich,
 Far an criunnicheadh eoin,
 Le'n itean corr sgeithe,
 Le'n treine 's le 'n treoir,

Cha 'n fhearr iad air coinnimh
Na cromanau-loin.

Na'n tilleadh a chuibhle
Bharr iomrall a seoil,
S gu 'n iompadh i deiseil
N taobh deas mar bu choir,
'S iomadh neach tha fo mhuisic,
'Sa cheann lubte 'na sgrob,
'Chuireadh baile air a chasaibh
An taisbeanadh shron.

Na 'm biodh iad dhomh fagusg
Na bheil fad o laimh,
Sir Iain nan caisteal
Is Bacach a bhlair,
'N neach do 'n d' fhuiling mi m' fhaob-
hach,
Mar chaora mhaoil bhain,
Bheirinn tionndadh mar leoghanu air,
'S m' ordag 'na shail.

'S leoir truimead bhur cadail,
Ma thachair sibh slan!
Mur suidhich sibh cairtean
A ghlacas cuid chaich,
Bidh sinne fo gheur sgrios
Le feileadh a' chlair;
Mur faic sibh fo dhien sinn,
Bidh dith oirnn ri 'r la.

Tha sinn tamuil an iargain
Le tiabhras ro ard;
S faide la leinn 'g ar pinadh
Na bliadhna 's sinn slan.
Am brудар an fhaochaidh,
Tha daoine ag radh,
Gur teare leigh a ni aithn' air
Seach teannair a' bhais.

'S mor am farmad a th' agam-s'
 Ri d' aid is ri d' chleoc;
 'S iad 'th' air grianan na maise
 Ri glacadh an soigh.
 Na 'm b'e m' fhortan sa tuiteam
 'N riochd buclan do bhrog,
 'Se 'b' fhearr mar shogh mntinn
 Na crìochan rìgh mhoir.

'Tha mi 'guidhe le m' run
 Is le m' dhurachd do ghnath
 Air 'n Ti 'chruthaich air thus thu
 'S thug dhuinn thu mar bhlatb,
 Cur muinghin mo dhochais
 'Na throcair ro ard,
 Nach d' fhuair sinn ach leasan
 Thun ar teagasg na's fhearr.

Cuagaire—an awkward, slovenly man.
 Baoghal—peril, danger Corr—excellent.
 Faobhaich — despoil. Faochadh — the
 point in sickness at which one is begin-
 ning to get well, relief. Teannair—any
 instrument to squeeze with.

NAIDHEACHD AN AITEIS.

Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain air do 'n
 Bhard a chluinntinn gu 'n robh e
 a' tighinn dhachaidh.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

An sgeula so 'th' aca
 'Ga innse le aiteas,
 Na'm faighinn fear-ceartais

A dhearbhaill am mach e,
 B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigheadh
 'S mar gu 'n leumadh am bradan
 Bho dheabhadh an aigeil le luth-chleas;

Sir Iain nan caisteal
 Thar fograidh 'thigh 'nn dachaidh
 Gu mor bhaile Shasuinn,
 'S a bhanruinn 'ga ghlacadh
 Le caoimhneas bu cheart d'i;
 'S cha bu traoiteir air aitim
 Do dh' oighre no *'fhuction* a cruin-s' e.

'S ann 'chaill iad na bh' aca
 De dh' earasaid fharsuing
 Leis gach tionndadh 'bha tachairt;
 'N Inbher-Cheiteinn thuit Eachann
 Is mile mu 'bhrataich
 Gun tioma, gun taise;
 Foill Holburn 's nam marcach 'thug cuis
 diu.

'N ti so dh' fhalbh bhuainn air bhadhal
 'S nach d' fhag brathair no athair,
 'S daor a cheannaich e 'm fabbar
 'Thug rìgh Seumas d'a grathunn.
 Threig e 'chinneadh mor flathail
 Dha 'n robh oighreachd is taighean,
 Ragh e 'm fogar seach aighear a dhuthcha.

An Raon-Ruairidh le brughach
 Bha do reisimeid subhach
 'S tu-fhein maille riubha;
 'S iomadh gruaidh 'bu ghlan rughadh
 'Dol 'n ar n-armaibh 's 'n ar n-uidhim
 Ann an toiseach do shiubhail,
 'Theirt fios fuathais gu buidhinn an
 diomba.

Ged a b' og thu 'n Dun-Chailleann
 'S e do ghnìomh nach robh clannail
 'S ann a dhearbhadh thu 'bhi fearail,
 Chuir thu gearradh a chuil chlannaich
 Ri aodann a bhaile;
 Ged thuit pairt diu gun anam
 Chuir iad aitreabh nan Gallaibh 'na
 smudan.

Cha chualas gu minic
 Ann an seanachas no 'm filidh
 Gu 'n robh duthaich no cinneadh
 Riamh 's a chas 's a bheil sinne,
 Gun fhear pairte no spionnaidh
 Ann an aite no 'n ionad;
 Sinn gun rìgh, gun cheann-cinnidh, gun
 duthaich.

'S fad o cheil' iad air bhadhal
 Gach fear treun a chur catha,
 A b' fhearr feum leis a chlaidheamh—
 Dh' fhalbh an buachaille ra mhath,
 Dha 'n robh caoimhneas is ceannas,
 'S dh' fhag e 'threud fo throm eallaich,
 Gun fhear gleidhidh, no faire, no stiùidh

Dh' fhalbh ar n-aighear air fad bhuaime,
 'S sinn mar luirich a' bhaigeir,
 Air a tilgeadh air cladaich,
 'Na cuis bhuirt agus mhagaidh,
 Is gun chluad d' i, 'ga pailtead,
 Gun choig fichead fear-tagraidh,
 'S iad 'ga reuladh, 's'ga sgapadh, 's ga
 spuinneadh.

Ged is trom leinn an strac sin,
 Thoill ar peacannan barr air,
 Gu 'n robh pobull 's an Eiphit,
 'Bha fo bhruid aig rìgh Faro,

'S 'n uair a chaidh iad do' n fhasach
 Is a chaochail iad gnathan
 Fluair iad comhfhurtachd adhenhor bho'n
 sgiursadh.

Na'm pilleamaid fhathast,
 Le cridheachan matha,
 Bharricmall an rathaid
 Bu shoirbh do Rìgh Fhlaitheis
 Gach smal a th' air laidb' oirnn
 Gu tur dhinn a chrathadh,
 'S gu 'm b' ionmhuinn le'r u atbair ar
 n-umhlachd.

Ged tha sinn fo aimheal
 An deigh Mhic-Gilleain,
 'S beag an t-ainm e r'a labhairt
 Seach fogradh nam flaithean
 Dna 'n robh crun agus catbair,
 Beairt a's uamharr' r'a amhare,
 'S gur a seirbhe e na 'n gabhann r'a
 ionradh.

Ma 's a firinn ri 'labhairt
 Gur h-e Seumas a's athair
 Do na Phrionnsa a th' air faighinn,
 Ge b'e thionnsgainn ri daithean
 'Chur air og anns a chreathail,
 Tha mi 'n duil gu 'n dig lacha
 A bheir luchd a ghnìomh' ghrathail gu
 cunntas.

'S mairg am Breatunn a tharlas
 Nuair thig diogh'ltas a phaigheadh
 Luchd na foille 'san ardain;
 Ghearr iad muineal rìgh Tearlach
 Air fìor bheagan de dh' abhar
 Chuir iad Seumas air anradh,

'S ghabh iad Uilleam is Mairi d'an
ionnsaidh.

Gu bheil Britheamh 'sna neamhan
'Tha 'toirt teisteanais araid
Gur h-e fein dha'n robh cas dhiu;—
Chaochail siantan is laithean,
Bhruchd gach torran gu saibhir,
'S tha gach duine na's fhearr dheth
Bho na thachair do 'n Bhanruinn so
'crunadh.

Earasaid—a square of tartan cloth worn
over the shoulders. Badhal—wandering.
Clannach—hanging in locks. Aimheal—
vexation. Gabhann—gall.

It was commonly, but erroneously supposed that Prince James was not the son of James II. and his wife. The Prince was born in 1688, a few months before his father's abdication. Queen Anne was crowned in 1702. Sir John Maclean returned from France in 1703. Queen Anne conferred a pension of £500 sterling a year upon him. This pension he enjoyed during the remainder of his life.

AN SUGRADH.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Thoir fios bhuam gu Anndra,
'S na dearmaid 'innseadh trath,
Mo chompauach uasal

Ro shuaire is bu chubhaidh dha,
 Ma's fath leis gu gruaman
 An suairceas a dhol mu lar,
 Gu bheil leannan 'bu ghaol leis
 Air caochladh 's air faotuinn bais.

Bha uair ann 's bu chliuiteach
 'S an duthaich so anns gach ait.
 Macnas gun droch dhurachd.
 An sugradh 's an fheala-dha,
 A mheadhail is a mhuirn
 O'm bu shunndach an duine slau;
 'N diugh tha gach aon 'bheir uidh dhaibh
 Air a chunntas mar dhuine bath.

An Aros laghach shuas ud,
 Bha uair a chunnaic mi e.
 Bhiodh comh-theanal uaislean,
 'S cha b' shuarach mo chuid-s' de'n trath.
 Bhiodh Sir Ailean 'sa chluain sin
 'S a shluagh fhein am fagus da,
 'S bhiodh an oidhche 'b' fhuaire
 'S a chuantal sinn leinn ro ghearr.

'Nuair 'thigeadh an luchd-sugraidh,
 An cuil cha chuireadh iad iad
 'S ann 'bhitheadh iad gle mhuirneach
 Fagus d' an seomraichean ard.
 Bhiodh meas ac' air na h-orain,
 'S bu sholasach deth na baird;
 Is bhiodh luchd-falbh na h-Eireann
 Gle ghleidhte le feil' an lamh.

'Nuair 'dh'fhalbhadh an geamhradh
 'S 'thigeadh an samhradh oirnn blath,
 Rachamaid thar chuantan
 Dh'amharc air ar cairdean graidh.
 Ruigeadh iad Sir Seumas
 An Sleit o'n 's e 'b' fhaisge air laimh,

'S bheireadh iad greis eibhinn
Air sgeulachdan 's ol mu'n ehlar.

B' e a shamhailt ceudna
Aige fhein 'gheibhteadh mar ghnaths,
Comhlain is long ghleusda
Leis an reubt' sruthan is sail.
'Thiodh a bhrathair fhein ann,
Gille stuig 'bu gheir' na each;
'S gòd thigeadh na ceudan,
'S e fhein fear-cuideachd a b' fhearr.

Cha 'n fhuair an luchd-sugraidh
An aon aite fad an tamh
Gu 'm b' i 'n imrich uaibhreach e
Ghuasad an uin' cho gearr.
Ruigeadh iad Mac Ruiridh
Nan cuach 's nan cupachan lan,
'S b' i mhala gun ghruaman e,
Uachdaran an deagh ghnaiths.

'Nuair 'chruinnicheadh siol Olaghair
Bu stoirnealach meadhail an ghuaiths;
Gheibheadh luchd an fhalbhain
Gu soirbh bluath gean math is daimh.
Cha 'n fhaicteadh iad air chorra-ghleus
Le doilgheas 's biodag 'nan laimh;
'S ann 'bhiodh iad subhach so-ghradhach
Le moran comuinn is graidh.

Gur deacair air an t-saoghal
Luchd-baoiridh a dhol mu lar;
Gach neach le neart a ghaoirdein
Tha saothrachadh arain do ghnath.
Tha da thrìan de'n t-saoghaol
A'saoil-sinn gur h-e rud a 's fearr;
Ach Caiptein Chlann Raonaill
Cha d' chaochail gu barail chearr.

Tha iognadh air na ceudan
 Cia 'n reusan mu'n dug e 'ghradh
 Do na leannain bheusachs'
 'Tha deidheil trioblaideach dha,
 An naire agus an fheile
 Le cheile 's' am pailteas laimh';
 Ban-seirbhisich neo-ghleidhteach
 An teirm bhi 'togail a mhail.

Chi mi mar cheum trocair
 D' Mhac-Dhomhnaill an aignidh aird
 Na dilleachdain 's na deoiridh
 A chomhnadh 's a dhion le baigh,
 Bho 'n tha Sir Iain air fogradh,
 Sir Domhnall an Glaschu 'na thamh,
 'Sgun oighre Mhic-Leoid
 Ach ag ol a bhrochain a spain.

'S dream dhligheil dha fhein iad
 Nach feud e leigeadh mu lar,
 'S bha iad fo mheas gle mhor
 Aig geugaibh gineil a fhreumh'.
 Dh 'fhag each e 'na onrachd
 'S na seoid so 'nan dileab dha,
 Mar bha Oisean 's na cleirich
 'N deigh Fheinn an tir Innis Fail.

The Gilleasbuig referred to was the Ciaran Mabach. Ailean Muideartach, Caipitein Chlann-Raonaill, was one of the most popular chiefs in the highlands. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins. Norman Macleod, chief of the Macleods, Siol Olaghair, died in 1706. His son and heir, who was also named Norman, was born a few months after his death. This is the oighre Mhic-Leoid referred to.

SIOL OLAGHAIR.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

'Shil Olaghair gun ainnis,
 B' ann d' 'ur cliu 's d' 'ur deagh allas
 'Bhi caoinhneil d' ur caraid
 'S 'bhi earrant' ri 'r fuathaibh.
 Thug na h-uaislean so 'dhealaich riun
 Aithn' agus earail dhomh
 Mi 'dh' iomchar am beannachd
 Gu'r bannal 's gu'r n-uaislibh.
 Gu'n robh e orr' aithnicht'
 Mheud 'sa fhuair iad de'r carthannachd,
 'Reir cleachdadh nan sean daoine
 Ceanalt' mu'n cualas.
 Ged tha na brait ura
 Ro sgiamhach le suilibh
 'Se 'm brat air a chludadh
 'Bheir dubhlan do'n fhuachd duinn.

Fhuair mise seol ainneamh
 Gu giulan am beannachd
 A dh'ionnsaidh an leannan,
 Ge tamull leo uath iad;
 Gu comunn gun aineolas,
 Caoimhneasach, carthannach,
 Gun fhochaid, gun fhanaid,
 Gun charraid, gun tuasaid.
 Tha sean-fhacal laghach
 'Thuirt na daoine gu seadhach.
 Nach facas riamh meadhail
 Na deaghaidh gun ghruaman;
 Cainnt eile cho fìor ris,
 Is dh'fhaithrich mi fhìn e,
 Nach b'e 'n rathad gu cinneachdair
 An imric ro uaibhreach.

'N uair 'thainig mi dhachaidh,
 'S rinn mi cailleigin stada,
 B' fhath ionndrainn do m' phearsa
 Gach cleachdadh a fhuair mi,
 Na bha mi a' seachnadh
 De shaibhreas 'ur pailteis
 Bha mi 'g ordachadh agam
 Gach maduinn 'n am gluasad:
 'S mi ri canran gun chaidrimh
 Ri ceile mo leapa,
 'Cur an ceill gur h-e staid-se
 'Thug dhachaidh mi uatha,
 'S nam bithinn air fuireach
 Leis na fhuair mi de chuireadh
 Gu'm bithinn gun mhulad,
 Gun uireasbhaidh fhuathach.

Nam biodh feum anns na beannachdan
 'S gu 'm fuasg'leadh iad fearann
 'S ann chuirinn gu deamhainn
 Le dealas gu tuath iad.
 Bheirinn aithin' agus earail dhaibh
 Taghal an Talascair
 Aig 'n fhear 'chomhnadh mi 'm' ainmis
 Gu carthannach, uasal.
 'S an ceile tha maille ris
 'S beus d'i 'bhi mathasach,
 'S feile na mala,
 Cha 'n aithne dh'i gruaman.
 Gur h-alainn 'na bail' i,
 Le surd is le dealas,
 'Thoirt feusda gun ainmis
 D'luchd ealain is cuairte.

ORAN DO MHAC-LUCAIS.

Air dha maoidheadh air a Bhard gu'n
cumadh e 'suas ceann an amuill ris.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghail,
'S maing aon dha bheil thu mar leannan
Is ann dhe d' abhaist daonnan
'Bhi blaomannach, caochlach, carach.
Thug mise mo sheal fhein as
Mar dheideig a bhiodh aig leanabh
Is chunnaic mi le m' shuilibh
Gu 'n deachaidh mi dluth 'am mearachd.

Na'n tuigeadh tu mo nadur,
'Fhir ghraidh cha 'n 'eil thu 'nad airidh:
Is coltach pairt de d' ghiulan
Ri' stiubhart gun suilbheachd ra mbath:
Gu 'n toir thu cuibhrionn dhubailt
Do 'n umbaidh gun iul, gun aithne,
'S air leam gur h-olc an seol sin
'S an duine coir a chumail falamh.

Nach seall thu air Mac-Lucais,
Cha sugair e mar mo bharail;
Cha robh e riamh cho gorach
'S ga'n deanadh e oran no ealaidh.
Ged chumainn-sa le m' bhriathraibh
'Suas sgialachd air Tuath De Danann,
'Nuair theannamaid gu croilean
'S e-san gu mor 'bu mho bonnach.

Gu 'n robh mi latha 'm Blath-bheimn
Mar-ri Iain saibhir na h-Earadh,
An comunn bhinn na clarsaich,
Far am biodh luchd-dan 'ga leanachd.

Gu'n deanainn fhin is Ruairidh dhaibh
 Duanagan beag' de rannaibh;
 Is gheibheamaid deoch bhrioghmhor
 B'fhcarr leam na miadachd do bhonnaich.

Is bha mi la na Sroine
 Mar-ri luchd eolais is aineoil;
 'Sa chuideachd bha na sair sin,
 Na Gaidheil dha 'n geilleadh ceannas,
 Sir Iain is Sir Domhnall
 'S an coirneal deagh Mhac-'Ie-Ailein.
 'S fear eile de m' luchd-iarraidh,
 Alastair ciar Ghlinne-Garadh.

'Nuair 'chruinnicheamaid gu campa
 Le 'r ceannardan meannnach, meara.
 Air theicheadh rachadh bron bhuainn,
 'S bhiodh solas a' comhnuidh mar-ruinn.
 Gu 'm faighinn fhin le m' rabhart
 Mo phairt de na bhiodh 's ant-searraig:
 'S cha chumadh tus' an uair sin
 A suas rium do cheann de'n amull.

Cha 'n innis mi mo chruadal
 Mu 'n gluais iad gun deach mi 'm mearachd;
 Och, gur h-e falbh nan uaisleau
 A's buaine a tha mi 'gearan;
 Gu'n robh mi mar-ri daoine
 'Dheanadh faochadh dhomh anns a char-
 raid,
 'Nuair bha thus', a Neill, a laochainn.
 A'd' bhuachaille chaorach aig baile.

Blaomannach—inconstant. Deideag—
 a toy. Sugair—a merry fellow.

The Ruairidh referred to is Roderick
 Morrison, an Clarsair Dall.

EACHDRAIDH THUATHA DE DAN- ANN.

According to the legendary history of Ireland, the first people that settled in that country came from Greece. They were under a leader named Partholan. They had three druids among them: Fios, Eolas and Fochmarc, or Intelligence, Knowledge and Enquiry. The Partholanian colony was almost wholly destroyed by a pestilence. The second people that settled in Ireland came from Skythia. The name of their leader was Nemidh or Nemidius. They were of the race of Magog, son of Japhet. They suffered terribly from the attacks of sea robbers, called Fomorians. The greater part of them left the country. Simeon Breac and his clan went to Thrace, Beothach and his clan went to Greece, and Britan Maol and his clan went to the Island of Mona, Anglesey. The third people that settled in Ireland were the Fir-Bolgs. They were descended from Simeon Breac and his followers. They ruled over the country thirty-six years. The fourth people that settled in Ireland were the Tuatha De Danann. They were descended from Beothach and his followers. They wandered from Greece to Germany, from

Germany to Scandinavia, from Scandinavia to Scotland and from Scotland to Ireland. They were necromancers. They could raise storms, heal the sick, and restore the dead to life. They had four talismanic articles of wondrous powers with them, namely, the Lia-fail, or stone of Destiny, Lugaidh's sword and spear, and the caldron of their king, the Daghdha Mor. They conquered the Fir-Bolgs, Fomorian and other inhabitants of Ireland without much difficulty. They ruled over the country about one hundred and ninety-seven years. The fifth and last people that settled in Ireland, previous to the beginning of the christian era, were the Milesians or Gael. They are descended from Gaidheal Glas, or Gathelus. Fenius Farsa, King of Skythia, was an eminent patron of learning. His second son, Niul, was the most accomplished scholar of his day. This Niul, who was married to Scota, a daughter of Pharoah, King of Egypt, was the father of Gaidheal Glas. The descendants of Gaidheal Glas went from Egypt to Crete, and thence to Skythia. They finally settled in Spain. Their most renowned hero was Milidh or Milesius, who ruled over the greater part of Spain. It was under the leadership of the sons of this Milidh that the Gael went to Ireland.

The following account of the landing of the Milesians in Ireland, of the manner in which they obtained possession of the country, and of the vengeance taken upon them by the Tuatha De Danann, is by Iain Mac Ailein, the poet:

Thannic Clanna Milidh as an Spàin do dh' Eirinn, rioghachd a bha fo gheasaibh. Air do sgioba naoidh longan diubh teachd gu tìr ehuinnich sluagh na duthcha, do 'm b' ainm Tuatha De Danann, gu comhdhail a thabhairt daibh. Thubhairt iad ri Clanna Milidh nach robh amnta ach gealtairean agus baoth-oglaichean a thaobh is gu'n danaic iad air tìr gun fhios. Fhreagair Clanna Milidh gu'n digeadh iad air tìr le fios daibh. Thubhairt Tuath De Danann iad a dhol 'nan loingeas, agus naoidh tonnan a chur eadar iad agus tìr, agus na'n digeadh iad air tìr an deigh sin gu 'm faigheadh iad leth Eirinn gun tuilleadh cogaidh. An deigh do Chlanna Milidh so a dheanamh thugadh Eirinn as an fradharc le druidheachd Thuatha De Danann air achd's nach robh iad a' faicinn ach aon ghroban creige ann an dealbh muice, nì a dh' aobharaich gu'n goirear de dh' Eirinn Muc-Innis. Bha an measg Clanna Milidh druidh, a bha na dheagh dhuine ealain. Thubhairt e-san riutha nach robh iad ach amaideach do bhrìgh is nach robh iad a tabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha 'n gnothach; gu'm b' i a chreag a bha iad a' faicinn Eirinn agus ge b' e a bhiodh an sin gu'm biodh e an Eirinn. Leig Clanna Milidh an sin uchd nan naoidh longan ris a chreig, mu'n robh stuadhan anabarrach a' bristeadh. Bhathadh seiseir de 'n cinn iuil, air chor is nach deachaidh air tìr ach a triuir dhiubh. B' e ainm nan triuir Eireamhon, Eibher Fionn, agus Calpa 'Chlaidheimh. Thagair Clanna Milidh a nis an cumhnant air Tuath De Danann,

Dh'aontaich Tuath De Danann leth Eirinn a thabhairt daibh, ach ceannas na duthcha uile a bhi aca fein. Cha doireadh Clanna Milidh so dhaibh, agus mar sin thoisich an cogadh. Thubhairt an druidh a bha maille ri Clann Milidh gu'm bu ghorach dhaibh a dhol a chogadh ri luchd-druidheachd; gu'm b'i a chomhairle-san dhaibh iad a bhi oidhche 's an aon bhaile ri Tuath De Danann, agus iad a dh'fhaoitinn mar gheasaibh do fhuasgladh orra gu'n leigeadh iad breith na cuise a dh'ionnsuidh a cheud fhir a thachradh orra an deigh dhaibh falbh le cheile as a bhaile sin. Rinneadh so. Air do Chlanna Milidh agus do Thuath De Danann falbh as a bhaile, 's e a' cheud duine a thachair orra an druidh. Thubhairt Aonghus Mac an-Daogha, righ Thuatha De Danann, ris, "S mor a tha agadsa r' a dheanamh an diugh, a dheagh fhir ealain." "Ciod a tha agam r'a dheanamh an diugh?" arsa 'n druidh, "ach falbh le m' chruit 'dh' fheuch co a 's fearr a bheir duais dhomh airson mo chiuil." "Tha barrachd is sin agad r'a dheanamh" arsa Aonghas; "tha agad ri Eirinn a roinn'na da leth." Na'm biodh sibh air gach taobh toileach, arsa 'n druidh, dheanainn-sa an ni a tha sibh ag iarraidh a dh'aon fhacal. Dh'innis iad dha gu'n robh iad toileach. An sin thubhairt an druidh is e so mo bhreitheanas-sa: "Bho 'n a bha 'n leth os cionn talaimh de dh' Eirinn agaibh-se, a Thuath De Danann o chionn greise, agus gur luchd-druidheachd sibh, bidhidh a nis an leth a tha fo'n talamh agaibh, agus an leth os cionn talaimh aig Clanna Milidh; agus

dhuitsa, Aonghais Mhic-an-Daogha, bho'n is tu rìgh Thuatha De Danann, tha mi ag ordachadh a bhrugh a's fearr a tha 'n Eirinn, brugh barragheal na Boinne, agus a thaobh chaich biodh gach neach a' faighine bruighne dha fein.' An sin chruinnich Tuath De Danann a dh'fheuchainn ciamar a dhioladh iad iad-fein air Clanna Milidh. Thubhairt Aonghas Mac-an-Daogha gu'n dioladh mar a b' abhaist daibh, le druidheachd agus le eadarmhanadh; gu 'n rachadh iad an riochd dheochannan laidir a bhiodh a cur dith ceille agus call codach air Clanna Milidh anns gach aite 's an tachradh iad riutha; gu 'n gabhadh e-san air fhein a bhi 'n riochd fiona 's an Spain bho 'n is ann as a sin a thanaic Clanna Milidh; agus gu'm biodh Cliodhna nighean Mhanannain, a bhanruinn, lamh ris ann an riochd brann-daidd 's an Fhraing. Chaidh comhairle an rìgh a ghabhail. Thainig triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir do dh' Alba. Chuir an ceud fhear e-fein ann riochd uisge beatha Ghlaschu; chuir an darna fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Rois Chlann Ghill - Anndrais; agus chuir an treas fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Fhioghabhaidh, ris an abrar a nis Tiritheadh.

Tha sliochd Earmhuinn Mhoir an Albainn gus an latha an diugh. Sloinnear na cinn-fheadhna a thanaic bhuaithe mar so:—

Ghin Earmunn Mor Ruaimle, Aodh, agus Fiachraidh. Ghin Ruaimle Glasrach, ghin Glasrach Siream Suain, ghin Siream-Suain Bristeadh Spuaice, ghin Bristeadh-Spuaice Streup-ri-Uaisle, ghin

Streup-ri-Uaisle Milleadh-Bracha, ghin
 Milleadh-Bracha Casgairt, agus ghin Cas-
 gairt Lag-a-Cheobain. Ghin Aodh Aig-
 neadh-Corrach, ghin Aigneadh-Corrach
 Sruladh-Sporan, ghin Sruladh - Sporan
 Milleadh-Tanach, agus ghin Milleadh-
 Tanach Cas air Bhraghad. Ghin Fiach-
 raidh Blialum - Blialum, ghin Blialum-
 Blialum Seasamh-Miapaidh, ghin Seas-
 amh-Miapaidh Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh, ghin
 Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh Daor-ri-Cheannach,
 agus ghin Daor-ri-Cheannach Garbh-na-
 Nollaig.

FOGRADH THUATHA DE DANANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Fogradh Thuatha De Danann
 A crich an ceannais, a Fodhla:
 'S ann de chruadhas an sgeula
 A bhi a Eirinn 'g am fogradh.

Chaidh Aonghas og Mac-an-Daogha,
 'Na fhion braonach 'chum taladh,
 Gu oighreachd a bhuannachd
 An crich uasail na Spaine.

Do chaidh Manannain neartmhor
 Do chrich bheairtich na Frainge,
 'S rinn deoch bhrioghmhor do Chliodhna
 Do'n ainm staoilidh a' bhranndaidh,

Chaidh triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir
 A crìochaibh Fhodhla do dh' Alba,
 Gu 'bhi dioghailt a 'm fogradh
 Air sliochd Scota nan garbh-chath.

Toiseach suidhe do Ruaimle
 An cois Chluaidhe aig Glaschu,
 Air an dig shiochd ruatharach
 Leis am buairear na claignean.

Do chaidh Aodh am measg thuathach
 Do Ros shuas Chloim Ghill'-Anndrais;
 Leis an t-shiochd a thig bhuaithe
 Fagar uaislean gle mheannnach.

An deigh sin do chaidh Fiachraidh
 Do 'n airde 'n iar a chrìch Fhioghabhaidh:
 'S tha shiochd aig tobar Bafanaid
 'Nan cuis chanrain is iorghuill.

Na trì fineachan loghmhor s'
 'S tearc 's an Eorpa 'tha 'n samhuilt:
 Ni iad bog an tì 's cruaidhe
 'S ni iad cruaidh am fear sleamhuim.

Ni iad cas am fear ciallach
 'S ni iad fiat am fear narach;
 Ni iad neo-shanntach acrach
 'S ni iad lag am fear laidir.

Bheir iad cruadal do 'n ghealtair,
 'S bheir iad beairteas do 'n daibhear;
 Bheir iad fionn-fhuachd gu so-ghradh,
 'S bheir iad comhradh 'n fhear shamhach.

Bheir iad gruaim bharr a mhuigein,
 'S ni iad sunndach fear tosdach.
 'Sin na buadhannan falaich
 'Th' air Tuath De Danann mar choltas.

Geas—a charm, a spell. Fo gheasailh—under spells. Fodhla—an ancient name of Ireland. Cluaidh—the river Clyde. Ruatharach—making a sudden or violent attack. Eadar-mhanadh—enchantment.

CATH ALPHUIRT.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Sir Colin Campbell, of Ardkinglass, Sheriff-depute of Argyle, sent James Campbell, of Stonefield, Sheriff-substitute, to hold a court of justice at Aros in Mull. The court lasted about six weeks. All the neighboring gentlemen were present.

According to the poet, Sir Colin Campbell, as King and commander-in-chief of the fair Gael, sent James Campbell to Aros, the Alfort of the poem, to fight against the Tuatha De Danann. General James had for his principal officers Cormac Saorchridheach or Murdoch of MacIaine, of Lochbuy, An Donn Dochaisg or Donald Maclean, of Coll, Iollain Iomsgaoilteach or Maclean, of Brolas, Eochaidh Amhuiltach or Cameron, of Glendessary, Doidim Dana or Maclean, of Ardgour, Laogh righ Lore or Macquarrie, of Ulva, an sonn bho Dhun-Annla or Lachlan Maclean, of Calgary, Domhnall Deonach, and Cailein Sochair. He destroyed all the Tuatha De Danann in Mull.

The following notes explain the origin of the battle of Alfort and the fight at Dun Dubh-linn:

“ ‘S e ‘s mathair-aobhair do chath Al-
phuirt gu ‘n danaic Seumas Caimbeul, fear
Achanacliche, na fhearionaid Siorraim, a
chumail moid an Aros am Muile. Bha a
h-uile duine eadar ceann Loch-Iall agus
h-Barradhubh h-Aidhnis an Tiritheadh ri
freagairt aig a mhod so. Chumadh e re
shia seachduinnean, agus rinneadh ol cho
mor aige’s a bha ri cuimhne dhaoine ann
sna h-aiteachaibh so.”

“An deigh do dh’ Fhear Acha na clai-
che Aros fhagail thachair oifigich a ghe-
arasdain air aig Dubhairt agus chum iad e
comhla riutha. Thug e-fein ‘s iad-fein tri
lathan air an ol. ‘S ann ri caisteal Dhub-
hairt a tha ‘m bard ag radh Dun Dubh-
linn.”

Air mothachadh do rìgh Fionn-Ghaid-
heal do ‘n chron ‘s de ‘n chall a bha Tuath
De Danann a deanamh air muiuntir a rio-
ghachd, chuir e a mach aon de ‘ridiribh,
do ‘m b’ ainm Seanailear Seumas, a dh’
iarraidh air uaislean na h-airde ‘n iar eir-
igh leis a chur as do Thuatha De Danann.
Rinn iad aite coinnimh agus comhlachaidh
an Alphort ‘san Dreallainn. B’e Borb
rìgh Bhioghabhaidh, aon de dh’uaislean
na Dreallainn, bu riaghladair anns an aite
sin. Ghabh e Tuath De Danann air iochd
agus air ineach gu gleidheadh agus tear-
mad a dheanamh orra. Air do na h-uais-
lean cruinneachadh, thubhairt Seanail
ear Seumas riutha gu ‘m feumadh iad a
thabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-
druidheachd a bha ‘n gnothach, agus gun
leigeadh leotha am mealladh. Dh’aithn
e dhaibh gearasdan a thogail eadar iadsan
agus iadfein. Thubhairt e cuideachd nach

b' aithne dha co d'an digeadh e a dhol a chumail faire air a chead oidhche. Fhreagar na h-uaislean a bha fotha e ag radh bho nach robh ard-rìgh na Dreallainn aig baile gur h-e Cormac Saor-chridheach na Maighe fear-ionaid a b'fhaisge dha, agus gu 'n deanadh e deagh fhear-faire. Thugadh an sin aithne dha faire a chumail air an oidhche sin. Thubhairt Seanailear Seumas, tha iad ag radh gu bheil iad san ris a bheil ar gnothach 'nan luchd-cuid eachd math; ciod bu mhisde sinn caiptein agus bratach de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain 'thaotuinn uaille-ruinn? Cho-aontaich na h-uaislean uile leis. Chuireadh gu grad iarrtas gu riaghladair Alphuirt e a chur caiptein agus brataich de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain g'an ionnsaidh. Gheall iad dha gu'm paigheadh iad 's a mhaduinn eiric gach aoin nach rachadh dachaidh dhiubh. Thanaic na chuir iad a dh' iarraidh de Thuath De Danann, 's thug iad lan thoil-cachadh inntinn do na h-uaislean le feabhas am fearas-chuideachd. 'N uair a chunnaic Seanailear Seumas so thubhairt e, cha mhath dhuinn Cormac Saor-chridheach a bhi bhuainn. Chuir e fios air agus dh' fhaighneachd e dheth an robh aon aige na bhrataich ris an earbadh e an fhaire fhad 's a bhiodh e-fein a' gabhail greis de chuideachd Thuatha De Danann? Fhreagair e-san gu'n robh aon aige nach d' rinn mealladh riamh air, a Thoil Fein. Dh'fhag e an toil ri faire, agus chaidh e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuatha De Danann. Cha robh aon de dh'uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar nach robh bratach de dhilsean fein aige 'ga dhion 's 'ga theasruiginn bho

Thuath De Danann; gidheadh fhuair Tuath De Danann a staigh orra. 'N uair a dh'iarradh iad ciall 's e 'gheibheadh iad michiall, 'n uair a dh'iarradh iad cuimhne 's e 'gheibheadh iad dio-chuimhne, 'n uair a dh'iarradh iad briathran glice 's e 'gheibheadh iad briathran amaideach, agus 'n uair a dh'iarradh iad neart 's e 'gheibheadh iad laigse. Mar so dh'aithuich iad nach hiam muinntir fein a bha aca. Fhuair Tuath De Danann an gearasdan fopa fhein an oidhche sin. Moch 'sa mhaduinn thanaic fear de a bhrataich, d'am b'ainm Cuimhne, gu Cormac Saorchridheach, agus thubhairt e ris gu'n do ghlacadh an gearasdan an raoir le droch fhurachras agus gu'n robh e gu beul an latha gu buileach fo chumhachd an naimhdean. Ach, ars' e-san, tha Tuath De Danann an drast air tuiteam gu neo-ni; tha iad 'gan nigheadh fein le 'n eadar-mhanadh ann am pig-eachan creadha; agus ma bhitheas sinn tapaidh faodaidh sinn an tilgeadh a mach thar baidealan a bhaile. Rinneadh so mar leasachadh air na thachair. 'N uair a dh'innseadh gach ni do Sheanailear Seumas thug e maitheanas do Chormac Saorchridheach 'na fhailinn airson a thapachd mu dheireadh.

Mhol Seanailear Seumas an fhearaschuideachd a rinn Tuath De Danann dhaibh air an oidhche a chaidh seachad. Thubhairt e gu 'n robh dream eile dhiubh, sliochd Chois'-air-Bhraghad a b'fhearr gu mor gu fearas-chuideachd na Sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain. Cho-aontaich na h-uaislean gu'n cuirteadh fios air Caiptein agus brataich dhiubh. 'S ann air an Donn Doch-

aig, rìgh nan Colach, a thanaic an dorsaireachd air an oidhche so. Chuir e-san 'na aite fein ris an dorsaireachd a Mhian-nan, agus chaid e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuatha De Danann. Ged a bha sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain math, cha robh cleasachd cheart ann gus a nis. Chuir sliochd Chois'-air-Bhraghaid cuid a ghal, cuid a ghaireachdainn, cuid a leum, 's cuid a chadal le 'n druidheachd 's le 'n eadar-mhanadh.* Co a thanaic a dh' ionnsaidh an dornis, mu mheadhon oidhche, ach Tuath De Danann. Leis an eolas a bha aca fein agus Miannan an Donn Dochaig air a cheile tuitear ann an cudthrom gaol air gach taobh. Fhuair tuilleadh de Thuath De Danann a staigh na fhuair a staigh a cheud oidhche. Dh'fhaithrich an Seanailear agus na h-uaislean am brataichean fhein 'g an tabhairt bhuapa, agus Tuath De Danann a' teachd nan aite. 'N uair a bha an Seanailear a'dol a thabhairt achmhasain do 'n Donn Dochaig thubhairt an Donn Dochaig ris gu 'n robh eolas aig Tuath De Danann air a mhiannaibhsan, agus gu'n robh gealladh aca orra nach biodh iad mu am fogradh bho aite 's am bith anns am bitheadh iad. 'Nuair a chual an Seanailear so thug e maitheanas da.

Air an treas oidhche thug Seanailear Seumas taing do na h-uaislean airson mar bha iad a'cur as do Thuath De Danann; ach, ars' e-san, tha dream ro bhorb ann diubh fhathast Garbh-na-Nollaig. Chuireadh fios air caiptein agus air brataich dhiubh. Thanaic iad gun dail, agus rinn iad a chleasachd a b' aigeannaiche a chua-

las riamh. Thubhairt an Seanailear gu 'm bu choir an geard a dhublachadh. Chaidh Doidim Dan, rìgh na Foraise Bige, agus Eochaidh Amhuilteach o'n Iospairn a chumail faire an oidhche sin. Chuir Doidim Dan Misneach 'na aite fein, agus Eochaidh Gliocas, agus bha an dorsaireachd a dol leotha gu math. 'N uair a chunnaic Cormac Saorchridheach agus an Donn Dochaisg mar a bha iad a' faighinn air aghaidh thubhairt iad gu 'm bu mhas-ladh dhaibh-san an dorsaireachd a dhol leotha so 's gun i'dhol leotha fein, agus thigear agus cuireir ceangal nan trì chaol air na dorsairibh 's leigeir a staigh sliochd Gharbh-na-Nollaig mar a thogradh iad tighinn. Ann an uine ghoirid chuireadh an seanailear agus na h-uaislean gu h-ionn-lan air ruaig do 'n t-Suain. 'N uair a fhuaradh air ais o'n t-Suain iad thanaic Borb rìgh Bhioghabhaidh a thagairt eiric Thuatha De Danann bho nach robh a h-aon a lathair diubh. Fhuair e sin. Chuir Seanailear Seumas air fhacal e nach robh a h-aon diubh am falach aige. Thubhairt e nach robh innse-sgeoil no tuairisgeul ri 'fhaotuinn orra anns a bhaile. Ghabh Seanailear Seumas a nis cead de dh' uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar, agus ghluais e gu dhol dachaidh. Air a thuras da thachair riaghladair Dhun Dubh-linn ris, agus dh'innis e dha gu'n robh bratach no dha de shliochd Thuatha De Danann a staigh aige-san, agus mur cuirteadh as daibh gu'm faodadh iad siolachadh 's an rioghachd. Chaidh e staigh gun chuideachadh ach a gheard, agus b'e sin latha cho teth

's a fhuair e re a thurais, ach bhuadh-
aich e.

'N uair a chaidh Seanailear Seumas
dachaidh thug e lan chunntas mu 'thuras
agus mu 'shoibheachadh do Shir Cailein,
an t-ard Sheinailear. Gheibhear an cum-
tas sin anns na rannan a leanas:

SEUMAS.

Fault ort, a Shir Cailein reachd-mhor,
Saoidh na feile;
Fear ionadais rìgh nan Gaidheal,
Triath dha'n geilleam.

SIR CAILEIN.

An t-aon ceudna dhuit sa, Sheumais,
An deigh do chomhraig;
Feuch gu'n robh do thuras buadhach
An tìr na Dreallainn.

SEUMAS.

Buadhach mo thuras ri aithris,
Ghlaoth mi sìochaint
Eadar ard Thuath De Danann
'S Clanna Milidh.

SIR CAILEIN.

Gach lamh 'bu chruaidhe 's an ìorghuill,
Dear dhomh aithris,
Chum 's nach bi an duais a's mìosa
Aig an t-sluagh bu bhraise.

SEUMAS.

Mar fhuaim chruit fo aon ghuth teud
Le ceol labhar,
Sin mar bhiodh an stoirm le cheil'
Gu borb 'cui catha.

SIR CAILEIN.

Air gradh d'einich innis, a Sheumais,
 Air snas firinn',
 Cia gach neach 'bu chruaidhe laimh
 An ar nam miltean.

SEUMAS.

Cormac Saorchridheach na Maighe,
 Le sar dhichioll,
 Mharbhadh leis-san de shlochd Ruamle
 Tuairmeas mìle.

An Donn Dochaisg anns an iorghuill
 Bu gharbh doineann;
 Chuir e as do dh'fhine Fhiachraidh,
 'S fiach e 'mholadh.

Iollain Iomsgaoilteach sin eile;
 Mac rìgh Dreallainn,
 Mharbb e ceud gach la catha,
 'S e-fein an comblan.

Eochaidh amhuilteach o'n Iospairn,
 'S Doidim dana,
 Chuir iad as do fhine lionmhor
 Chois' air-Bhuaghad.

Laogh rìgh Lerc, rìgh nan abheaid
 Fhuair e tair ann;
 Mharbhadh leis bratach no dha
 Air Milleadh Tanach.

An sonn solta bho Dhun Anna
 Le 'lainn ullainn,
 'S tric a thug e 'Thuath De Danann
 Cath no cumasg.

Mac-Aisgibhir, Domhnall Deonach,
 Connspunn eile,

Gheibhteadh 's gach cearn de'n chruaidh
 chomhrag
 Stoirm a lainne.

Cailein Socair a Port Ouaghail,
 'B ann de'chleachdadh
 'Bhi 'na namhaid do shliocht Ruaimle
 Ri uair aiseig.

Cha robh dhomhsa an Cath Alpuirt
 Cas no cunnart
 Seach an deannal a thug each dhomh
 Air Iar Dun Dubhlinn.

'S deagh sheirbheisich Tuath De Danann.
 Ealaub cuirteil,
 Ach mar mhaighstirean tha iad suarach,
 Buailteach, bruiteach.

Ma thogas iad, a Chailein reachdmhoir,
 Cean an deigh so,
 So mo lumb gu'm faigh sinn seol
 Gu'm fogradh 'dh'Eirinn.

Ineach--hospitality, generosity. Eadar-
 mhanadh--enchantment, sorcery. Na tri
 caoil--the neck, the wrists and the ankles.
 Eineach a good name, bounty, genero-
 sity. Comhlan--a hero. Abhcaid--a jest.

CROSANACHD FHIR NAN DRIM- NEAN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Tha bith ur an tìr na Dreallainn.
 'S coir dhuinn aisneis:

Tha moran deth 'tigh 'nn am bitheant'.
 Ri gnaths Shasuinn.
 Ni bheil duin' uasal no iosal,
 No fear fearainn,
 Leis nach b'aill, gu moran buinig,
 Ceird a bharrachd.
 Tha ceird ur aig Fear nan Drimnean
 'Th' air leinn cronail;
 B'aill leis fein a dhol an aite
 Mhaighstir-sgoile;
 An t-oide sin fein a rinn fhoghlun
 Le gloir Laidinn,
 Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean.
 'Cheird a bh'aige.

'Se 'n t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire a thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, an uair a mhiannaich e a cheird a bha aig oide-foghlum, nach laimhsicheadh e i mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide-foghlum i; oir, an uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghlum air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanabanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine arsaidh; agus an uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghlum air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na neo-chiontaich. Is ann uaithe sin a dubhradh,—“Saoilidh am fear a bhios 'na thamh gur h-e e-fhein a's fhearr lamh air an stiuir;” ach cha mho gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann no leanabain,
 Mar bu choir dha,
 Gus am bi iad 'nan daoine' arsaidh
 Fo 'n lan fheosaig.
 Cha dugadh an Cill-ma-cheallaig
 Breith 'bu chlaoine
 Na 'n ni 'rinn an ceann a b' airde
 'M mas 'ga dhioladh.
 Gabhail le crios an aois arsaidh
 Air mas sean-duin',
 'S fada mu'n ionnsaich an gnìomh sin
 Ciall do theanga.
 Ge b'e labhras ris an fhear ud
 Coir no eucoir,
 Gabhar air a ghiort le stracaibh
 De chrios leiridh.

Agus b'fhior do'n duine sin. Cha d'
 fhuaradh riamh rud, a dh'ionnsachadh
 teanga droch mhuinte, 'bu mheasa na
 gabhail air na masaibh ann an aobhar na
 teanga agus an teanga bhi tuigsinn gur
 h-ann na h-aobhar-se e fhuair am mas am
 mor ghleusadh sin. Mur deanadh sin a
 ciall na bu mheasa cha deanadh e idir na
 b'fhearr e. Uaithe sin a dubhradh,—
 “An fear nach ionnsaich lamh-ri glun cha
 'n ionnsaich lamh-ri uilean.”

Crosanachd—a poem in which two or
 more persons are represented as speaking.
 Bith—custom, habit. Aisneis, aithris—to
 relate, to make known. Arsaidh—old.
 Giort — buttocks. Leireadh — inflicting
 pain.

This poem is published in "The Highland Bards" by the Stewarts, where it is correctly ascribed to Iain Mac Ailein. We have given only the first half of it. The rest of it will be found in *Sar-Obair nam Bard*.

Bha Tearlach Mac-Gilleain, Fear nan Drimnean greis air luing-chogaidh ann an laithibh oige. Bha e 'na dhuine crosda. Chuir e am maighstir-sgoile a bha aige na theaghlach uair a dh'iarraidh paidhir bhrog air a ghreusaiche. Thuirt an greusaiche ris nach deach a phaigheadh airson nam brogan mu dheircadh a rinn e dha. Dh'innis am maighstir-sgoile so dha. Thug e am maighstir-sgoile leis, agus dh'fhalbh e far an robh an greusaiche. Mhionnaich is bhoidich an greusaiche nach dubh-airt e riamh an ni a bha am maighstir-sgoile a' cur air. Chreid fear nan Drimnean e. Rug e air a mhaighstir-sgoile, thog e am feileadh-beag aige, agus ghabh e air le crios a ghreusaiche. Bha an "ciontach sabhailte, ach an neo-chiontach bu chraiteach e." Bhuail fear nan Drimnean uair eile dorn air Mac-Leoid air sraid Dhuneideann.

Ged a bha Tearlach nan Drimnean cho crosda agus a bha e, bha e 'na dhuine measail. Thuit e ann am blar Chuil-Fhodair a' cogadh air taobh Thearlaich. Anns an leabhar thaitneach sin, Eachdraidh a' Phrionn-sa le Iain Mac-Coinnich, tha an t-ionradh a leanas againn air a bhas:—"Nuair a bha fear nan Drimnean air ti

teicheadh le 'bheatha as an araich chum-
aic e dithist dhe a chuid mac air an leon
agus chaidh innseadh dha gu'n robh an
treas fear 'na laighe marbh air a bhlar.
"Cha bhi sin gu'n dioladh," ars' e-san,
agus ged a bha an t-uasal so cho aosda is
nach robh roine fuilt air a cheann, ruith e
air ais thun na h-araich, mharbh e aon
trupair agus leon e fear eile, ach ann an
tiotadh an deigh sin thuit e fein gun eirigh
tuilleadh le laimn thri trupairean sathte
'na chorp." S i nighean do Thearlach
nan Drinnean 'bu mhathair do dh'Ailein
an Earrachd.

GLEIRSINNEACHD FHIR NAN DRIM- NEAN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Beir fios bhuam 'dh' ionnsaidh Thearlaich
Gu tom tainh na da pheighinn deuga,
Gu bheil mis' air mo narachadh
Mar bhios e 'ghnath ri leumraich.
Gu'n iomaireadh fear aosmhoireachd
Tigh'nn a nis gu caochladh ceille;
'S gun bhi' leanntuinn air na gnathaichean
'Rinn brathair do Mhac-Leig dheth.

'S iomadh ceird air 'n do thoisich e
Bho 'n la a b' oigear gleusd e;
Re treis' bu mhaighstir-sgoile e,
'S cha robh onair dha 's a cheum sin.
Bhiodh an ciontach sabhailte
Cha bheanadh cas no beud dha;
Ach an neochiontach bu chraiteach e
Le stracaibh de chrios leiridh.

Cuid eile de'chuid ghnìomharan
 Cha deid mi fhin a dh'eigheach,
 Mu'n gabh e fearg no mìothlachd rium
 'S mi tìtheach air bhi reidh ris,
 Gur sgeul nach d' fhan os 'n iosal air,
 Gu 'n cuala mìle ceud e,
 'S gu'n d' theap e dhol 's na gasaidibh,
 A gnìomh air sraid Dhuneideann.

Chluinn mi 'nis gu'n d' thionnsgainn e,
 Gun churam air mu dheibhinn,
 Air lamh a chur le danadas
 Am pairt de chuid na cleire.
 Gu 'n d' thog e a leoir dioghaltais
 An umhladh Mhìe-a-Chleirich,
 'S gun bhi de chomhdach cuise ann
 Ach gu'n d' bhean a ghlun d'a h-eudach.

C'arson nach robh thu rumail
 Gu ceartas cuirte eubhach,
 Is foirbhich ghlice shuil-bheachdach ann
 Gus a chuis a reiteach'.
 Thuirt *parson* na Leith Iochdaraich
 'Mo mhìle beannachd fein air
 A chionn gu'n robh e dioghaltach
 Mu'n ghnìomh a bha 's an eucoir.

Ma tha 'n sgeul so 'dh' innseadh air
 Na fhirinn is nach breug e,
 Ge b'e 'bhios ann am mìorun ris,
 Cha bhi mi-fhin 'an deigh air;
 Bheirinn pairt de m' stiopuinn bhuam,
 Ge prìseil mi mu dheibhinn,
 'Chionn coslas fear a ghnìomharan
 'Bhi agam fhin 'na chleireach."

Umhladh or ubhla—a fine, a penalty.
 Foirbheach or foirfeach—an elder.

TURRAGAN FHIR NAN DRIMNEAN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Tha mi 'g innseadh do gach duine
 An turas a thug mi o'n bhaile,
 Dh' fhaotuinn aisig air Chaol Muile
 'Thoirt freagairt a chuiridh do'n Bharan.
 Thuirt oglach a thachair shios rium
 Cha 'n 'eil thu crionnta 's tu d' sheanduin';
 'S docha dhuit amas ri turraig
 No buidhinn thoirt as a charaibh.

Thuirt mi ris gu 'n robh e miomhail,
 'S nach robh bonn firinn' na bharaibh;
 Gur mi fhin a b'eolaich'mu'nadur
 Eadar bhi arsaibh 's 'na leanabh;
 Gu'n dugainn-sa dheth le 'shliogadh
 Pàirt de gach aon ni 'bu mhath leam;
 Gu'm faireadh e-san ri 'sgriobadh
 A cheart cho miomhail ri gearran.

So fein an t-aite 'n robh'shimnsreadh
 A'falbh fo gnìomharan allail;
 Bhiodh iad caoimhneasach ri'n cairdibh
 Ach dh'fhaireadh an naimhdean iad fearail.
 Nam biodh e-san air an reir-san
 Dheanadh e 'n ceumanan a leanachd;
 'S b' fhearr leis na tamailt fhulang
 Dol an cunnart 'na luath-dheannaibh.

Cha 'n 'eil iad buidheach de 'ghiulan,
 Aon duil tha de shliochd a sheanar,
 Nach biodh e faighidneach reimeil,
 A reir 's mar a bha na sean daoin'.
 Ach thanaic iomadh rud 'na luib-san
 A bha 'g a dhusgadh gu carraid;
 Mur faireadh iad air bhi 'na dhuine,
 Mo mhionnaibh-sa chailleadh e 'fhearan.

Tha e 'nis a tabhairt bairlinn,
 Eadar Ghaidhealaibh is Ghallaibh,
 Iad a sgur de bhi 'ga sgriobadh
 'S gur sìochaint an nì 'bu mhath leis.
 Mu'm faigheadh iad leud na h-ara
 De'n fhearann a dh'fhag a sheanair,
 Bu nì cho cinnteach 'sam bas dhaibh
 Gu'm biodh a charnan-sa mar-ris.

Turrag—an accident, a mishap. Ar-saidh—old. Allail—illustrious. Reimeil—even-tempered, persevering, authoritative. Bairlinn—warning, summons of removal, an enormous wave. Of course the first of these meanings is that of the word in the poem. Ar or ara—a kidney. Carn—a pile of stones raised over a man's grave.

RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Bha trì leumannan Mhic-Leug
 Ann am shuilibh fhein fìor olc,
 Ach dh'iomair fear na da pheighinn deug
 Air an doigh cheudna a phrop
 Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas
 Ga shabhaladh fhein o spot;
 Bhual e *boosa* air Mac-Leoid,
 S ruisg e mas an duine bhochd.

RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Bha trì leumannan Mhic-Leig
 Ann am shuilibh fhein fìor olc,
 Ach dh'ionnair fear na da pheighinn deug
 Air an doigh cheudna a phrop
 Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas
 Ga shabhaladh fhein o spot;
 Bhuail e *boca* air Mac-Leoid,
 S'ruisg e mas an duine bhochd.

AN SALACHADH-FUINN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Chuireadh mi air chor eigin a chaidh a
 ghoid air fonn no talamh Mhic-Cuaire, an
 dochas gu'n rachadh a choire a chur airsan.

'S beag m' fhaoilt an diu 'tighinn
 Do'n chuid so de 'n tìr;
 Cha taoghail mi 'n Aros
 Far 'm bu mhuirneanach mi;
 Cha chluinn 'mi 's cha 'n fhaic mi
 Na thaitneadh ri m' chridh';
 Mur falbh thu gu tearaint'
 Bidh searsadh a'd' ni.

Ma 's e so an ccart milis
 'Thug an siorra do'n tìr,
 Cha mhor gura fearr e
 Na'n gnaths 'bh' againn fhin.
 Ma thogas e paigheadh
 'S na dh'aireamh e 'sios,

Gur h-ìomadh fear toice
Air bhochdainn a bhios.

Tha lagh Chill-ma-Cheallaig
'Ga leanailt gu ruadh,
'N uair chroch iad an gearran
Gu h-amaideach truagh,
'S Mac Cuair 'bha 'n Ulbha.
Gun chuillbheirt, gun ghuad,
'Dol 'dh' fhulang a chreachadh
Le neartmhorachd sluaigh;

Is sìochaint 'ga nasgadh
'N fhear bhracairneach ruadh
'Bha shìos an Aird-Tuna
Lan chuireid is chuag.
'Sa's tric a rinn innleachd
'Cur liontan mu'n cuairt,
'N uair 'mhathadh an nì dha,
Bu bhinn sin bha cruaidh.

Faoilt—delight, cheerfulness. Toic—
wealth, riches. Bracairneach—dusky.
Cuireid—trick, wile.

DO DH'ANN DRA MAC AN EASBUIG.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Thoir an t-soraidh so bhuansa
Gu h-uaigneach do 'n lagan ud shìos;
Gu fear ionaid Mhic-Cuair
Ris na shuathadh am breannas tha 's tìr;
Gun am bardan beag, beadaladh,
A bhi tilgeadh a cheapaig an nìos;
'S nach bu choir dha 'bhi 'tathaich
Air an fheill air nach faigheadh e sìon.

Cha b'i comhairle 'cheartais
 A chinn agaibh 's an lagan so shios;
 'Nuair bha sionnach na foille ann
 Dh'fhag e coir an fhir eile 's an lion;
 Dh'fhag e d'aghaidh ri comhrag
 'S gum do chladheamh air doigh gu do
 dhion:
 'S dh'fhag e sud air bun d' fheamain
 Mar nos mhadadh-alluidh mu'n im.

Mise tha fiosrach mar dh'fhas thu;
 Bha mi treis air do chairdibh an run;
 Cha b'i Sine do mhathair,
 'S cha mhac Easbuig no sar-dhuine thu:
 Cheil a bhan-altrum dhan orr'
 An leanabh 'bha ailleachd 'na ghnuis;
 'S thilg i thusa 'na aite
 'S cha chomhward a dh'fhag i do shuil.

Soraidh —compliments, a blessing, also
 a farewell. Ceapag—a verse or verses
 composed inpromptu.

GEARAN AIR FEAR-TEAGAISG.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Gabhaidh mi sgeula de 'm shagairt
 Ged nach geill e dh'aidmheil a' Phapa,
 'Bheil moran cron' ann do dh'anam
 An fhir fhalaimh dol air faighe;
 Is cionnas is coir do'n fhear bheairteach
 A chleachdadh ri staid an fhir dhaibhir,
 A bheil e laghail d'a bhi 'na mhuigean
 Is dorn duinte 'dheanamb ri 'bhrathair.

'S ann a dh' fhàirich mi 'm fear-teagaisg
 'Na fhear-leatruim' orm 'sgach aite;
 'S cian bho 'n thoisich e ri m' thagar
 Mu'n chulaidh aisig a thug each dhomh,
 'S eigin dhomh 'n dochair so innseadh
 Do sheanadh fìor-ghlic Earaghaidheal,
 Gu'n dug mo mhinisteir sgìreachd
 Dhiom mo chisean le lainh laidir.

Cha bhuin e do mhinisteir pupait,
 Mara glutair air bheag naire e,
 'Bhi 'g iarraidh gu biadhaman sultmhor,
 Mar tha mucan is buntata,
 Feumaidh luchd-teagaisg 'bhi faicleach,
 'S iomadh neach dhaibh 'na fhìor-namhaid;
 Cha'n 'eil ann't' ach daoine feolmhor,
 Ged tha foghlum 's eolas ard ac'.

Faighe—an asking of aid in corn, wool,
 and sometimes cattle. Pupait—pulpit.
 Glutair—a glutton.

RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Tha gach cnocan orm na chuith,
 'S tha gach uchdan orm na mham;
 Tha fuifean air mo cheann-tiar
 Le olcas diollaid an cich bhain.
 Fhuair mi ron an so mar bhiadh
 Is leighis e mo chliabh gu h-ard;
 'S gu de 'm fios nach deanadh an bian
 An ni ciadna ri mo mhas.

Fuifean, or fuithein—a galling, a blister.

BEANNÁCHADH TAIGHE.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Faillt air taigh mor nan seachd uinneag
 Rinneadh le ogha Thearlaich Mhic-Ailein;
 Mor-thaigh a's fearr air a chumadh
 Eadar uinneag, stuadh, is bhalla;
 Far am faigh luchd fallbhain cuireadh
 Fial gun chrìne, gun ainmis.
 Gheibh iad oì le ceol 's le furan
 Mar bu dual dha o bheus arh'reil.

Chum a cheaird ris na chuir e
 'Dhol am buidhinn le gràdh caraid;
 Cha chuir e dorn dhiot air uilinn
 Thu thoirt dhuinne rud beag drama;
 Ach ma thionndas tu rium uile
 Is do lamh rium cruaidh an ceangal
 Cha deid mi na's fhaid' air m' aghaidh;
 'S ro-mhath m' urrainn nighean Chailein.

Cha chuir mi a mathair an duileachd,
 B'fheaird' i-fein a beus a leanailt;
 Cha dug i dram riamh do dhuine
 Gun a thuladh a bhi mar ris.
 Sid mara dh' iarras mi cuireadh
 'Nuair a bhios mo phoca falaibh;
 Gach aon ni dh' fheumas mo mhuineal
 'Bhi 'ga bhuidhinn leis an teanga.

RANN.

Air do 'n Bhard cuach de cheud leann
 na bliadhna 'fhaotuinn.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Is coir dhuinn failte 'chur air an leann,

Meannma cridhe 'na fear a th'ann;
 Gu'n cuirinn gu h-innealt an suim
 Gur h-e 's ceann-cinnidh do 'n dram.
 An t-oganach so' thainig do 'n tìr
 Tha corr is bliadhna bhuaninn air chall;
 'S math leam d'fhaicinn, an crann-coill
 'S do scop geal maiseach mu d' cheann.

RANN.

Air do 'n Bhard gloinne de dh' uisge
 beatha 'fhaotuinn agus siucar ann.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Nach innis sibh dhomhsa 'chairdean
 Ciamar a ni mi so ceart.
 Tha'n gloinne so luchd-mhor lionte
 Ach 's ann 's a chuid a 's isle tha 'm blas.
 Ma dh'olas mi 'chuid a's airde
 'S aobhar naire sin air achd;
 'S mar faigh mi a chuid a's isle
 Cha'n fhaod mi mo mhiann a chasg.

IMRICH FEAR THERISINNIS.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Failte do bhur n-imrich Luain,
 Eadar fhearaibh, chuain, is chlann;
 Slainte dhaoine 's rath air buar
 Thugaibh sin mar bhuaidh an nall.
 Thig so gu'r buidhinn ri uair,
 Cha 'n imrich uaibhreach a th'ann;
 Ach fearann 'ur sinnsre 'thoirt bhuaibh;
 Le miorun, 's cha chruadal lann.

'S oil leam sgapadh 'dhol 's a bhuain
 Do nach bu dual 'bhi meata mall;
 Cuid de'n airde deas daibh bhuainn,
 'S cuid de 'n airde tuath an nall.
 Ma's cead leat, a Bhreithimh an t-sluaigh,
 A chuidhticheas gach guais 'na am
 Cum slat ar smachdachaidh 'd' lainn fein,
 'S na fag sinn am meinn muinntir feall.

— — — — —
 Cuain—a litter. Buar—cattle. Oil—
 vexation, grief, pain.

The Macleans of Treisinnis.

— — — — —
 Ewen, second Maclean of Ardgour, had three sons: Allan, his heir and successor, John, the first Maclean of Treisinnis, and Hector, the first Maclean of Blaich and Achmadale in Lochaber. John, of Treisinnis, was succeeded by his only son, Donald, who died without issue. Hector of Blaich had three sons: Donald, known as Domhnall Dubh a' Chaisteil, Ewen, and Hector. Ewen was the first Maclean of Cornaig in Tiree. Hector, Eachann Odhar, was the progenitor of those Macleans in Mull and Tiree who were known as Sliochd Eachainn Uidhir. Domhnall Dubh a' Chaisteil, who was Captain of the Castle of Kernburg, succeeded his cousin Donald in Treisinnis. He was a bold and rough sort of man. He was

thoroughly faithful to his chief. He had six sons: Hector, Eoghan Uaibhreach, John, Lachainn Fionn, Lachlan, and Donald. Hector succeeded his father in Treisinnis. Eoghan Uaibhreach succeeded his grandfather in Blaich. John settled in Achnadale. He was chamberlain of the estate of Garbhdhabhaich in Lochaber, which at that time belonged to Maclean of Duart. Lachainn Fionn was the first Maclean of Heighnis in Tiree. He was a bold and resolute man. He was very wealthy. He had nine sons. John Maclean, Am Bard Mac-Gilleain, was one of his descendants. Hector, fourth Maclean of Treisinnis, was succeeded by his son, Ewen; Ewen, by his son John; and John, by his son, Ewen. Ewen the seventh Maclean of Treisinnis, was a distinguished warrior under Montrose. He was killed in the battle of Inverkeithing, in 1651. He was succeeded by his son, Hector. Hector died in 1793, and was succeeded by his only son, Ewen. Ewen had four sons, Hector, John, John, and Allan. Hector was minister of the Island of Coll, and was one of those who received a visit from Dr. Johnson. The first John succeeded his father in Treisinnis. The second John was minister of Kilninian in Mull. He was an excellent poet. John, the tenth and last Maclean of Treisinnis, was dispossessed of his property by the Duke of Argyll, in 1738. Imrich Fear Threisinnis must have been composed at that time. John died in 1756.

ORAN.

Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Mac Fear
Bhrolais.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Chunnaic mise thu, Ailein,
Is tu anaideach, gorach,
Mu 'n do ghlaic thu 'n gnìomh fearail,
Is mu 'n d'rinneadh dhìot coirneal;
Marcach ur nan steud brasa,
Tha 'n dìt 'n tasgaidh 'sna bordaibh:
Och is mis' 'th'air mo sgaradh
'Caoineadh Ailein 's nach beo e!

Fear t aogais cha 'n fhaic mi
Ann am faicheachd no 'm foghlum;
Bu mhath cumadh do shleisde,
Is do bheil is do shroine.
Gu 'm bu cheannard air feachd thu
'Thoir dhaibh smachd agus ordaigh:
'Fhir nach leughadh a' ghealtachd,
'S tu nach seachnadh an comhrag.

'Ogha brathair Shir Lachainn,
'S e mo chreach nach do phos thu:
Sin a dh' fhag sin cho galach,
'Dheagh mhic Lachainn mhic Dhomhnaill:
Mhic an fhir a fhuair urram,
'S nach cuireadh duin' air an fhogradh-
B' e sin Lachainn na ceille,
Mar bha 'n treun-fhear bha comhl' ris.

Air an dol do Dhuneideann
'Thug iad reite leo dhachaidh;
Ghlac Diuc Seumas air laimh iad,
'S dh'iarr a bhan-diuc a steach iad.
Cha robh Gall 's cha robh Gaidheal

'N seombar claraidh no 'n caisteal,
Nach do sheas air a' chabhsair
Aig meud an geall air am faicinn.

'N uair a chummacas na h-armuinn,
Na fìor Ghaidheil gun fhòtus,
Is nach d'iarr iad de dheise orra
Ach breacan is cota,
Is sgiath bhreac nam ball ionad
Air an slinnein gu comhrag,
'S ann a thubhairt gach duine,
Sid a chulaidh tha boidheach!

'Cait an robh iad 'san t-saoghal,
No an taobh so de fhlaithneas,
Mac-samhail nan daoine ud!
Cha 'n fhaodar am faighinn,
Mach o ghathaibh na greine
Ann an speuraibh an adhair:
'S cha 'n iarranaid airson sgathain
Ach bhi 'n aite 'gan amharc.

Thuirt gach morair a b'airde
Gun robh 'n ait 's an taigh-lagha:
Co a dhiobradh gu brath iad
Is gun ghraim air an aghaidh?
Gur h-e 'n teachdaire dan
'Bha 'gabhail tainh 'sa cheann-adhairt
A dh'fhag sinne mar tha sinn,
'S nach robh dh'adh oirnn an gleidheadh.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'Lachainn
'Thug an t-each a Strath-Lochaidh,
A thug umhlachd bho 'n mharcach,
A thug 'ad is a chleoc dheth;
Ach cha b' fhiach leis an gleidheadh,
Ged bhiodh deiltreadh de'n or orr',
Ach am mathadh d'a ghillean
'Dheanamh ionairt is oil leo.

Sin 'n nair chruinnich na h-armuinn
 Is na Gaidheil gu huile,
 Luchd nan clogaidean stailinn
 'S nan lann spainteach geur, guineach.—
 An am tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh
 Bu leibh fault' agus furan,
 Is pìob roimhibh a' marsadh,
 Is nach b'aill leibh an drum.

An am tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh
 Gu 'ur n-aiteachan comhnuidh,
 Chluinnteadh fuaim air an danusa.
 'S fion is branndaidh 'gan ol leibh,
 'S uisge-beatha nam feadan
 Leis an leagteadh na geocaich;
 'S air an urlar 'nan seasamh
 Bhiodh luchd-freasdail gu leoir dhuibh.

S car a dh-Iarla nam pìos thu
 A bha 'n Ile ri stroiceadh,
 Lachainn Mor a bha priseil,
 Sin 'chuir mi 'gad shior fheoraich.
 C' ait a bheil iad an Albainn,
 No thall ann san Olaint,
 Leithid cinneadh mo mhathar
 'Mach o ardan Chlann-Domhnaill !

Ach 's e aobhar mo ghearain
 An drast eallach Fear Bhrolais;
 Co a sheasas ri 'ghuallainn,
 'S e 'san uair so 'na onrachd,
 Bho na dh'fhalbh bhuainn a bhrathair.
 An tus ailleachd is oige,
 Gun am mac 'theid 'na aite;—
 Leam is craiteach an dobheairt.

'S fhir dha'n robh a ghnuis alainn
 Fo chul tlath nan ciabh or-bhuidh',
 Com 'bu ghile na'n canach,

Is na meail-shuilean modhar,
 A dh'fhas deas, foimhidh, fearail.
 'S b' fhad' a leanadh an torachd,
 'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh
 A dh'fhag galach le bròn sinn.

'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh
 'Chuir sinn tanaull 'gad ionndraim,
 'S nach robh 'n sin agad caraid
 A theannadh gu d' ionnsaidh,
 No gu d' charadh 's an anart
 'N uair a dhalladh do shuilean,
 Ach t' fhagail 'san t-seombar
 Is a chomhl' air a dunadh.

Ach na'm biodh tu 'n sin aca,
 Far an racht' air do thorradh,
 Ann an talla na h-Innse
 No an I far 'm bu choir dhuit,
 Ann an reilig nam Manach
 'Sa bheil na barantan mora
 'Dhol air tìr air an Ealaidh,
 Cha bhiodh tu fad' ann ad ourachd.

Ach na'm biodh tu san tìr so
 Far am biodht' air do thorradh,
 Ghluaisleadh Murchadh na Maighe,
 'S Mac-Gilleain nan ro-seol,
 Mac Mhic Eoghain 's mac Eachainn
 Bho shìol Arcaig 's bho Lochaidh,—
 Och, mo thruaighe do bhrathair!
 Is do mhathair 's i 'bhronag.

Ach a Thi 'thug an sgrios oirnn,
 'S ann 'tha sin air a sgrìobhadh;
 Na crainn mhor' air am bristeadh
 Mu 'n do dh'fhiosraicheadh dhinn iad.
 Na crainn mhora bhi brist'
 Thug dhinn ar n-iteach 's ar linnidh;

'Thuit a phaire 'san robh 'n t-abhall,
'S fhrois an snodhach 'bu phriseil.

Mi mar Oisean 'n 'ur deaghaidh,
Bho 'n rinneadh taghadh nan caor' oirbh;
'Chaidh gach aon mar a b' fhearr dhibh
'Thoirt a fasach an t-saoghail s'.
Ach a 'Thi a ghabh toirt dhù,
'S a dh'fhag goirt-cheannach d'eor sin,
Seall an nuas oirnn an trocair,
'S maith ar bron dhuinn 's ar caoineadh.

Clann-Ghilleain nan cruadh-chath,
Dh'fhalbh iad bhuanm mar an raineach;
Fhroiseadh nblhan a' gharaidh
Gus an d'fhagadh e falanb.
'S ann 'tha 'n t-oighre air fogradh
'S e gun seol aig air fanailt:
Och, a Mhoire, mo leon
Gu bheil a choir aig Mac-Cailein

'S tric a' faighneach-t'gach aon neach,
Ciod e t' aois, a nigh'n Lachainn?
Ciod an fath dhomh sin innseadh,
'S nach creid sibhs' e 'n lorg m' fhaicinn?
'Cha 'n 'eil fiacail a' m' dheudaich
Nach do leum as mo chlaigeann.
A' sior iargain nan daoine
Ris an gloidhteadh na gaisgich.

Donald, first Maclean of Brolas, was a brother of Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart. He had two sons, Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Hector Og, who was drowned whilst going to Barra in a small open boat. Lachlan married Isabell, daughter of Hector, second Maclean of

Torloisk, and had two sons, Donald, third Maclean of Brolas, and Allan, an officer in the British army. This is the Allan whose death is lamented in the poem. He died at Stirling in 1722.

Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Lachlan, third Maclean of Torloisk, visited Edinburgh on business connected with Sir John McLean's estate in 1676. They were received very kindly by James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II. They were both men of high character and good ability. The former died in 1686 and the latter in 1687.

CUMHA DO LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

LE MAJREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Gur h-e mise th'air mo leonadh
 Mu dheibhinn na h-oigridh!
 An am dol do 'n taigh-osda
 Gu 'm bu leam na fir oga:—
 Tha mo dhiubhail 'na fheoil fo na beistean.

Mo cheist ogh' bhrath'r mo sheanar
 'S e 'tha mis' an diu 'gearan;
 'S e mo dhith 'thug thu 'Chana;
 Bu tu sgiobair na mara
 Ged nach danaic thu fallain no gleidhteach.

Och, mo thruaighe do mhathair!
 'S daor a cheannaich i phairtidh,

'N nair a bhristeadh do bhata
 'S a bha biaigh air gach traigh dh'i:—
 Bha mo dhiubhail ann 'n eamh gun chead
 eirigh.

Och, mo thruaigh i 's thus Eachainn.
 Le do mhaocheirigh mhaduinn.
 Ri siubhal gach cladaich.
 'S nach d'fhuaras leat Lachainn;
 Og ur a chuil chleachdaich mar theudan.

'S ann aig bun na dubh sgeire
 'Chuill thu 'n coisiche beinne.
 Air nach d'fhuaras rianh deireadh:—
 Bu ro chinnteach do pheileir:
 Gu'm bu mharbhadair eilid is feidh thu.

Mur bhi dhomhs' 'bhi og, Jeanabail.
 Is nach h-eol dhomh do sheanachas
 Bheirinn umad ban iomradh:
 Ach cha b'fhuilair dhomh aimsir
 'Chur do ramtacht, oig mheamnaich, ri
 'cheile.

Gur a cairdeach mo run-sa
 'Mhac-Gilleain nan luireach
 Leis an eireadh na fionain.
 Is do dh' Iarla sin Antrim,
 Marcach allail nan curs-each a Eirinn.

Tha do sheanachas ri 'labhairt
 Ri Murchadh na Maighe.
 'S ri Mac-Fhionghain an t-Sratha.
 'S tu ro dhileas 'thaobh t' athar
 Do chlamh Eoghain o'n leathad le 'cheile.

Tha do chairdeas ri 'rusgadh
 Ri tighearna Mhuideart.

Ri Mac-Neill o na turaibh
 Aig am biodh na fir ura,
 'S gur dearbh charaid mo run do Shir
 Sennas.

Gura cairdeach thu 'Lachainn
 Bho Ros riabhach nam badan
 'Dh'fhag fir Ile nan cadal
 'S a thug dith orr' an Asgaig:
 Thug e dioladh 's na bhaca anns an
 eucoir.

Gur a h-ogh' thu do dh' Ailean
 'Thug an long o Mhac-Cailein
 Ris an oidhche ghil ghealaich,
 Is a luchd innt' chrodh ballach,
 Ged nach b'ann gu cro earraich a gheum-
 raich.

ORAN.

Do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain, Triath Dhu-
 bhairt.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Dh'fhalbh mo chadal a' smaointinn
 S mi ri tigh'un air na daoine
 Nach h-eil againn air faotuinn:
 Chuir sin mise air faontrath 's air fogradh.
 Chur sin mise, &c.

Sir Iain cha d' fhuirich;
 Cha do dh'fhaodadh a chumail
 Air bhord ann an Lunnainn,
 No a feitheamh air furan righ Deorsa.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh e 'thachairt,
 Thu 'bhi ardanach, beachdail,

'N uair a lionteadh le reachd thu,
Is a liuthad fuil bhras a bha 'd'phoraibh.

Bu tu ogha Shir Lachainn,
Iar-ogh' Ruairidh nam bratach
'Th'ann sa chiste chaoil ghlaiste.
'S fionn-ogh' Chailein nan lasgairean
crotha.

'S ann a tha do luchd-muinntir'
Mar ghaoir sheillean 'gad ionndrainn,
Tha iad iargaineach, tursach;
C'uin a thig thu 'gan ionnsaidh le comh-
nadh?

Luchd nan leadanan cul-bhuidhe,
Nan clogad 's nan luireach,
'S nan sgiath bhreac air dheagh chui-
neadh.
Aig an b' iomadach ionntas is stòras.

'S iomadh bean agus nighean
A thogadh e 'n cridhe
Na'n deanadh tu tighinn
Mar a b' ait leinn a rithist le solas.

Mur a deachaidh mi 'm mearachd,
Bu tu dalta mo sheanar
'S nighean Ruairidh 's na h-Earadh;
Cha b'e anaghlas a bhainne a dhol thu.

Och, a Dhe, dean ruinn tionndadh;
Thoir dhuinn fabhar gun diultadh,
'S sinn ri feitheamh do chuirte,
Ged nach h-'eil sinn cho muinte 's bu choir
dhuinn.

GED IS STOCHD MI 'N DEIGH
CRIONADH.

Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleán.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Ged is stochd mi 'n deigh crionadh,
Cha 'n 'eil miorun air m' aire
Do na fir a bha 'n ruaig orr',
Dh'an robh 'n cruadal aig baile.
An ceann-cinnidh 'bu phriseile
De 'n fhior fluil 'bu ghlaine
As a' choill a b'fhearr cnuasach
Rinneadh fhuadach thar mara.

Tha do chinneadh an cruaidh chas,
Tha iad truagh dheth 'gad ghearan;
Bha iad roimhe so sar mhath,
'Nuair a dh'fhagadh thu 'd' leanabh.
'Nuair a thug thu dhaibh solas,
Ghabh thu fogradh a d' fhearann;
Tha do dhuthchannan bochd dheth,
Ian de ghort is de dh'ainnis.

Gur h-e m'aighear is m' eudail,
Marcach ur nan steud meara.
Gur mac-samhailt do 'n reul thu,
Do na ghrein no do 'n ghealaich,
Laigh dubh-smal air na crìochan
O'n la 'strioched thu o'n bhaile.
Bu tu iuchair nan Gaidheal
Ann an garadh 's an dainginn.

Gur h-e aona mhac Shir Ailein,
An flath ceanalta daicheil;
Cha bu chularaibh coimheach
'Bhiodh mu d'chomhair an sgathan;

Ach gruag chleiteagach chleachdach
 Mu ghruaidh mhaisich 's math dearrsadh;
 Fiamh an oir air a h-uachdar,
 'S i 'na cuachagaibh fainneach.

'Se do thalla 'bha rioghail,
 Gheibhteadh fion ann air bhordaibh,
 Agus feadagan fiadhaich,
 Is gach ianlaith 'ga choir sin,
 Bhiodh ann sar uisge-beatha
 'Ga chur seachad gu h-ordail;
 Is le eagal an iota
 Bhiodh leann brioghmhor is beoir ann.

Bhiodh fir ghasda ri freasdal,
 Moch is feasgar 's trath-noine;
 Bhiodh an comunn lan eibhneis,
 Rachadh eislean air fogradh.
 'H-uile dram mar a thigeadh
 Chuirteadh sid ann an ordagh,
 Ann an broinn nam fear fialaidh
 Nach do liath an deigh posadh.

ORAN.

**Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Fear Bhro-
 lais.**

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'S LACHAINN.

Mo run an t-Ailean, marcach allail
 Nan steud meara, 's nan lann tana,
 'S fad air d'aineol 'tha thu 'fanachd
 Gun tigh'nn thairis 'dh ionnsaidh d'
 fhearainn dhuthchasaich.

Fear ard coltach, calma, toirteil,
 'N lathair cogaidh, an tus troide:

'S mairg a bhrosnaicheadh gu òle thu
An am nochdadh, 's boineid sgrogt' air d'
urla-sa.

Fear mor garbh de 'n fhine bhorb thu,
Bu mhor ainm an Innse-Gall,
'S a b'fhearr 's an am 'san robh iad ann;—
'N uair thogt' am fearg, a rìgh, bu shearbh
gach sugradh bhuap.'

Bha thu cairdeach do 'n t-sliochd laidir
A fhuair ait' am measg nan Gaidheal,
Bu mhath geard a dhol 's na blaraibh,
Measail adhmhor fhad 'sa bha iad curam-
ach.

Ann an Dubhairt bhiodh luchd-siubhail,
'S chosdteadh riubha mar bu chubhaidh:
An diugh 's dubhach mi 'gan cumha;—
Laoich na cumhachd, fath mo phudhair
spuinneadh iad.

Nach cluinn thu 'n spreidh le 'n osnaich
gheir
A' cur an ceill am mulaid fein;
Is eoin nan speur tha 'g radh ri 'cheil'
Nach bochd an sgeul mar dh'fhalbh na
trein 'bu chliuitiche.

Bu fhras ghabhaidh ghreas gu traigh sinn:
Dh'fhag i craiteach sinn gun slainte;
Thuit na h-ard-chroinn mhaiseach alainn
Bha 'n ar garadh 's fhrois gu lar na h-
ubhlan diu.

Tha mise fann 's gu bheil mi dall;
Cha leir dhomh falbh gun duine a'm'
laimh
Gu 'n d'fhas mi mall bho 'n chaidh ur call,

A threin nan lann, 's gun ghloir a'm
cheann a dhuisgeas sibh.

Pudhar—hurt, harm, loss.

Allan. 4th Maclean of Brolas, was the only son of Donald, 3rd Maclean of Brolas, who died in 1725. Allan was a long time in the army. He became chief of the Clan Maclean in 1750. He died at Inch-Kenneth, in Mull, in 1783.

CUMHA.

Do dh-Eachann Og Mac-Gilleain a Tir-
itheadh a bhathadh air a' chuan
Bharrach.

LE MAIRI NIC-PHAIL.

Gur h-e mise 'tha fann,
Tha mo shuil gu bhi dall,
'Caoidh an fhiurain gun mheang;
Chaill mi ubhlan mo chraim,
'S chuir sin buaireadh a' m' cheann ri m'
bheo.

'S chuir sin buaireadh, &c.

Cha bu sgeula gun fhios
Mu 'n dug m' eudail orm sgrios;
Gu 'n do sgaoil e mo shic,
'S tha mo chridhe 'na lic,
'S e mo ghnaths bhi air mhisg gun ol.

Air an eadradh Di-mairt

Fluair mi greadan mo chraidh;
 Sin a leag mi gu lar
 Is a leadair mo chnamh;
 An t-sleagh dhireach tha satht' a' m' fheoil.

'S ann aig t' athair 'bha ghibht,
 Aig na Gaidheil bha fios;
 Cha bu thacharan mic
 Nach deachaidh fo lie;
 Dh'fhag sin e-san na sgriot'chan broin.

A mhic aoibheil an fhiu,
 B' alaim sealladh do shul';
 'N uair a chrathadh tu 'null
 Do ghruag dhualach, dhonn, chuill
 B' ard a thogadh tu 'ruin an t-sron.

A mhic mhaisich gun fheall,
 B' alaim cuanadh do bhall,
 Calpa cuimhir neo-cham
 'Dhol a shiubhal nam beann;
 Bu tric buidheann gun mbeang a' d' choir.

Na 'm bitheadh tu thall
 Ann an coinnimh nan Gall,
 'Siomadh fear 'bhiodh mu d' cheann
 'S iad a tarruing ort teann;
 'Righ, bu taitneach leo cainnt do bheoil.

Gu'n robh gabhail mhic righ
 Air deagh dhalta mo chich,
 Tus an latha 'dol sios,
 Air a chuairt dhe nach till,
 Ann an trusgan caol, min gu leoir.

Gu 'n robh cuilein mo ruin,
 Fear nan camagan dluth,
 'S e a' seoladh ri d' ghluin,

Gu's 'n do dhalladh a shuil.
 'S an dug mire nan sugh bhuaith' 'n deo.

B'i Mairi Nic-Phail muime Eachainn
 Oig. Chaidh a mac a bhathadh comhla.
 ris. 'S ann uime a tha i a' labhairt 's a'
 cheathramh mu dheireadh.

ORAN.

Do dh'Eachann Mac-Gilleain, tighearna
 chola.

LE DOMHNALL MAC-GILLENHOIRE.

Aithris bhuamsa gu soilleir
 Gu Tighearna chola
 Gu 'n do chaill mi le coraich mo sheol.

Aithris bhuamsa, &c.

'S a mhic Iain na feile
 Guidheam comhnadh Mhic Dhe leat;
 'S tu nach deanadh an encoir le d' dheoin.

Thug an duin 'ud dhomh bairlinn
 Ann an lathair mo chairdean,
 Mura fuiling thu tamailt bi falbh.

Thug mi corr is coig bliadhna
 'Ga cur thui'g' air a fiaradh.
 'S cha do ghiulain i riamh dhomh an cors'.

Gloir do Chrìosd mar tha cuisean,
 Gean 'nam chridh' biodh a' dusgadh.
 Tha mo thighearna duthcha-sa beo.

'Nuair a chaidh thu do Shasunn

Ann an cuideachd Shir Eachainn,
Ghabh an rìgh moran tlachd dhe do ghloir.

An am tilleadh o'n chuir duit
'S ionadh morair is diuca
A bha 'labhairt mu d' bhiuthas mu 'n bord.

'Nuair a bhiodh tu 'measg cuideachd
'S tu ri ol air bol *puinnse*,
Gu 'm biodh each 's iad ri tuiteam mu 'n
bhord.

Ann an am dol air d' each dhuit
Bhiodh ort botuinn is casag,
Ad de 'n t-siod' agus *les rithe* 'n or.

Gruag cho geal ris a chanach
Air an urla 'bu ghlaine,
Air do chulaobh an ceangal le spors.

Gu 'm bu shlan a bhean chiche
'Rinn do chuislean a lionadh,
Cha 'n fhacas riamh sgith thu 'n deigh oil.

'S tu mo choinneal an laimntear,
'S tu mo threise ri ainneart,
Ged a leigim beum ann thar na coir'.

'S tu mo chadal 's mo dhusgadh,
Ann am laidh' tha mo shuil ort,
'Fhir a's flathaile gnuis a tha beo.

Hector, 11th Maclean of Coll, succeeded his father in 1729. He died in 1754.

Donald Morrison lived in Tiree. He seems to have been a native of Coll.

Bhiodh do pheileir a' gluasad
Troimh dhamh uallach an astair.

Bu tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach
Air muir ghailbheieh nan cas-shruth:
Bha thu mion-shuileach cinnteach
Foinnidh, innsGINEACH, tapaidh;
Bha thu fearail ri d' innse,
'S bha thu fìor ghasd ri d'fhaicinn;
'S air naile bhuidhneadh tu cis
Air iomairt dhisnean nam bhreac-bhall.

C'uime 'n ceilinn an fhirinn? '
Dh'fhaotuinn innse gun sgrubadh
Nach robh idir 's na crìochan s'
Aon nach b'fhiach leis 'bhi'd chuideachd.
'N uair a tharruingteadh do shith
'S an am do mhi-run tigh'nn thugad,
'S tu nach soradh am fion oirnn,
No aon ni 'bhiodh am buideal.

Cuidseal—a cudgel. Taca—support,
substance, solidity. InnsGINEACH—sprightly,
lively.

MARBHRANN.

Do Dhomhnall Mac Raonail Mhoir,
Fear Thir-na-Drise.

LEIS AN TAILLEAR MAC ALASTAIR.

'S e 'mheudaich m' airtneal gu geur
Is campar caisteal mo chleibh,
A chainnt' a bh' aca an de ag ol,
Mu 'n fhiuran sgiobalta gharg
'Bu mhath misneach is dealbh;
Bu neo-ghliogach fo d' arm thu 'sheoid,

Mu 'n leoghamm chrìos-gheal gun sgath
 'Bha 'n Tìr-na-Drise 'na thamh;
 Is mòr am bristeadh do bhas thigh'm
 oirm.

Bu tu 'n curaidh gun sgath
 'Dhol an cunnart nam blar;
 Bhiodh airm ghuineach a'd' laimh, fhir oig.

Bhiodh sgiath bhreac nam ball dluth
 Air gairdean gaisgeach mo ruin.
 'S paidhir dhag ort nach diult ri ord.

Bhiodh lann thana gheur ur
 'S i gun smal oirr' o'n bhuth,
 'Gearradh chlaighean is smuis is feol'.

Is cha b'e 'n t-iasad a bh' ann
 Ach fuil nan rìghrean o'n Spainn
 Dha 'm bu lionmhor sgiath 's ceann-bheirt-
 oir.

'S e 'mheudaich m' airtneal 's mo ghruaim
 Na cinn-fheachd' a dh-fhalbh bhuaim,
 Na fir ghasda 'bu chruaidh 'san toir.

B' ann diu Alastair treun
 Bho Cheapaich nam peur;
 Bha e barraicht' thar cheudan sloigh.

Sìol nan colla 'bha treun,
 'Stiuireadh luingeas fo bhreid;
 'S ard a shloinninn thu 'n ceum na dho.

Lean thu 'n duthchas bu dual,
 Dhol gu dluth ann san ruaig,
 Bho 'n t-sìochd chluitich le 'n gluais-
 teadh srol.

'S ann a'd' theaghlach nach crìon
 Chluinnteadh gleadhraich nam pios;
 Bhiodh fir mhor' ann 'cur strìth ag ol;

Ag eisdeachd eachdraidh nam bard,
 Agus caismeachd luchd-dain,
 Gur h-e chleachd thu 'bhi 'd' laimh an t-or.

Donald Macdonald was the eldest son of Raonall Mor Thir-na-Drise, who was the second son of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich. He was a major in Prince Charles' army. He was taken prisoner by accident at the battle of Falkirk, Sliabh a Chlamhain, January 17th, 1746. He was beheaded at Carlisle on the 18th of the following October. His head was stuck on one of the gates of the city, where the barbarism of the age allowed it to remain several years. He was married twice. By his first wife, a Miss Mackenzie, he had one son and three daughters, Ranald, Isabella, Mary and Catherine. By his second wife, a daughter of Macdonald of Killichonate, he had two daughters, Sarah and Juliet. Ranald was about eight years of age at the time of his father's death. He began studying for the priesthood, but died before completing his course.

Alexander Macdonald, of Keppoch was the eldest son of Coll of Keppoch, who was the eldest son of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich. He was a brave and chivalrous man. He fought and fell like a hero at the battle of Culloden, April 16th, 1746. Donald, his only brother, was killed in the same battle. The macdonalds, as a whole, won no credit for themselves at Culloden. The conduct of the noble chief of Keppoch was a brilliant exception.

CUMHA.

Do Domhnall Ban Loch-Iall a chaochail
'san Fhraing 'sa' bhliadhna, 1748.

LEIS AN TATILEAR MAC ALASTAIR.

A' cheud latha 'n bhliadhn' uir
Ni mi labhairt an tus
Air Sir Domhnall nan curs-each gorm.

A cheud latha, &c.

Fhuaras sgeula do bhais:
Sid an sgeul 'rinn mo chradh:
'S lionmhor fear air an d' fhag e deoir.

An t-og misneachail treun
Dh'an robh gliocas le ceill,
Chualas cinnteach gu'n d'eug 's nach beo.

An t-og uasal b' fhearr beachd,
Sar mharcach nan each,
'S tu gu'n dioladh gu pailt an t-or.

Leat a dh'eireadh an sgriob
Da thaobh Lochaidh so shios,
Fir a' chladaich gu d' dhion mu'n chro.

Thig mu'd bhrataich gu dian
Fir Loch-Airceig 's Lochiall,
'S thig bho 'n Mhorairne ciad no dho.

Thig fir Nibheis nan laogh,
'S Dhoch-an fhasaidh nan craobh,
Agus fir Ghlinne Laoigh 's an t-Sroin.

Thig bho 'n Bhraighe so shuas,
Bho Spiathain 's bho Ruaidh,
Na fir reachdmhor a bhuaileadh stroic.

Fo 'n cheann-feadhna nach b' fhann
 Dh'eireadh gaisgich nan lann;
 Bhiodh iad leat anns gach am 'sa choir

'S leat na h-Abraich gu leir
 'N am leat togail gu feum,
 Le 'n airm aisnich 's le 'n geur loinn ghorm.

Le an claidheanan cuil
 'Gan iomairt gu dluth,
 'Ghearradh claignean le luths nan dorn.

'S mairg nochdadh riut strith
 'N taobh s' a dh'armailt an rìgh,
 'N uair a thogteadh leat piob 's breid sroil.

Thu air toiseach do shluaigh,
 'S toirm feadain 'nan cluais,
 'S mairg namhaid a bhuaileadh oirbh.

Cha 'n 'eil an t-achd so ach cruaidh.
 'N deigh na breacain thoirt bhuainn,
 Chuir sinn briogaisean 'suas de'n chloth.

Gu 'n seol 'n Rìgh Mor thu 'n nall,
 Thu 'thigh 'nn thugainn gun dail;
 'S mi gu'n oladh deoch slaint' 'phrionns'
 oig.

Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel married Isabel, daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, and sister of Hector Roy, who fell at Inverkeithing in 1651. John, his eldest son by this marriage, married Isabel, daughter of Alexander Campbell, of Lochnell, and had five sons; Donald, known as Domhnall Ban Loch-Iall, his heir and successor, John, of Fassiefern, Alexander, a priest, Archibald, a doctor, and Ewen, a planter in Jamaica. John

died in Flanders about the beginning of the year 1748. Donald, of Lochiel was a man of noble and chivalrous character. He took a prominent part in the rebellion of 1745. He died at Borgue, in France, on the 26th of October, 1748.

ORAN.

LE DUGHALL RUADH CAMSHRON.

Tha mo leaba 's an fhraoch
 Fo shileadh nan craobh,
 'S ged a tha mi 'sa choill
 Cha do thoill mi na taoid.

Tha mo leab' air an lar,
 'S tha mo bhreacan gun sgail,
 'S cha d'fhuair mi lochd cadail
 Bho na spad mi Culcharn.

Tha mo dhuil ann an Dia
 Ged dhiobair Lach-Iall
 Fhaicinn fhathast na choirneal
 'N Inbhir-Lochaidh so shios.

Bha thu dileas dha 'n Phrionns'
 'S d'a shinnsreadh bho thus;
 'S ged nach dug thu dha t'fhacal
 Bha thu ceart air a chul.

Cha b' ionnan 's Mac-Leoid,
 'Tha 'n drast aig Rìgh Deors',
 'Na fhogarach soilleir
 Fo choire 'n da chleoc.

A Mhic-Dhomhnaill gun sgoinn
 'S ann a chomhdaich thu 'n fhoill;
 Ged a gheall thu bhi dileas

'S ann a dhiobair thu 'n greim
 Tha ball-dubh ort 'san t-sroin
 A's misd' thu ri d' bheo;
 'S cha 'n fhearr thu na 'm baigeir
 'S a bhata 'na dhorn.

Cha b' ionnan 'san laoch
 Bho Cheapaich nan craobh,
 'Chaidh 'sios le 'chuid ghaisgeach.
 'S nach robh tais air an raon.

Na fir acfhuiuneach chruaidh
 Bho Spiathain 's bho Ruaidh
 Chiadh a sios fo 'n cheann-feachda
 'B' fhearr a bh'ac' 'san taobh tuath.

'S cha b' e caigneachadh lann
 Chuireadh bristeadh nan ranc,
 Ach frasan nam peileir
 'Tigh'nn bho theine nan Gall.

Ach 'n uair thig am Prionns' Oig,
 Is na Frangaich 'ga choir,
 Theid sgapadh gun taing
 Ann an campa Rìgh Deors'.

Theid Diuc Uilleam a cuirt,
 Theid a thilgeadh air dun,
 'S cha 'n eighear gu brath air
 Na 's airde na 'n cu.

'S ged tha mis' ann am froig
 Tha 'm botul a'm' dhorn,
 'S gu'n ol mi 's cha 'n aicheidh
 Deoch-Slainte Phrionns' oig.

Sir Robert Munro, of Fowlis, chief of the Clan Munro, was a distinguished soldier. He was born in 1684. He commanded the Black Watch at the battle of

Fontenoy, May 11th, 1745, and won high honor for himself and his country. He fought on the side of King George in the rebellion of 1745. He was colonel of the 37th regiment. In the battle of Falkirk his men fled and left him alone. He was attacked by six of the prince's men. He killed two of them. One of the remaining four, Calum na Biondaige, a Macgregor, fired at him and killed him. All the Highland chiefs deeply lamented his death. The gallant Keppoch purchased a coffin in which to bury him. Six pipers followed his remains to the grave, playing Cumha Fear Fola. Prince Charles and all the chiefs in his army attended the funeral. Captain George Munro, of Culcairn, was Sir Robert's brother. He was born in 1685. He was a very excellent man. He was the first Munro of Culcairn.

Dugald Roy Cameron was a native of Lochaber. He had suffered some grievous wrongs at the hands of a cruel officer of the name of Grant. According to one account, Grant shot his son in cold blood. According to another account he set fire to his house, and turned his wife and children out in the snow. Grant generally rode a white horse. On Sunday, August 31st, 1746, Captain Munro borrowed his horse. Whilst passing along the shores of Loch Arkaig Dugald Roy, mistaking him for Grant, fired at him and killed him on the spot. Munro was an excellent man. He was in the 61st year of his age. Dugald Roy was never arrested. He became a soldier in the British army.

ORAN

Do dh-Alastair Domhnallach, Mac
Raonaill oig na Ceapaich, a bha 'na
oifigeach ann san arm.

LE PADRUIG CAIMBEUL, PARA PIOBAIR.

Ged is fad' tha mi 'm chadal,
'S mithich dhomh a bhi dusgadh.
Gur h-e dh' fhag mi fo airsneal
Ceannard feachda na duthcha
Bhi gun oighreachd aig baile
Bho na claidh thu a d' dhuthchas,
Ach na robairéan meallta
Gabhail foill air gach tubh dhìot.

Mìle buaidh do an armunn
A tha thall thar na linne,
Ann an cogadh na Frainge,
Gur h-e tharmaich mo thrioblaid
A bhi chumtinn gach la
Gu bheil dail ri thu thighinn,
'S cian 's gur fada leinn bhuaime thu.
'S do chuid sluaigh air am milleadh.

'S mor an naidheachd tha 'n drasda
Ann 's gach ait a bheil fios air,
Mac Mhic-Raonaill o 'n Bhraighe
Bni o 'n aros bu dligeach.
Tha sinn uil' air ar bualadh
'S air ar gluasad na 's trice,
Bho na chaireadh 'san uir
Am fear nach lubadh a mhisneach.

Cha b' ann mar sgonsair no traoitair,
No mar shloighteire cealgach
Dh' eireadh suas air do chinneadh
Do' an iemairt nan armaibh.
Nuair a thogteadh leibh bratach

Fo fhraoch gaganach meanbh-bhreac
 'S mairg a tharladh 'sa bhaiteal
 Ri 'r n-aodann brass 's sibh fo r u-aineas.

Siol nan Collanan rioghail
 Bheireadh sith as an aisith.
 C' air an facas no 'n cualas
 Riamh cinn fheadhna bu bhraise?
 Le an lannan cruaidh duth-ghorm
 'Sgathadh chruachdan gun athadh,
 'Bhiodh air deas lainh us buannachd
 Dol a bhualadh le claidheamh.

An dream a 'thanaig le firinn
 A fuil rioghail na Spaine,
 Bha ur suaicheantas seillear
 Tigh 'nu le follais do dh-Alba.
 Long, leoghann, is bradann,
 'S lamh nach 'tais air thus blaraibh;
 'S bhiodh ur piob mhor 'ga spreigeadh
 Dol an coiminn an namhaid

'S og a rinn iad ort tailceas,
 'S tu gun taice mar leanaban;
 Ghabh iad cothrom le foill ort,
 'S gun do *ghuide* a bhi lathair.
 Cha b' i 'n eccoir bu dligheach
 Do dh' fhear ionaid do larach,
 Ach gach uair a' toirt ceartais
 Do chlann gun athair, gun mhathair.

Ole no math leis na Toisich,
 Ged tha choir air a bristeadh,
 Thug sibh latha 'gam bualadh,
 'Chuir an ruaig air an cinneadh,
 'S mor an call air an righ.
 An am a rioghachd bhi 'u trioblaid,
 Nach eighteadh bho Ruaidh thu,
 'S moran sluaigh leat nach tilleadh.

'S ioma buaidh ort le cruadal
 Dol a bhualadh le claidheamh,
 Gur h-i d' inntinn nach strìochdadh
 Dol a sìos air thus catha,
 Toirt a mach an ratreuta
 'S tu nach eiradh *aibhansa*;
 Cha bhiodh iomral a' d' colas
 Dol an oidagh fo d' bhrataich.

Gheibhteadh sid ann a' thalla
 Mar a b' fharasda ghaitinn,
 Pìob mhor nan toirm fheadan,
 'S beus a' freagairt a manain.
 Bhiodh fir ur' ann is fleasgaich,
 'S b' ann de 'm beadradh 'bhi 'g abhachd,
 'Tigh 'nn gu d' bhalla le aighear
 'N ann bhi 'gabhail mu thamh dhuit.

Teaghlach mheadhrach ro phriseil,
 Bu mhor eis d' ur luchd-lamhain
 A bha fiughantach, fearail,
 S' cha b' i 'n ainnis ur n-abhaist.
 Bhiodh daoine' uaisle 'g ur tathaich
 'Tigh 'nn a steach as gach aite;
 'S bu cheann-uighe nan ceud sibh
 'Dol na oidheche gu 'r n-aos.

AN T-SABAIÐ SHALACH.

Air do Dhomhnall Mac-Aonghais, tail-
 lear a bha ann an Cola, an daorach a
 ghabhail aig tiodhlacadh, chaidh e-fein
 agus fear-cumidh dha a leum air a cheile.
 Bha an daorach vir an fhear eile cuideachd.
 Bha Brog Chocte aig sluagh mar fhrit-
 annm air an taillear. Rinneadh an t-eran
 le Alastair Domhnallach. Air do 'n
 Chubair Cholach a chluinntinn chuir e

na ceithir cheathrannan mu dheireadh ris.

Bu ghraineil an cleachdadh a bhi ag ol aig torraidhnean. Tha e 'na aobhar taingealachd gu bheiltear air sgar dheth.

FONN.—Mo run geal og.

Ach a Dhomhuail Mhic Dhughail
Bu tu 'n diunlach 'bha treubhach;
'S iomadh aite 'n robh ainm ort
Eadar Albainn is Eirinn.
Mura digeadh ort Ibhrig
Bhiodh tu striochdte air dhroch ghreidh-
eadh;

'S ann a dh' fhag iad thu 'd' shineadh
Air Cnoc-sgrìob ann a' feithe:

Mo Bhrogag Chron.

'S math 'thig brog dhait an eocadh
Agus osan air fhiaradh,
Ann am meadhon na cosgais,
'S tu nach b' ole mar fhear-riaghailt,
Sar dhrobhair nam mart thu
'Theid do Shasunn gu h-easgaidh;
Agus sgiobair na mara
Ri la greannach, fliuch, fiadhaich.

'S iomadh goma is bideag,
Agus sgriobadh air shronaibh,
Agus glanadh le fiacraibh,
Is cur ingnean an ordagh,
'B h' agad fein is aig Aonghas
Ann an iorghuill na doruinn,
'S sibh a leum air a cheile
Mar choin dhreineach gun eolas.

A Chlann-Aonghais na Morairne
Gu 'm bu gharbh sibh 's a chomhrag;
Bha sibh foghainteach, calma,

Laidir, ceann-bheairteach, dornach:
 Bha sibh math ann an Sasunn
 Chur bhur neart le Rìgh Deorsa,
 Ged a theabas bhur tachdadh
 A tìgh 'nu dachaidh bharr torraidh.

Na' n robh thusa fuar, fionnar,
 Bha do spionndh mar b' abbaist:
 'S maing a thachradh roimh t' aodann
 Ann an caonnaig nan armunn
 Ged fhuair Aonghas le buathadh
 'S an droch uair ris an lár thù,
 Mu 'n dig deireadh na cuise
 Bidh e dubailte paighte

Ged tha 'chuis ann an teagamh,
 Tha mor eagal air m' inntinn
 Gu 'n deid Aonghas a bhreabadh
 Mura a teasraig mi-fhìo e.
 Ma bhios Iain an lathair,
 Gu 'm bi tlamadh ann 's cìreadh;
 'S gu 'm bi cnapadh air shuilean
 Aig a Chunradh 's aig Ibhrig.

Ach thoir thusa fios bhuamsa
 Gu Ruairidh 's gu 'mhathair
 Gu bheil a bhrogag air sgaoileadh
 Agus feomach air caradh.
 Chinn i farsuing 's an uachdar
 Agus chuag i 's na sailtean,
 Thanaig toll air na fraochain,
 'S laigh an t-aobran air lár aisd'.

Cuid a chubair a toiseachadh.

'N raor a chuala mi 'n taisgeal
 A chuir gaiseadh a 'm' leirsinn
 Gu 'n robh drobhair nam mart aca
 Fo 'n casaibh 'na eigin.
 Gur e 'fhuair dhaibh an t-urram

'S a bhuidhinn an streup dhaibh.
 Do chul 'bhi gun taice.
 'S mac-na-bracha 'bhi 'leum ort.

Bha thu 'n fhine nach strìochdadh,
 Dhaindeoin mi-run luchd-Beurla.
 Bha iad ainmeil 'an Sasunn
 'Chur an neart le Rìgh Seumas;
 Luchd nan geur lannan glasa
 'Chuireadh bras an rairenta:
 An am bualadh nam buillean
 Gu 'm bu bhuidhinn 'bhi reidh riu.

Bu tu sgiobair a bhata
 'Chuireadh bailinn fo shiasaid.
 'S gur tu 'n giomanach gunna
 'Dhol do 'n mhunadh a dh' fhiadtach
 'N uair a rachadh tu 'n fhireach
 Bhiodh do ghillean 's do thriall leat;
 Bhiodh do mhial-choin air loidhainn,
 'S cha bu ghnòthach tigh 'nn fìar ort.

Bu tu iasgair na h-abhann,
 'S cha b' i chabhail 'bu bheus dhuit
 Ach am morgha geur sgaiteach,
 'S crann snaidhte air a reir sin.
 'S i do lamh nach deid mearachd
 Mur dean goinnead an leis e;
 Bradan tarr-gheal 's glan lannir
 Cha bhi 'chion air do cheile.

ORAN.

Do Niall Caimbeul Dhun-Stathtonis, le
 Seumas Caimbeul an I-Chalum-
 Chille.

LUINNEAG.

'Tha na gillean grinn fo'n arnaibh;
 'S gur boidheach lean fhin

Thig an t-ordach dearg dhaibh.

Biodhmaid sunndach, eutrom,
Seinneamaid gu h-eibhinn
Cliu an fhiurain ghleusda
Dha 'm beus a bhi ri armachd.

'S e mo run sa marcaich,
Nan each cruithaich tart'rach;
Ni thu 'n t-er a sgapadh
Ann sna bailtean margaidh.

'N uair rachadh tu 'mbarcachd
A'd' dhiollaigh mar chleachd thu,
B'e do mhiann 's do thaitneas
Each aigeannach meanmnach.

'Righ, gu'm meal thu'n oighreachd
A fhuair thu mar staobleadh,
Dun-Stathinnis chaoimhneil
Ann am boinn neo-chearbaich.

Do shuil mar na dearcan,
'S do dheud mara chailce;
'S i do cheile leapa
'Fhuair am mairist' ainmeil.

Do cridhe mar dhaoimean,
No mar rùl 'san oidhche,
No mar ghrein gu caoimhneil
A boillsgeadh 'san anmoch.

'S e mo dhochas cridh'-sa
Gu'n dean t' oighre cinntinn;
B'aighearach leam fhin sid
'S leis na ni ort leanmhuinn.

TORRADH IAIN LUIM.

'N uair a chuireadh Iain Lom fo 'n
falann shubhairt Alastair Domhnallach,

Alastair Mac Aonghais, agus e 'n 'a
sheasamh aig ar uaigh:—

Chumnaeas ceann-crich' air m' fhear-
cinnidh,

'S e 'n deigh a phasgadh an Tom-Aingeal;
Ughdair nan dan, a rìgh nam filidh,
Gu 'n deanadh Dia sìth ri t' anam.

An Rìgh Mor thoirt mathanas dhuit
Airson fhad 's a dhioladh tu 'n t-olc;
Thr gaol an leoghainn 's tuath an tuirc
Ann san uaigh 'sa bheil do chorp.

B' fhuath leat Uilleam, b' fhuath leat
Mairi,

B' fhdath leat na thanaig de shìol Diar-
maid,

'B fhuath leat gach neach biodh rioghail,
'S gu'n unseadh tu-fhein e gu'n iarraidh.

GED THA 'N OIDHCHE 'N NOCHD FUAR.

Ged tha 'n oidhche 'n nochd fuar,
'S beag air cada! mo luaidh;
'S cha 'n e tainead no fuairiad m' eudaich;

Ged tha 'n oidhche, &c.

Ach an naidheachd so fhuair
Mi 's a mhadainn Di-luain;
Gur a fada 's gur buan dhoinh 'h-eislean.

Chi thu, 'Rìgh, 's beag mo luaidh
'Dhol do'n doire so shuas,
Far an goireadh a' chuach 'sa cheitean.

'S iad mo chinneadh a bh' ann,
'S iad mar choluinn gun cheann,
No mar thobar an gleann air deubhadh.

Gur a mise tha tinn,
'S bochd 's gur tursach 'tha mi,
Is' nach faicear 'san tìr fear t' eugais.

Gur a mis' tha fo sprochd,
Cach mu t' fhearann a' trod,
Is nach suidh thu air cnoc g' 'an reiteach'.

Gur a mise tha fo bhron
Mu mo mhaighistir coir.
'S e 'na laighe fo 'n fhoid gun eirigh;

Ann an ciste nam bord,
N deigh a sparradh le ord.
'Ghraidh, cha duisgear le ceol nan teud
thù.

Chumnaic mise do thur,
'S e gun mhire, gun mhuirn,

Is do chinneadh 's gach cuis an deigh
laimh.

Chunnaic mise do bhord
'S e gun iomairt, gun ol,
Agus innis a cheo is fear troimp'.

Tha do bhaile gun stath,
'S e gun sabhall, gun ath,
Ach na fhiadhain ean bana, feurach.

Piob sgallach nan dos
Bhiodh mu d' thalla gle mbeach,
Le ceol caithreamach, bras, luath, eibhinn.

Thigeadh boineid o 'n bhuth,
Air chul bachlach mo ruin,
'S cota Lunnaineach dubh-ghorm eutrom.

Bu tu namhaid a bhruic,
'Thig o bhruachaibh an t-sluic,
Is a bhradain air uisg' a leumadh.

Bu leat sinter nan carn
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg,
'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg na ceire;

Leis a chuillbheir chaol ghlas,
Nach diultadh an t-srad,
Leagteadh ultaiche bras an t-sleibhe.

Gu 'm b' fhear bogh' thu nach b' olc
Dhol a thomhas nam prop,
Bhiodh do shaighead 'sa' phloc 'g a reu-
badh.

Tri chrainn fhichead is corr
Nach b' fhurasd idir a leon,

'S ann a bhrìst thu le t' ordaig fein iad.

An taigh-lagha nan tur
Gu 'm bu fhradharcach thu,
Cha bu chladhaire' chunntadh feich ort.

Am measg Ghaidheal is Ghall,
Far an eisteadh do chainnt,
Gheibhteadh Laideann is Fraingis 's
Beurla.

'S ann an Sasunn fo 'n uir
Dh'fhag mi tasgaidh mo ruin,
Ann an caibeal nan turaibh gle gheal

'M Baile Lunnainn nan cleoc,
Dh'fhag mi uirra mo loin;
Leat bu duilich e, 'Dhomhnaill Shleitich !

Och! fhir chridhe mo ghaoil
Do'm bu shuaicheantas fraoch,
'S e mo chreach nach do dh-fhaod thu
eirigh.

In the manuscript from which we have copied this work it is termed, "Oran do Mhac-Iain Aird-nam-Murchann, le gille a bha aige fhein." In D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire, which contains thirteen verses of it, it is termed, "Cumha Raonaill Oig, le Iain Lom."

BIODH AN UIDHEAM SO 'TRIAL.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar
Far 'm bu chuibhe 's'm bu mhiann le
seoid;

Gu tur meadhrach nach crìon

Nan cinn-fheadhna 's glan fiamh;
Cuir ghreadhnach bho 'n rioghail stoirm;

Gu Aros mo ruin
'S an cluinnt' clarsaichean ciuil
'S iomairt thaileasg air chruinntibh oir.

Bhiodh mnai aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh
'Gabhail dana le teud,
Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo.

Bheir mi 'n ruathar so 'null
'Shealltainn oighre Dhun-tuilm,
Gu 'm meal thu 'n staoileadh bho thus ri
d' bheo.

Iuchair ghliocais nach bath,
'Chuir a fhradharc thar chaich;
'S tu gu 'n taghainn de 'n al s' tha beo.

Mach bho Mhorair nan steud,
Le 'n cluinnt' oragan nan teud,
'S tu a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol,
'S leat Clan-Domhnaill, na laoiach;
Sid a bhuidheann nach maom 'san toit.

'S leat Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan,
Le luingeas daraich lom luath;
Luch nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

'S leat Mac-Mhic-Alastair fheil'
Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug;
Buidheann bharrail nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat fir Eirinn a risd,
'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;
'S iad gun'n eireadh le strith mu d' shrol.

Thig Clann-Chamshoin an nall
 *Ort, o bhraighe nan gleann,
 'S iad cur fhiudhaidh 'n an deann an feoil.

Gur leat urram gach seilg,
 Le d' cheol druma 'g a sheinn,
 Roinn d' gheard Muileach nach meirbh
 san toir.

Macant, maigdeanail, ur,
 Faicheil, faidhreachail, ciuin;
 Marcaich greadhnach nan crudheach gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga 'nan leum.
 'S iad nan deannaibh cur reis,
 'S fir a sreamadh na sreinn ri 'm beoil.

We have copied this poem, except the 12th verse—the verse about the Camerons—from Dr. Maclean's manuscript. The 12th verse is not in the Doctor's work. We have taken it from Turner's collection.

Turner's version of this poem will be found at page 111 of his collection. In the third line of the first verse Turner has, Far 'm bu shubhach's 'm bu mhiadhail seoid; in the second line of the sixth verse, he has, Chuireadh adharc thair chaich; and in the first line of the ninth verse he has, 'S thig Aonghas ardanach treun. Then Turner has three additional verses. We have given one of them already. The remaining two are these:

Chuir mi ceannard an t-sluaigh,
 Le dha leanabh san uaigh;
 Fath mo theannaidh 's mi fuasgladh
 dheoir.

Fuireach Raonall a ris,
 Cuis a's misde mi m' dhith,
 Chuir sid m' aigheadh a' sìos math-boin.

Dr. Maclean, contrary to his general practice, gives no heading. It is probable he had no information to give about the poem. Turner styles it *Iorram le Eachann Bacach*. We have no doubt that Iain Lom was the author of it.

In September, 1675, Angus Macdonell, of Glengarry, then Lord Macdonell, of Lochiel, and Archibald Macdonald, of Keppoch, went over to Mull, with an armed force, to assist the Macleans against the Earl of Argyll. It is altogether probable that Iain Lom accompanied them, and it is possible that it was during the journey to Aros in Mull that he sang "*Bidh an uidheam so triall*." If this was the occasion on which the poem was composed, we might expect that it would be partly about the Macleans of Duart, and partly about Glengarry, "*morair nan steud*," and other chiefs. Still, no matter what the occasion was, the poem, as we have here given it, must contain some verses that do not really belong to it.

ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLINNE- GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Bidh an uidheam-sa triall
 Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,

Far 'm bu chubhaidh 's 'm bu mhiann le
'r seod.

Gu tur meadhrach nach crion,
Am bi cinn fheadhna 's glan liomh;
A chuir ghreadhnach 'an rioghail gleir.

Mi fada mu theath
Gu'n lion fadachd mi 's gruaim,
Cha chadal dhomh uair air choir.

Theid mi shealltainn a nunn
Air nigninn Sheumais nan tur,
Gu 'm meal thu 'n *staidhle* sin puid' ri d'
bheo.

Gu mnaoi aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh:
Cir de 'n airgiod 'g a reir,
Agus coimlean de 'n cheir 'g a coir.

Gur tu 'n iuchair nach bath,
'Chuir do fhradharc thar chach;
'S tu 'thaghainn de 'n als' 'tha beo.

Mach o Mhorair nan steud,
Nan organ 's nan teud,
'S tu b' fhoirmeala beus tra-noin.

Theid eich sheanga 'n an leum,
Dol 'n an deannaibh 's an reis,
'Fhir a theannaicheadh sreinn mu 'm beoil!

B' fhearail 't fhaicinn air sraid,
Le d' chiabh-fhalt cleachdach gu lar,
'Urla mhaisich, 's neo-thaireil oirnn.

B' ait leam torman do phiob',
Creach 'g a togail le strith,
Le mac aignidh bho 'n rioghail stoirm.

Leat dh' eireadh na laoiach,
 Clann Domhnail an fhraoich.
 Sid na connsbuinn nach faoin 's an toir.

Bu leat Banaich o thuath,
 Clann-'Ill-Andrais nan tuagh,
 Agus Rothaich le 'm buailtibh bho.

Thig Mac-'Ic-Ailein o'n chuan,
 Le 'loingeas daraich dubh luath,
 Buidheann bharrail le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Buidheann alloil no rum,
 Cha laigh smal air an cliu,
 Leis an Alastair uiseil og.

The above poem is taken from "The Scottish Celtic Review," a valuable work, especially in Keltic philology, by the late Rev. Alexander Cameron, LL. D. It will be found at page 77. Dr. Cameron states that it was from a MS. collection of Gaelic poems transcribed from an older MS. by Ewen Maciachlan, of Aberdeen.

It is evident that the 4th verse cannot be correct. Lord Macdonell was married to a sister of Sir James Macdonald, of Sleat, not his daughter. If the whole of this poem is addressed to Glengarry, who is Morair nan steud? Mackenzie, of Kintail, was Earl of Seaforth in Iain Lom's day, and there was no Lord Macdonald of Sleat until 1766.

ORAN DO DH-AONGHAS MAC RAO-
NAILL OIG.

LE JAIN LOM.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,
Far 'm bu shubhach 's 'm bu mhiadhail
seoid;

Biodh an uidhean so, &c.

Gu tur meadhrach nach crion
Nan ceann-feadhna 's glan fiamh,
Cuir ghreadhnach 'm bu rioghail stoirm:

Gu taigh ainmeil mor-fheil'
'S an cluint' toragan nan teud,
'Fhir a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

Ann an aros mo ruin
Chluinnteadh clarsaichean ciuil,
'S ionairt thaileasg air chruinntibh oir.

Fuaim na fìdhle mu seach,
Toirm air piob 'bu mhath blas,
Fion spainteach dearg datht' ann 's beoir:

'S uisge-beatha nam pios
'Rachadh t' airgiod g' a dhiol;
Chit' an glain' e mar ghriog an oir.

Bhiodh mnai aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh
'Gabhail dhana le teud,
'Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo:

Coinnlean aca de 'n cheir

'S iad an lasadh gu gear;
'Tiar farsuing mu 'n eight' an t-ol.

Macant, maighdeanail thu,
Faicheil, faidhreachail, ciuin.
Marcach greadhnach nan cruidd-each
gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga 'n an leum,
'S iad 'n an deannaibh 'cur reis',
'S fir a streamadh nan sreinn ri 'm beòil.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'mach
'S ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-
Leod;

Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan
Le loingearas daraich lom, luath;
Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Thig Aonghas ardanach treun,
Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug,
'S na fir ghasda nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol
Is Clann-Domhnaill, na laoch,
Sid a' bhuidhean nach maom 's an toir.

Thig Clann-Iain an nall
Bho dhubhar nam beann,
'Chuireadh iubhar 'n a deann an feoil.

Thig fir Èirinn a risd,
'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;
'S iad a dh' eireadh le strith mu d' dhorn.

Thig Clann-Pharlain nan sgiath

'Bh'aig fear t' aite-sa riamh,
'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear mor

Bu leat fir an t-aoibh tuath,
Fir a' Bhraighe so shuas,
'S deagh Mhac-Griogain bho Ruadh-struth
chno.

'N uair a bhiodh tu 'n Loch-Treig
Bu dluth 'tholladh tu beinn;
Bu tu marbhaiche 'n eisg le leois;

Agus coisiche 'chairn
Leis an cimeadh an t-sealg,
'Bheireadh fuil air dàmh deagh nach e co

'N uair a ranaig mi 'Chruach,
Bha mi t' ionndraichium bhuma;
'S e do mhulad 'bha tuair ghean dh'om.

Fha do chinneadh mor fhein
Fo mhulad a' d' dheigh,
Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoin.

'Sann an torachd nan each
'Dh'fhag mi 'n t-og a b'fheum dreach;
Cha do dhiobair a' chlach an t-ord.

Sann 'n a Shineadh 'san allt
Bha clann-faighe mo ghraidh,
Ged a thuit thu le dearmad leo.

Cha bu spuillear air tuath
Dha 'n do cuisgeadh an uaigh;
Bho mo dhirbhail air ghualnibh sluaigh.

Chaireadh ceannard an t-sluaigh
Le 'dha leanabh 'san uaigh;
Fath mo ghearrain 's mi fuisgladh dheoir.

In the year 1640 the Macdonalds of Keppoch and the Macdonalds of Glencoe entered Breadalbane and carried off a large number of cattle. As they were passing Stron-a'-Chlachain on their way back, the Campbells attacked them, but suffered a severe defeat. James Menzies of Culdres, who happened to be with the Campbells at the time of the fight, got a stronger bend of them together, and pursued the victorious Macdonalds up Glenlochay. He overtook them, defeated them, and brought back the cattle that they were taking away. Menzies was a brave and experienced soldier who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus. He was known by the nick-name of "Cruaair Ruadh nan Clearc." Macdonald of Keppoch and Macdonald of Glencoe were both killed. It seems from the line, 'Sann an toradh nan each, that it was in the second fight the former fell.—*The Killin collection of Gaelic songs, with music and translations,*" page 54.

MARBHRANN.

Do Shìr Seumas Mac-Dhomhnaill, a
Chaochail 'sa Bhliadh 1778.

LE IAIN IOM.

Gur a fad' 'tha mi 'm thamb,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamb 's mi beo.

'S e do thuras do 'n Dùn
A dh'fhag snigh air mo shuil,

'S a bbi faicinn do thuir gun cheò.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
Gun eich 'gam modhailh le sreic;
Dh'fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.

Bhiodh do ghillean ann seach,
'Lionadh dibhe 'b'fhearr blas,
Fion Spainteach dearg ac' is beoir.

'S uisge-beatha nam pios,
'Rachadh t' airgiod g' a dhiol,
'Gheibht' an glain' e mar ghriog 'an or.

Bhiodh annathan og 'n fbiult reidh
'Gabhail dhan daibh le 'm beul:—
Ann ad thalla gu 'n cisdteadh ceol.

'Coianlean geala de 'n cheir
Bhiodh an bisadh gu gear:
C'lar farsuing ann 'n eigh' an t-eò.

Nuair a rachadh tu 'strith
Ann an aemait an righ,
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mil-cach gorm.

'Nuair a rachadh tu 'mach
B'ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Maideartach leat 's Mac-
Leod:

Thig Clann-Chamshroin an nall,
O bhraighe nan gleann,
'Chuireadh iubhar le srann ann teòil.

Thig a Atholl an nios
Comhlan gasda gun sgios,
Ceannard rompa 's e fineault', og.

'S leat Mac-Farlain nan eliar.

'Bh' aig fir t' aite-sa rianh,
'S Mac an-Aba le chiad no dho.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,
Air nach cualas mi-chliu,
Thig le Alastair sunndach, og.

Gu 'm faiceadh mo Dhia
Do mhae air an t-sliabh
Ann an duthaich nan cìiar 's mi beo.

'Fhir a dh' fhuiling am bas,
'S a dhoirt t' fhuil air ar sgath.
Na leig mulad gu brath 'n ar coir.

'Nis bhò 'n sgithich mo cheann
A' sior thuireadh mu 'r call,
Bidh mi sgr ann san am is coir.

This poem was originally published in Turner's collection. We have omitted the following verses:—

'S leat Mac-Dhomhnaill a ris,
Nam bratach 's nam piob,
Crunair gasda nan rìgh-bhrat stoil.

'S ann 'n a shineadh san allt
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh.
Ged a thuit thu le dearmad leo.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil
Dha 'm bu shuaicheantas fraoch,
Och mo chreach! nach d' fhaod iad bhi
beo.

Mil-each, a war-horse; not to be confounded with mile each, a thousand horses —Cìiar, a brave man, a poet, an ecclesiastic, a society, a troop.

CUMBA GHILLEASBING NA CEAP- AICH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Moch Di-Sathairn', mo bheud!
Ghluais claidheamh fo m' sgeith;
'S tric lean caradh nan treith fo 'n fhoid.

Moch Di-Sathairn' &c.

Tha leann-dubh air mo chradh,
'Chuir mo shugradh gu lar,
Ged is subhaltach each ag ol.

Mo cheann-taighe 'n robh feum,
Dha 'n robh labhairt le ceill.
Tha 'n a shineadh fo dheile bhord;

An eiste ghiubhais chaoil, bhain,
An deigh a h-uidheam aig each,—
An taigh-fiodha fo bhlath nan ord.

'Nuair a bha thu gu tinn,
Gu 'n robh t' aigneadh air leinn,
Mar aigneahh 's mar inntinn lob.

Bha do lamhan a' suas,—
An deigh do labhairt 'choirt bhuaite,—
Ris an Athair 's ri Uan na glair'.

Cha bu spuilllear air tuath
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;
Bha mo dhiubhail air ghuaillnibh sloigh.

Tha do chinneadh gu leir
Lan tiom' as do dheigh,
'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

A Cholla, cuimhuich 's gach gnìomh

Ulin do shinnse bho chian;
Seas do rìgh, agus Dia, 's a' choir.

Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch died in 1682, and was succeeded by his eldest son. Coll.

ORAN.

Atr feachd Rìgh Seumas a' gluasad gu
Blar Raon-Ruairidh.

'S mithich dhuinn marsadh as an tìr
Bho 'n chuir sinn dìth air feoil mam mart:
Tamull an ordagh dhuinne 's d' ar mor
shluagh

Dh' imich ar n-oigridh bhuainn am mach.
A chuilein ghrinn oig, ma tha thu leointe.
Gu 'n seall an Rìgh Mor riut anns gach
beart;

Air madainn Di-mairt rinn sinn mar-
sadh,

'S facal gach seirdsin a' ruith oirnn mu
seach.

Aig leith-tabh an t-saile tharruing na h-
armainn

'Suas 'n am bragadaibh dan' gu ro cheart:
Mu bheul an anmoich shuidhich sinn
campa,

'S dh' imich ar ceannard bhuainn an
mach.

Facal ar Coirneil ri Sir Domhnall

Mar ri ar n-ordagh 'bhi 'n ar glaic;—

“Na leigibh bonn dail' a' seasamh a
'gheaird

Is ennaibh 'ur naimhdean bhuaibh am
mach.”

Bu fhliuch a' mhadainn a thog sinn ar
 breacain,
 'S a chaidh sinn air astar gus an taigh
 d' an robh chairt
 'N uair 'rinn sinn eirigh gu 'n d' rinn sinn
 ar n-eideadh,
 Is chaidh sinn 'n ar leum fo na cnapanan-
 saic.
 'S bu lughaid ar n-airtneal 'n uair 'than-
 aig am feasgar,
 'N uair 'loisgeadh an lasag 'bu lionmhor
 srad;
 Bho cheann Loch-Iall gu 'n d' rinn sinn
 triall,
 'S 'n uair chom a' ghrian gu 'n d' rinn
 sinn stad.

Aig Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa,
 La roimh Dhi-domhnaich 's da la 'n a
 dheigh;
 Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,
 'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic
 Dhe.
 Bu bheag ar speis do dh-airgiod no spreidh,
 'S gu 'n d' fhag sinn 'n ar deigh ar mnath-
 an 's ar clann;
 'Cheart aindeoin gach lochd, ged chiuirt'
 againn corp,
 Cha dean sinn bonn clos gus an cosgrar
 leinn Goill.

Labhair an Greumach a b' fhearr nadur,
 'Chlanna nan Gaidheal, na faiceam bhur
 gruaim;
 Togaibh 'ur n-inntinn, thanaig an tim
 dhuibh,
 'S mithich dhuinn marsadh do 'n tir so
 shuas.

Dh' fhalbh slnu am mach inntinneach,
 statail,
 Gus an do ranaig sinn braighe Ghlinn-
 Ruaidh,
 'Mach ri Gleannturaid 's monadh 'sin
 Dhrumain.,
 Dh' imich gach duine 'bha guineach 'san
 ruaig.

'Mach monadh Dhruim Uachdair dh'
 imich na h-uaislean
 A bu mhor cruadal is 'bu bheag sgios;
 'N uair 'ranaig sinn Atholl cha d' fhuair
 sinn ach mnathan;
 Chaidh fir as an rathad mu 'n gabhteadh
 dhiu eis.
 'N deigh mheadhon latha 's sinn a 'falbh
 air ar n-athais
 Air leith-taobh na h-abhunn ghabh sinn
 a sios;
 Thanaig marcach a steach air beulaobh a
phass
 'Dh-innis' gu 'n danaig am prasgan 's an
 Coirneal Mac-Aoidh.

B' aithghearr a' cheilidh rinn muinntir
 Rìgh Seùmas,
 Leith-taobh an t-sleibhe ghabh iad a' suas;
 Bu lionmhor fallus a sios leis gach mala
 A' dìreadh a bhealaich an taobh mu
 thuath;
 Ceann na cuimhne dh' imich roimh
 'mhuinntir,
 Pairt d' ar n-ionndrainn e bhi bhuainn;
 B' aigeannach sporsail aigheadh chlaun-
 Domhnaill,
 Ged fhuair iad an leonadh bu deonach leo
 'n uair.

Ghluais gach fine gun tlaths, gun tiomadh,
Gun sgath, gun ghiorag 'n an iouadaibh
fein;

Chaidh sin gu statail am broilleach ar
namhaid,

'S cha tilgteadh crann sathte an la sin gun
fheum.

Aig deireadh an leth gu 'n d' tharruing
sinn claidheamh,

Bha toiseach ar sgathaidh 'n am laighe
do 'n ghrein;

'Cheart aindeoin an sparraidh, ge bu
laidir am barail,

Gu 'n chaill iad am fearann 's an t-anam
n' a dheigh.

A cheannaird an aigh gu 'n d' thuit thu
sa' bhlar,

'S bu sgathach do lamh gus an danaig an
uair;

'S e do bhas a Dhundithe 'dh' fhag ormsa
trom lighe,

Chuir toll ann am chridhe 's dh' fhag
snigh' air mo ghruaidh.

Bu bheag airson t' eirig na thuit de na
beisdean

An cogadh Rìgh Seumas, ged dh-eirich
leinn buaidh;

Ach sgapadh nan cuileag air muinntir
Rìgh Uilleam,

Tha sinne fo mhulad ged chuir sinn iad
bhuan.

Coirneal Ramsaidh bu mhòr anntlachd

Ann san am ud 'tighinn a steach;

Bha sinne cho aingidh, 's guineach gu 'r
naimhdean,

Greim air Gall cha leigeamaid as.

A Choirneil Bhalfuir, a dhuinne gun diu,

Fhuair thus' tha mi 'n duil na dh' iarradh
tu 'n chath;
Bhris iad do chrun is t' ad air do shuilean,
'S ghearr iad do bhutainn air culaobh do
chas.

This poem was composed either by Iain Lom or by his son. The author speaks as one who had taken part in the battle. Iain Lom of course was not in the battle, but his son was. We are upon the whole inclined to think that the latter was the author. Iain Lom's son was killed in a duel fought with Domhnall Donn Bhoth-Fhiunntain, about the year 1690. They were both poets. The duel took place near High Bridge, an Drochaid Aird.

IAIN LOM AGUS MUIREACHAN.

Bha Iain Lom uair air thuras ann san Toiseachd. Chaidh e a' staigh do thaigh ann san robh e dol a dh-fhuireach ri a dhinneir. Bha balach ann san taigh da 'm b' ainm Muireachan. Cha robh tlachd aig a ghille so ann an Iain Lom, agus cha robh e ag iarraidh gu 'm fanadh e ri 'dhinneir. Dh' iarr Iain Lom air dol am mach a shealltainn air na h-eich aige. 'N uair a thanaig e a staigh dh' fbaighneachd am bard dheth am fac e na h-eich. Fhreagair Muireachan e mar so:—

Chunnaic mi 'n t-each ban
'S a cheann 'san fhodar,
'S chunnaic mi 'n t-each donn
Air 'n do tholl am bod-chiann.

Thubbairt Iain Lom,—A Mhuireachain,
 a Mhuireachain 's ann a gheibhteadh do
 dhan gu h-ullamh 'n uair a bhiodh do
 mhathair a' fuineadh nam bonnach.
 Fhreagair Muireachan e,—

Iain Luim mhic Dhomhnaill mhic Iain,
 'S mor do dhiol bidhe is cadail;
 Dh' itheadh tu uibhir ri dithisd
 Leis an amhaich fhior fhada,

Bod-chrann—a crupper, the tail beam
 of a girt saddle.

RANN LE DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

Bha Domhnall Gruamach agus Iain
 Lom gu searbh an agaidh a' cheile.
 Labhair Domhnall Gruamach mar so mu
 Iain Lom:—

Thugadh greis air Greumaich leit
 Gu 'n euchdan a chur suas;
 Is thugadh greis air Duibhnich leat,
 'S air muinntir an taoibh tuath.
 Cha 'n fheil feum do Dhomhnallach
 Ri bheo bhi ort a' luaidh;—
 'S e donnal a' choin bhadhail ud
 'Dh' fhag bodhar mo dha chluis.

Cha chuala sinn fragairt Iain Luim uile;
 ach thoisich e mar so,—“A shean chraidh-
 neach mhor nan smugaidean.” 'S e 's
 docha nach robh a' chuid eile ro mhath.

Cu badhail—a wandering dog. Craidh-
 neach—a skeleton.

MARBHRANN.

Do Shir Seumas Mor Mac-Dhomhnaill,
Triath Shleite, a Chaochail 's a'
Bhliadhna 1678,

LE GILLEASBUIG DUBH MAC MHIC-DHOMH-
NAILL.

An nollaig air 'm bu ghreadhnach siun
Ormsa rug an dith 's an call;
Tha m' iulchairt 's na clair fo dhion,
Ceann-sithe fir Innse-Gall.

Gun fath toireachd air an ti
'Chaidh dhinn am feasda nan trath,
'A n gorm thulaich eadar dha thir
Tha pailte gun chrine 'n tamh.

'S mor mo smuainte. 'chach cha leir,
Leam fhein 's mi 'gabhail nu thamh;
Dhe 'n t-saoghol so 's beag mo speis,
Thigeadh an t-cug 'n uair a 's aill.

Cha 'n iarrainn latha gu brath
De leasachadh thrath theachd orm,
Na 'm b' e 's gu 'n deonaicheadh Dia
Mi dhol gu dian air do lorg.

Cha 'n iarrainn tuilleadh dhe 'n t-saogh 'l,
Laighinn ri daolaibh na foid;
Ann an leaba chumhaing, chaoil,
Sinte ri taobh do chuid bord.

Chaidh mi iomrall air an aois,
Am muinghin an namhaid tha mi;

'S beag mo dhochas a bhi ard,
'S tu 'n claraibh druidte ga mi' dhith.

Ormsa rug an an t-annrath cuain,
Chaidh mo riaghailt bhuam air chall;
Mo sgeul duilich 's mo chas cruaidh,
'S ni buan gun bhuinnig 'tha ann.

Dhiomsa thog an t-eug a' chis;
'S leir dhuit, a Rìgh, 'mar a tha;
Ormsa rug gair thonn nan sian,
Gun sìth ach doruinn gu bas.

Cha robh stiuir, no seol, no slat,
No ball beairt' a bha ri crann
Nach do thruis an aon uair bhuainn,
Mo thruaighe—sa 'n fhras a bh' ann.

Taigh mòr a thathaicheadh na sloigh,
Gun ol, gun aighear, gun mhiagh,
Gun chuirm 'g a caitheamh air bord,—
Mo dholas, 'Athair nan sian!

Gunchaismeachd, gun chomh-strith theud,
Gun dan 'ga leughadh air clar;
Gun fhillidh ri cur an ceill
Euchd do chinnidh—sa gu brath.

Gun treun-fhir ri dol an ordagh,
Gun taileasg, gun chorn, gun chuach;
Mo bheud dhuilich 's mo chreach mhor,
Fo 'n fhoid a thuirich an duais.

Gun eirigh moch thun nan stuchd,
Gun chu 'g a ghlacadh a' m' laimh,
Gun mheanmna ri clastinn ciuil,
Gun inhuirn, gun mhacnus ri mnaoi.

Gun oigridh ri siubhal shliabh,
 Gun mhiagh air iarraidh an roin,
 Gun mhialchein a' teannadh iall,
 Is sambach an nochd fiadh an stoir.

S iomadh beinn is gleann is cnoc,
 Ceann obain, loch, agus traigh
 A shiubhail mise leat fo mhuirn,
 'S luchd-ciùil ri aighear gun phramh.

Iul-chairt—a mariner's chart. Ceann-sithe a pacifier, a peace-maker. Riagh-ailt, in 7th verse—a mariner's compass. 'Athair nan sian—father of the elements, an expression of the same nature as a Dhia nan dul. Oban—a small bay or creek.

The Archibald Macdonald who composed this elegy seems to have been the Ciaran Maboeh. It is true he is called Gilleasbuig Dubh, whilst in a poem by Iain Lom the Ciaran Mabach is called Gileasbuig Ruadh. But the one or the other of the two words, Dubh and Ruadh, may have been written by mistake.

The Ciaran Mabach was a brother of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, not his son. That he was his brother is evident from a poem by himself and also from a poem by Iain Macailein.

CUMHA.

Do Ghilleasbuig Caimbeul, Iarla Earra-
Ghaidheal, a chaidh a dhith-chean-
nadh an Duneideann 'sa bhliadhna
1685.

LE IS AN AOS-DANA, MAC-ITHICH.

Tha sgeul agam, 's cha chuis ghaire,
Dhuibh r' a innseadh;
Gu 'n d' chuireadh ceann-taichd nan Gaid-
heal
Au staid iosal.

Co 'chumas coir ris an anfhann,
'S e 'n a chruadhaig?
No 'chumas casg air gach anaghnath
'Tha teachd nuadh oirnn?

Co 'chumas coir ris an eaglais?
Dh' fhas i dorcha;
No 'chumas a suas luchd-teagaisg
Ris na borbaibh?

Co 'chumas an creideamh catharr'
Suas gu treorach?
'S nach d' fhuair Gilleasbuig cead eisdeachd
An taic corach.

Co 'chumas taigheadas greadhnach
Gu buan, faoilidh?
'S nach tadhail an t-Iarla Duibhneach
'S an Dun-Aorach.

Roghainn nan Albanach uile,
De 'n ard fhine!
'Dhaoinne, na 'm biodh speis de dhuine,
'S beud a mhilieadh.

Iarla duaismhor Earraghaidheal,
 Garg an leoghann!
 Bu mhor an cridhe 'dh fhearaibh Alba
 'Fhuil a dhortadh.

'Dhaoine, ged a fhuair sibh aite
 Os cionn rioghachd,
 'S ole a chuir sibh gliocas Alba
 Gu surd millteach.

Ged a strac sibh coir gun cheartas
 'N taic bhur mioruin,
 Theagamh gu 'n dig la nach fhasa
 Dhuibh 'g a dhioladh.

Mo thruaighe 'n nochd do luchd-lean-
 mhuinn,
 'S faoin an seasamh!
 Tha gach duine 'gabhail geill dhiu,
 Dh' eug Gilleasbuig.

Dh' fhalbh an tuigse, dh' fhalbh an aithne,
 Dh' fhalbh an ceannsal,
 Dh' fhalbh an crann dligheach, treun,
 talmhaidh,
 Dh' fhalbh an ceann math.

Beannachd le t' anam am Paras,
 'S fiach do chuimhne:
 Gu 'n togadh Dia suas bhur n-alach,
 A dhreum Dhuibhneach.

Dream bheadarach, bhualthach, bhaghach,
 Mheadhrach, mhuirneach,
 A labhradh gu foistinneach, fìor ghlic,
 Brìgh gach cuise.

Sid a' chlann a 's uaisle fine,
 Na trein urrant';
 Reidh-bheartach an iul 's an aithne,
 'Chlann ud uile.

Ge b' e dh' aithriseas an seanachas
 Le mion chuimhne,
 Co 's mo tuigs' air dhruim talmhuinn
 Na Clann-Duibhne?

Blath a dh' fhas os cionn gach fine,
 Gniomh gun ghainne;
 Ceann cille, cleir', agus sgoile
 An leibhidh uile.

'S iomadh leoghann, is triath duineil,
 Is ceann buidhne
 De 'n t-sliochd Iarlail a shliochd Dhiar-
 maid
 Mhic O' Duibhne.

Bho Dhiarmad a thanaig sibh uile,
 Sean am fine !
 Clann a b' fhearr a b' fhiach am moladh
 A chuala sinne.

'S iomadh cridhe bras 'tha bronach,
 Rosg tha deurach,
 Luchd-oifig 's am bas ri bualadh,
 Tha 'n creach deunte.

'S iomadh bruth soluis fo thursa,
 Air dreach meirgte;
 'S mnai ghreananta gun ghean, gun ghaire,
 'S cridh' fo thromachradh.

Bhasaich luchd-ciuil gu buileach,
 Co 'ni 'm farraid?
 Cha 'n fheil stath dhuinn bhi ri foras,
 Chaidh 'n taom tharainn.

'S fuathasach a' ghaoth so 'thanaig,
 Ghluais i 'n fhiubhaidh,
 'S ruaig i na h-eoin le stoirm ghabhaidh
 Bho 'n choill dhumbail.

Ach tillidh na h-eoin uiseil, aillidh,
 Da 'n coill chaomhail.—
 Gu 'n togadh Dia 'suas bhur n aireamh
 An staid naomha.

Is cruaidh an cas seoid 'bu phailte
 'Shearg' gun chionta:
 Cha d' fhuaradh abhar 'n 'ur n-aghaidh
 Ach meud bhur tuigse.

Thanaig braghadh oirbh gun fhios duibh;
 Leam is duilich;
 Ma dh' fhalbhas a' chlann so buileach,
 'S mairg a dh' fhuirich.

Cuiribh-s' bhur dochas 'san Ard-Rìgh,
 A chlann cheillidh;
 'S e sid an Breitheamh gun fhallsa,
 Nach dean eucoir.

An Ti 'chruthaich sibh an toiseach
 An staid cheutaich,
 Tha E fhathast dhuibh cho grasmhor
 'S a bha 'cheud uair.

'S iomad marcaich luthmhor, laidir,
 'Thuit gu h-iosal,
 'S a dh' eirich gu socair, sabhailt
 Suas 'n a dhiollaid.

Mar stiuir Maois a mhor-shluagh lionmhor
 'S iad 'n an eigin,
 A mhac-samhuil tarladh dhuibhse
 Ri uair feuma.

Ri uair feuma tha Dia neartmhor,
 Ceann gach cuise,
 A dheanamh d' ur naimhdean treuna
 Cairdean ciuine.

Cruadhag—distress. Catharra—strenuous, earnestly contending. Ceannsal or ceannsgal—rule, government, authority. Baghach—kind, friendly. Foistinneach—calm. Reith-bheartach—harmonious, agreeing. Leibhidh—a race, a generation. Rosg—the eye, an eye-lash. Greannta—near.

THE CAMPBELLS.

According to the valuable manuscript of 1467, the Campbells are descended from a Highlander named Duibhne, who lived about the year 1050. They are thus properly Clann-Duibhne, or the descendants of Duibhne. The Macarthurs belong to the same stock; indeed they claim that they are an older branch than the Campbells. Every Campbell is a Mac-Duibhne; so is every Macarthur. Duibhne resided at Lochow.—*Collectanea De Rebus Albanicis*, pages 54 and 360. *Skene's Keltic Scotland*, Vol. III, page 458.

The later traditions of the highlands confounded Duibhne of Lochow with Diarmad O' Duibhne. Hence we find the Campbells called Siol Diarmaid and Clann O' Duibhne. Diarmad was a nephew of the famous Fionn Mac Cumhail. He was the best-looking man of his day. He was, like Achilles, invulnerable in all parts except one spot on the sole of his foot. He killed a wild boar that no one else would venture to attack. Unfortunately, whilst measuring the length of the boar, some of the bristles entered the vulnerable spot, and he bled to death. The in-

vulnerable Diarmad is of course to be classed with the heroes of the Arabian Nights. At the same time it is probable that there was a man named Diarmad O' Duibhne. He must have lived, however, as far back as the year 283. *Prof. O'Curry's Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History*, page 313. All the fabulous stories about Diarmad will be found in the late J. F. Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*.

According to some modern writers the Campbells are descended from a Norman warrior, who was known as the Knight of Campo Bello, or the beautiful plain, and who came over to Britain in the time of William the Conqueror. This knight wandered up to the Highlands, married Eva the only child of Paul O' Duibhne, and got the lands of Lochow, Loch-Odha, with her. This absurd theory has not a particle of foundation. Opposed to it are the facts that there was no Norman family of the name Campo-Bello, that there is no reference to a knight of that name in any historic document, that the earliest mode of spelling the name Campbell was Cambel or Cambell, and that the author of the manuscript of 1467 had never heard of Paul O' Duibhne or any other Scottish O' Duibhne.

We have no doubt that the origin of the Campbells is correctly given in the MS. of 1467. Duibhne, their ancestor according to that manuscript, had a son named Gille-Calum, or Malcolm, who was known as Gilleanalum Mac Duibhne. Gille-

calum had a son named Gilleasbuig. Gilleasbuig had a son named Duncan. Duncan had a son named Dougald. This Dougald who was known as Dougald Cambel was the progenitor of the Cambels or Cambells, or, as the name is now spelled, Campbells. Why he was called Dougald Cambel we do not know. It may be that he had a cam bheul or crooked mouth, or that he lived in a place called Cam-bel or something like that. Duncan Mac Duibhne it is said had a son named Ivor. He was younger than Dougald. The Macivors claim him as their ancestor. Gillespie Cambell, Dougald's son, is a witness to a charter in 1265. Cailean Mor, Gillespie's son, was knighted by Alexander III. Sir Neil, Sir Colin Mor's son, was a brave and patriotic man, and was fortunate enough to obtain the hand of Mary Bruce in marriage. Sir Colin, Sir Neil's son, got a charter of the lands of Lochow and Ardskeodnich, from his uncle, King Robert Bruce in 1316. In this charter he is designated *Colinus filius Nigelli Cambel, militis*.

ORAN.

Do Lachainn Mac-Gillean. 'le a ph-
iuthar, agus i a cumha a h-ighinne an
deigh a bais.

Gur a cianail bochd m' adhart,
Chaill mo shuilean am fradharc,
'S mi 'm onrachd a' feitheamh do ghruaige.
Gur a cianail, bochd &c.

Tha i dualach tiugh cleachdach,
 'Na suiomhainea casa,
 'S leir do m' Rìgh gu 'm bu tlachdmhor
 do shnuadh-sa;

Suil 'bu mhiogaiche sealladh
 Fo chaoile na mala,
 Mar gu 'm biodh an t-ol leana air na cuachan;

Beul tana dearg daite.
 Mu'n deud 'bu leoir ceartais,
 Suil chorrach ghorin ghlas gun bhi luaineach.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'n chlachan
 Is a shileadh an sneachda,
 Bhiodh t' aghaidh bhruich mheachair gun
 fhuachd oirr'.

Cha 'n fheil leine mhic tighearn
 A chuireadh e uime
 Nach deanadh mo nighean-sa fhuaigh-eal.

Gur h-e mis' 'th'air mo churadh,
 Tha do phobul leam sunhal,
 Nach robh tional na duthcha 'dhaoim'
 uaisle ann.

'S mise chaill na deagh bhraithrean,
 Chuir mi uile gu traigh iad;
 'S i 'n aon nighean a chraidh mi 'san uair
 so.

Gur a lionmhor dhuit caraid
 Ann am blar sin na fala,
 'Bheireadh giulan gu h-allail gu uaigh
 dhuit.

Ach a Lachainn a Muile,
 'S cian 's gur fada leam t' fhuireach;
 'S ann a ghlaodhadh iad curaidh roimh
 shluagh dhìot.

Dh'fhag thu 'm marcaich san fheithe,
 'S e 'na chlachan fo cheudan,
 'S gu'm bu bheag sìd dhe t' euchd mar a
 chualas.

'N uair a chaidh thu 'san achdair,
 Cha do choisinn thu masladh,
 Bheireadh Ruairidh nam bratach do luach
 ort.

Chaidh thu 'n lathair Mhic-Cailein,
 Fhuair thu airm 's gu'm b'e t' airidh;
 Sin an t-Iarla rinn aithne air do chruadal.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'l ghaisceach
 'Rinn an Eirinn an tapadh,
 'Thug a chreach ud gun fhaicil bho
 thuath as;

'Rinn a chreach air Mac-Guine,
 'Chuir a cheann ann an cunnart.
 Agus moran de' mhuinntir an cruadal.

ORAN GAOIL.

Is ann feasgar Di-haoine
 'Dh' fhalbh mo ghaol thar a mham.
 'N uair a ghabh mi mo chead dhìot,
 Bha m' aigneadh fo phramh,
 Ort a bhruadair mi 'm chadadal
 Air lota 's taigh bhan;
 'S nuair a dhuisc mi sa mhadainn
 Bha thu fad' bhuam, a ghraidh.

Ach ged chaidh tu orm thairis
 Gur mor mo bharail 's mo dhuil
 Gu 'n till thu riom fhathast
 Le aighear 's le muirn,
 Gu 'n doir thu bho 'n chleir mi
 Le ceutadh 's le cliu;
 'S nach doir thu cion falaich
 'Nighean barain no diuc'.

Cha ruig thu leas a bhi 'm barail
 Gur h-e do bharantas cuil,
 Bheireadh dhomhs' a bhi 'm barail
 Gu 'm bu leannan dhomh thu,
 Ach thu bhi 'shiol nam fear mora,
 'S tu cho boidheach 's cho cuimt';--
 'S mi gu' n deanadh do phosadh
 Ged bhiodh do storas air crun.

Ach mur h-'eil do ghaol agam
 Tha mi fad' ann an call;
 'S mor is misde mo phearsa
 'N gaol beachdaidh so 'bh' ann.
 Ged bu leamsa de bheairteas
 Siorrachd Pheairt 's Innse-Gall,
 B' fhearr leam cumhnanta t' fhacail
 Na gach pailteas fo m' laimh.

'S ma 's a beag leat mo thochradh
 Gu bheil m' fhortan aig Dia;
 Gur a lionmhor mo chinneadh
 Gus na shireadh tu 'dhiol
 Ma 's e lughad mo nichean
 A bhris orm do ghradh,
 'S mairg mis' 'thug cion falaich
 Dhuit-sa thairis air chach.

'S daor a cheannaich mi 'n grinneas
 Bha air inneal do lamh;
 'N uair a chunnaic mi 'n gille

Chaidh mi 'n iomairt mo bhaïs.
 Le ro mheud 's thug mi thlachd dhuit,
 Leig mi seachad orm each;
 'S tha mi 'g inns' ann am chomhradh
 Gur tus'. 'Dhomhnaill, mo ghradh.

Chunna mise do chinneadh
 Anns gach iomairt a bh' ann,
 'S bu neo-choltach ri gillea
 Na fir ghlinneach gun mheang;
 Ged a bhiodh na *dragoons*,
 'S an raic dubailte, thall,
 Rachadh sgapadh 'sa chleith
 An am dhuit eigeach adbhanns.

Tha 'm fear bho 'n d' fhuair sinn an t-
 oran so ag radh gur h-ann do Dhomh-
 nall Donn Bhoth-Fhionntain a chaidh a
 dheanamh, agus gur h-e nighean do
 Thighearna Ghlinne-Moireastan a rinn e.
 Tha e ag radh ruinn cuideachd gu 'n do
 thogach Dòmhnall Donn an teaghlach
 Dhiuc Gordan, gu 'n robh e 'n a chlarsair
 fìor mhath, agus gur h-i a chlarsach a
 tha air a ciallach le inneal a lamh.

ANN' EUDMHOR NIGH'N AILEIN.

LE MR IAIN MOR MAC-DHUGHAILL.

LUINNEAG.

Ann' eudmhor, nigh'n Ailein,
 'S neo-bheusach a' bhean i;
 Ann' eudmhor nigh'n Ailein,
 'S i-fhein 'thog an all' oirnn.

Cleas na muic' air dhroch bhiathadh,
 Rinn a bhiast air an leanabh,

'N uair a mbuch i fo 'cot' e,
'S e gun deo ann de 'n anail.

Ach na 'm faighinn san Róimh thu
Ann an seomar nan cailleach,
Naile, chumainn ri d' bheo
An cainbe bhroin thu ri aithreach'.

Cia mar gheibhinn bho nadur
Gun bhi baigheil ri Anna,
Nighean brathair mo mhathtar?
'S beusach narach a' bhean i.

Tha i banail, ciuin, ciallach,
Tha i fialaidh, glic, ceanalt,
'S ris gach bochd tha i pairteach;—
'S bean gun naire 'thog all' oirr'.

Tha da Anna air an ainmeachadh sa
oran, Anna nighean Ailein agus Anna
nighean brathair mathar Mhr. Iain.

ORAN.

Do Dhonnachadh agus do Ghilleasbuig
Caimbeul, Clann Baillidh Thirith-
eadh.

LE GILLEASBUIG MAC-PHAIL.

FOUN.—*Mo ran geal og.*

Gu bheil sinne fo churam
'S neo-shunndach a ta sinn,
Bho 'n la 'dhealaich ruinn Domhnall,
'S Baillidh og 'thigh'nn 'na aite,
Tha ar nadur ro mhuchte,
'S bagradh ur 'h-uile la oirnn
Bhi 'g ar cur, feadh an t-saoghail,

'S gun fhios cia 'n taobh ann san tann
sinn.

Mo ruá geal og.

Bha sinn roimhe so socrach,
Lan cothroim 's toil-inn!inn,
Fo 'n deagh uachdaran aghmhor,
A bha blath-chridheach, direach
Aon a bheireadh dheth 'i. t-urram,
Anns na b' urrainn e 'dhioladh,
Cha robh bíchiont' r 'a fhaotuinn
An measg dhacine 'san rioghachd.

'S iomadh aon a bha dolum,
'Sa thoisich am bochdainn,
Gun bhi aige de stóras
Na cheannaichadh brogan no stocain,
A dh' fhag sibhse gle shabhailt',
Gun churam mal 'thoirt a stoc air;
Bhiodh an t-airgiod nam poca,
Is iad solasach, socrach.

Gu 'm bi sinne le durachd
Air ar n-urnaigh mar 's gnas duinn,
Gu 'm fuireadh do theaghlach
Ann an saod mar a tha e,
Gu 'm biodh agh air do shliochd-sa,
Le deagh mhisnich 's na blaraibh.
Gu seasamh ri cruadal,
'S a thoirt buaidh air an namhaid.

Gur h-e Donnachadh 's Gilleasbuig
Na fleasgaich a 's aille,
'S fearr a sheas air balt broige
Le an cotaichibh sgarlaid.
Sibh nach leughadh a ghealtachd,
Bha sibh cleachdte ri blaraibh;
'S an am leanailt na ruaige
Gu 'm biodh leibh-se buaidh-larach.

Ach a Dhonnachaidh oig Chainneil,
 Gu 'm bu cheannard roimh cheud thu;
 Is gu 'm b' airidh air mil' thu
 'Dhol do stri nan gnìomh euchdach.
 Claidheamh caol a chinn airgid
 Bhiodh gu garbh a toirt bheumau;
 'S' lionmhor corp 'bhiodh gun anam
 'Call na fala lan chreuchd bhuait.

Mar ghaoith ghuinich a' seideadh
 Bharr nan sleibhtean gu laidir,
 Bhiodh tu dian ann sa' bhaiteal
 A cur as do gach namhaid;
 Mar threun sheabhag 'feadh ealtainn.
 'S tu 'gan sgapadh 's gach aite.
 No mar pheileirean teine
 'Gan sior leagadh 'san araich.

Na 'm biodh agad 'san teas sin
 Gilleasbuig do bhrathair,
 'S e a chuireadh gu dian leat,
 'S e ri gnìomharan dana,
 Ursann-chatha 'n am cruadail
 'S tric a bhuannaich le 'chabhlach;
 'S ann aig *Admiral Nelson*
 A bha 'm meas os-cionn chaich air.

Gu 'm biodh Frangaich is Spaintich
 Fo do shailtean 'nan sineadh,
 'S iad a gladhach riut dail 'thoirt
 Daibh o 'n bhas, gu 'n do stirochd iad.
 Cha b' fhiach leat a radh
 Gu 'm b' e sin la an ceann-criche;
 'S ann a bheirteadh le adh iad
 'Staigh an lathair an rìgh leat.

'S iomad naidheachd r' a h-iniiseadh
 Mu do ghnìomharan sgairteil,
 Bho 'n la chaidh thu thar saine

De nar blair a bha sgaiteach,
 Bha thu sgairteil, treun, meaninnach,
 Laidir, calma, fìor bheachdail;
 'S tu nach tilleadh gun sìochaint
 Is nach strìochdadh 'le gealtachd.

Bu bheag an t-ionghnadh lean fhin sìd,
 Buaidh na strìth bhi 's gach ait oirbh;
 B' fhiach an ìre as 'n do bhuaineadh
 Na h-armuinn uasal 'bu chairdeil;
 Bha Loch-nan-Eala air thus leibh,
 Agus Diuc Earraghaidheal;
 'S sibh do 'n chrùn 'cheart cho dìleas
 'S a bha 'n ing ris a phaiper.

CUMHA.

Do Mhairearad Nic-Cnuimhein. Bean a
 Chaolais Cholaich.

LE GILLEASBUIG MAC PHAIL.

Gur h-ann annoch Diardaoin
 Thanaig sgeul thar a chaoil 'b' oil lean
 fhin,
 Nach bu bheo Bean a Chaolais;
 Dh' fhag sìd iomadach teaghlach gle
 sgith.
 Chuir e mnathan gu caoineadh
 'S fìr gu mulad mu d' dheibhinn 's tu
 b' fhiach,
 'S iad ri caoidh na mna uaisle
 A bha fiughantach, suairce, ro-ghrinn.

Bha thu fiughantach, flatthail,
 Ard an cliu is gach maise ort thar chaich;
 Baigheil, dleasanach, diadhaich,
 'S b' e bhi tabhartach fialaidh do ghnaths.

Gur tu dh' aithnich an saoghal
 Fhad 's' a bha thu air faotuinn le gradh;
 Cha do choisinn thu fuath ann,
 Bha gach tlachd air do ghluasad ri d' la.

Fhad 's a rinn mi de dh' astar
 Feadh na duthcha cha 'n fhaca mo shuil,
 Aon bhean idir 'thug barr ort
 No a lean a' d' dheagh ghnathachadh thu.
 Gu 'n robh buadhan thar chaich agad
 Is eireachdas naduir mhaith, chiuin;
 Is na' m faigheadh tu laithean
 Bu leat urram 's gach cas os an cionn.

Agad fhein bha phears' alainn,
 'S bu ghlan soilleir an sgathar do ghnuis;
 Gorm shuil mheallach, chiuin, bhaigheil,
 Fo d' chaol mhala ghil aillidh gun ghnuig;
 Beul binn, sugach a mhanrain,
 'S deud mar dhisnean geal, cuamha,
 cruinn, dluth;
 Cha do choisneadh riamh grain leat.
 'S iomad aon 'bha gle chraiteach 'gad
 thurs'.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh do cheile
 A bhi dubhach fo eislean gach la;
 Chaill e 'chlaisteachd 's a leirsinn,
 'S gu 'n do thuit cuid de dheudach gu lar,
 Leis a chrith 'chaidh 'feadh fheola
 'N uair a righeadh air bord thu gun chail;
 'S cruaidh an eas an robh 'chridhe
 'N uair nach b' urrainn thu bruidhim
 thoirt da.

Bha do pheathraichean truagh dheth,
 'S bha do bhraithrean a' suathadh nan
 dorn;
 Is a bhean a rinn t' arach

Gur h-e 'h-obair gu brath 'bhi ri bron,
 'S e so gnothach a 's cruaidhe
 'Thanaig oirre ged fhuair i gu leoir;
 Dh' fhag e toll goirt na cridhe
 Nach gabh leigheas le lighich' 'tha beo.

Tha do leanaban og alainn,
 'Nan cuis-bhroin is am mathair fo 'n fhoid;
 Ged tha acasan saibhreas
 Gu 'm b' fhearr ise 'bhi' 'n lathair gu mor.
 Ged b' le Murchadh an saoghal
 Air a sgriobhadh le 'mbaoin dha an coir,
 'S luath a liubhradh e bhuaith' e
 Ach an te 'chaic'h air ghluasad 'bhi' beo.

Ged a theid e do 'n leaba
 'S gann gu 'm faigh e priob chadail no
 tamh;

'S ann bhios smaointinnean bronach
 'Tigh 'nn faineas dha 's ga leon anns gach
 ait.

'S bochd nach b' urrainn e 'n diobradh,
 Gur h-e gnothach gu cinnteach a b' fhearr;
 Am Fear a fhuair i 's leis coir oirre,
 'S gu bheil ise ann an solas nan gras.

UMHHA.

Do dh-lain Domhnallach, a bha 'na
 Mharsanta an Tiritheadh.

LE GILLEASBUIG MAC PHAIL.

FONN.—*Cumha Fear Ile.*

Lean is duilich, a Dhomhnaill,
 Am bron so 'th air t' inntinn
 Ri ionndrainn an oganaich
 Bhoidhich, ghlain, shiobhalt,

A bha ceanalta, caoimhneil
 Gun fhoill 'na laimh-sgrìobhaidh;
 Bu deagh fhear-ceartais ri tuath e.
 'S e a' gluasad 'san fhirinn.

Cha chualas do chumantas
 Riamh a dublachadh ainbhfhèich.
 No 'dol' mearachd air duine,
 'N aon ni b' urrainn e sheanachas
 B' e do chleachdach an ceartas,
 Gun dol seach air le dearmad.
 Gur h-ann agad tha 'bhuannachd,
 Tha deagh dhuais air chionn t' auma.

Tha sinn uil' ann an dochas
 Laidir mor ann ar n-inntinn
 Gu bheil t' anam am paras
 Ann am fardach na Trionaid,
 Comhl' ri ainglean an colais
 Is an t-solais nach crìochnaich;
 Ann an comunn an t-Slanaigheir,
 Sin an t-aite 'tha priseil.

Gur a dubhach do mhathair,
 Tha i craiteach mu d' dheibhinn
 'Caidh an laogh 'rinn i 'arach,
 Culaidh stath' agus fheum' dhi.
 'Nuair a dhealaicheas an t-og ruinn,
 Bidh sinn bronach fo eislean;
 Gur h-e 's coireach a ghoraich';
 Nach robh coir aig Mac Dhe air?

Cha bu chunatasan cearbach
 A bhiodh cealgach no foilleil,
 'Chuireadh Iain gu daoine,
 An t-og aoidheil 'bu loinneil,
 Bha thu measail ro ehluiteach
 'Feadh na dùthcha, 's gun choire,

Cha robh duine air an t-saoghal
 'B' urrainn t' fhaotainn 'san doille.

Ehad 's a bha thu air faotainn
 Gur h-e daonnan 'bu ghnaths dhuit
 A bhi tarraing luchd-gaoil ort
 As gach taobh le d' dheagh nadur.
 Bha thu tuigseach, ciuin, tlachdmhor,
 Aoidheil, taitneach, ro bhaigheal,
 Bha thu carthunnach, fialaidh,
 Co nach iarradh do chairdeas?

Gur h-aun sbios aig a Bhaca
 'Fh' air thu 'n acaid a leon thu,
 Cha robh cobhair a'd' thaic ann
 Is bha 'n sàchd agad lodail.
 Sgaoil do chuislean is t' fheithean
 As a cheile fo d' chota,
 'S fhuair ann bas thu fo 'chumhachd,
 Fath ar cumha 's ar dorainn.

'S truagh nach mise bha d' thaice,
 'S mi gu 'n cleachdadh mo dhìchioll
 'Dheanamh cuideachaidh leatsa
 Leis an t-sachd sin a mhill thu.
 'Sgain an cridh' 'an robh 'n daonnachd
 'S bha t' fhuil chraobhach 'gad dhiobradh;
 'S iomadh aon leis 'm bu chruaidh e,
 A ro luath 's a chaidh crìoch ort.

ORAN.

Do dh-Eoghan Mac-Gilleain, Ceannard
da fhear dheug, 's an treas reisimeid
de Mhilisi Earraghaidheal.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

FONN.—*Gur h-i bean mo ghaoil an spain-
nteach.*

'S math a' s aithne dhomhsa 'n t-oigear
'Tha sunndach, solasach, eibhinn,
Eoghan Mac Eachainn an Cornaig,
Fear an eolais is na ceille.
Tha thu fearail mar bu du dhuit.
'S mor do bhiuthas, 's math do bheusan;
Ni mi facail dhuit de dh-oran,
'S mar is coir dhomh cha 'n ann breugach.

Freagraidh sin air fear do naduir,
Fear do thalantan 's do cheutaidh;
'S mor an onair dhomh ri raitinn,
Gur h-aithne dhomh pairt dhe d' bheu-
san.

Tha thu cliuiteach far an tamh thu,
Tha thu narach gus an eigin;
Sgoilear measail, fiosrach, daicheil,
'S misneachail 's gach ait an deid thu.

'S math leam gu bheil agad misneach
Agus fiosrachadh d' a reir sin,
Is comas thu fhein a ghlusad
Am measg uaislean is luchd-beurla.
Gu ma fada fallain slan thu
Anus gach sas is cas 'san deid thu;
Chuireadh tu loinn air na miltean,
'S thogadh tu inntinn nan ceudan.

Togaidh tu inntinn gach duine
 'N uair a chluinneas iad thu 'geigheach,
 'S tu cur do chuideachd an ordagh
 Mar is coir dhaibh glan fo 'n eideadh.
 Their gach ceannard ris a choirneal
 "Sin far 'bheil an comhlan eibhiun,
 'Chuir Mac-Gilleain an ordagh;
 Co ris nach cordadh na treun-thir?"

Na fir chalma sin dha 'm buin thu
 Gheibheadh urram ri am feuma;
 Ged dh' iarrteadh a dhol do 'n Spainn sibh
 Dh' fhalbhadh sibh gu laidir gleusda,
 Bhiodh sibh misneachad, deas, ullamh,
 Le 'r cuid ghunnachan, fo 'r 'n-eideadh;
 'S an am dol ri uchd 'ur namhaid
 'Sibh nach failnicheadh an speiread.

Fhad 's a bhiodh 'ur leth an lathair
 Sheasadh sibh gu dana treubhach,
 Sheasadh sibh as leth na rioghachd,
 Bhiodh sibh dileas anns gach ceum d' i.—
 'Sole a fhreagradh e do gharlach
 Dad a raitinn ruibh le breugan;
 Gur a b' urram sibh do 'n aite
 Ann san d' araicheadh gu leir sibh.

ORAN.

Do Ghilleasbuig Mac-Neil, Fear na
 pacaide ann am Muile.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

FONN.—'S i deoch-slaime 'n rìgh a' s fearr
 leinn.

A Ghilleasbuig, fhir na pacaid'
 'S iomadh tlachd a th' ort r 'a innseadh;

Gur a tri'e a fhuair thu urram
 Eadar Muile agus an tir so.
 Le d' shar-mhisnich 's le d' dheagh nadur
 Gheibh thu cliu 's gach ait am bi thu;
 Ged a rinn thu 'n rioghachd fhagail
 Thill thu sabhailt', 's math leam fhin sin.

Tha thu 'nis a'd' sgiobair bata
 Cliuiteach anns gach aite 's eolach,
 'S cinnteach gur leat gaol gach duine
 'Chunnaic thu no 'chuir 'ort eolas.
 Tha thu seirceil, caoimhneil, baigheil,
 Mar chleachd thu an laithibh t'oige;
 Deas lamh a stiuradh a' bhata
 Am bog-bhairlinn 's am barr croice.

'S ann agad tha 'm bata cliuiteach,
 An aon chuis chu d' fhuair i tamailt,
 'S gur tu fhein an t-oigear dileas
 'Chur gu finealt' rithe 'h-asaig;
 A siuil chaola 'sa buill fhallain
 'S tu 'g an teannachadh le d' lamhan;
 'N uair' ghlacadh tu 'n ailm a' d' achlais
 'S i gu'm maslaicheadh gach bata.

Mhaslaicheadh i iad gu buileach;
 Bu chlis ullamh i 'n a gluasad;
 Airson gu 'm falbhadh i direach
 Cha 'n fheil ann ach gnìomh 'tha suarach.
 'N uair 'theannas tu air a ghaoith leath'
 'S coimh-dheas leath' a taobh na 'gualann;
 'S mi bhiodh cinnteach as a toiseach
 Ged bhiodh ochdnar an taobh shuas dhi.

Bho 'n a fhuair i 'n t-oigear cliuiteach
 Air a h-urlar, lamh a' chruadail,
 A chumas a ceann ri gabhadh
 'S iomadh aite 's a bheil buaidh oirr'.
 Cha 'n fheil rochd no sgeir no bogha

A dh' fhas fodha no tha 'n uachdur
Nach h-aithne dhuit-sa gu sar-mhath,
'S cha leig thu le d' bhata bualadh.

'S ann 'chumas tu i aig astar
An am dol seachad air fiacail.
Cha 'n iarr thu abhsadh no seapadh
Ged thigeadh seideadh gle dhion ort.
'N uair 'bheacadh tu siul na h-ardraich;
Dh' fhaodadh each 'bhi tarruing direach,
Bheir thu 'mach gach cala sabhailt'
An aghaidh traghaidh no lionaidh.

Cha 'n e 's aobhar' thu bhi 'neartmhor
An aghaidh feartan an lionaidh;
No gun dean thu gnothach sgaomach
An aghaidh gaoithe no side;
Ach thu bhi fiosrach le d' fhaoghlum
Mu gach taobh o 'n dig na siantan,
'S nach tog thu snathainn de' h-aodach
Gus am faod i 'taobh a shineadh.

'S mi bhiodh earbsach as do thurn
An am a' cur a dh-ionnsaidh 'n t-soirbheis,
'N uair 'ghlacadh tu 'n stiuir' a' d' lamhan
'Se do nadur nach robh tolgach.
Tha thu eolach ams gach aite
Dh' fhaodadh i 'shnamh ri re dorcha;
'S ullamh ealamh gu toirt bhuaipe
A h-acuinn 's luath 'ni thu charachadh

'S math a dh-fhaodas mi do mholladh
'Chionn gur h-i 'n onair a ni thu;
Tha thu caoimhneil agus baigheil
'S misneachail 's gach cas 's am bi thu.
Fhuair thu ionnsachadh mac Gaidheil,
'S deas air saile no air tir thu.—
Gu ma fada fallain slan thu
A sheoladh do bhata riomhaich.

CUMHA.

Do Niall Mac-Gilleain, am Maor Ban
ann an Tiritheadh, a chaidh a
bhathadh 's e 'tighinn a lle, 's a
bhliadhna 1809.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

FONN,—*Gaoir nam ban Mùileach.*

'S bochd tha sinne, Neill Bhain, dheth,
Bho 'n la 'rinn thu ar fagail,
Gun tighinn dachaidh mar b'aill leinn
A dh-ionnsaidh do chairdean.
'S ann a fhuaradh air traigh thu
Gun ehad gluasad gu' fagail;
'S e mo dhiubhail mar bha sid;
'H uite h-aon ann san ait tha fo bhron.

Com na loinne 's a cheirtaidh
Leis an suidheadh na ceudan;
An ann ceartas a reiteach
Cha b' ann tuaileasach breugach
'Chluinnteadh facal do bheil—sa
Ach le fiosrachadh leughaidh;
Co a nis as do dheigh
A bheir dhuinn misneach no 'leughas a
choir?

Anns gach cuideachd am biodh tu,
Am measg uaislean no islean,
Bha thu suairce ro shiobhalt,
Is do chridhe gun mhiorun;
'S goirt do 'n tuath thu bhi 'dhith orr',
'Fhir nach deanadh an diteadh
Ach a sheasadh gu dileas,
Air an cul ann san fhirinn 's a' choir.

Bha thu sìobhalt a' d' nadur;
 Co 'n neach riamh a bha lamh riut
 Channaic ort ach fiamh gaire?
 'S ann a t' aghaidh a dh-fhas
 An c-sul shoilleir 'bu blaithe,
 Gur a truagh lean do mbathair
 Bo 'n la rinnadh do bhathadh,
 'S goirt an t-saighead 'tha sathte 'n a
 feoil.

Ga bheil t' athair fo bhruaillean
 Bho an latha 'san cuala e
 Sgeula dubhach an fhuathais
 Gu 'n robh corp a mbic uasail
 'Ga shìor iomai gun truas ris
 Leis na tonnaibh ard uaibhreach;
 Tha e muladach truagh dheth,
 An fear 'sheasadh ri 'ghualann cha bheo,

Gur a tursach do cheile,
 'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhi fhein sin;
 Ged a chruinnicheadh na ceudan
 Latha faidhreach no feille,
 Fear do ghluasaid 's do bheusan
 Is do choltais cha leir dhi;
 Bho 'n la 'fhuair i dhi fhein thu
 Gu 'n bu taitneach 's gach ceun dhi do
 sheol.

'S i do phiuthar 'tha cianail,
 Tamh uaire cha dean i
 Ach ri smaointinnean tiamhaidh
 Gu 'n robh do chorp ciatach
 A' faotuinn a riasladh
 'Feadh fairge agus bhiastan;
 Bha do chairdean ga t' iargain
 'S iad le dìchioll ga t' iarraidh san rod.

'S iomadh aon 'tha fo mhulad

Bho 'n la chaidh thu 's na grunnaibh;
 Tha iad deurach a' tuireadh
 Is nach faic iad thu tuilleadh
 'Tigh 'nn g' an ionnsaidh le furan
 Bha thu 'falbh leis gach buinne
 Am meiu fairg' agus buuillean,
 Gus 'n do thilgeadh thu 'n Guana air
 sroin.

Thugaibh cliu uile 'n Ard-Rìgh
 Ged a rinneadh a bhathadh
 Gu 'n do chuireadh gu traigh e.
 A dh-ionnsaidh a chairdean,
 'S gu 'n do rinneadh a charadh
 Ann an ciste nan claraibh,
 An taigh athar 's a mhatbar,
 Bho 'n do chuir a luch-l-graidh e fo 'n
 fhoid.

'Fhir a b' aoibheile 'chiteadh
 Gu bheil mise lan chinnteach
 Nach robh neach ann san rìoghachd
 A bha dhuit ann an miorun.—
 'S mor an t-seirc a bha 't' inntinn;
 Bha thu onarach dìreach;—
 Ach gach buaidh a bha sint' riut
 Is le maise ga d' lionadh
 'S gann gu 'm b' urrainn mi innseadh ri
 m' bheo.

AM BATA RIOMHACH.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Bha Ailean Mac-Aonghais ann an
 Tìrtheadh uair ag iasgach air carraig,
 agus thuit e an mach air a mhuir. Bha
 moran de dhaoine, conhlà ris, agus shin
 fear de na bha 's a' chuicheadh an tabh d'

a iosaidh, nu agus air dhasan breith air
thairneadh gu tìr e. A reir a' bhaird 's
ann le bata a thearnadh an tailear.

FONN.—“*A chomaiunn rioghail, runaich.*”

Am faic thu 'm bata riomhach,
A shiubhlas cinnteach cuan!
Le coignear ghilleas dileas oirr
A dh' iomaireas i gu finealta,
'S a sheolas i le imleachdan,
'S i 's cinntich' sgrìob an nuas.
A sgrìobair Lachainn og tha fìor 'n hath,
Lamh a dhìobradh stuadh!

Tha cliu 's gach ait 'san duthaich
Air an ardraich uir o 'n tuaigh;
A taobh tha slìosar liobharra
Gun mheang, gun ghaid, ach fìrinneach,
De dh-fhìubhaidh dhaingean dhìleas,
Is gur dìonach i mu 'n cuairt;
Ged dh' eireadh tonn mar bheinn ga h-ard
'Se 'gairich, thig i 'nuas.

'N uair 'theannas tu ri 'seoladh
Le do sgrìoba coir gun ghruaim,
Tagh oigear laidir faiceil
'Bhios gun mheang, gun ghiamh, ach
faicilleach,
Ro chnramach gun ghealtachd ann,
'S biodh e fo d' smachd mar 's dual,
A chumas i mar 's coir di 'bhi
'N uair 'bhios ann side chruaidh.

Co e 'm fear-sgoid 'theid lamh-riut,
Ach an tailear ri an-uair!
'S e-fhein am fìuran furachail,
'S e teoma air a h-uile ruel;
Cha tric a chi sinn duine

'Tha cho ullamh, ealamh, luath
Bheir e 'n sgod a staigh mar 's coir,
'S gur h-eolach e mu 'n chuan.

Dhearbh e ghnìomh 's a thabhadh duine
Ri la an anraidh chruaidh,
Am barr a chroinn bu dileas e,
'S e glaothach, cumaibh dìreach i
Le spionnadh dhorn 's le innieachdan,
No thig ar crìoch gu luath,
Gus am buail i ceann air tìr
Cha 'n fhiach leam tigh 'nn an suas.

Bha 'ghaoth gu cruaidh a' seideadh,
Is an speur gu leir fo ghruaim;
Bha 'm bata 'n staid ro eigineach
Na siud chaidh uife 'reubadh dhi,
Ach cho robh guth air geilleadh
Aig an taillear, treun nam buadh!
An greim a fhuair e ghleidh e e,
Ged bha e 'n eigin chruaidh.

Thionndaidh sruth le stailcinnich
Ri 'gualainn ghasda luath;
Ruitheadh agus leumadh e
Is calg ro gharbh gu leir-sgrios air,
'S 'n a theine sìonnacham dh' eireadh e
Gu ruig a shleisdean 'suas:
An tonn 'bu lugha 'bheucadh
Chluinn' a Sleit' e ann an Cluaidh.

Ged fhuair i moran allabain
Le creanachadh a' chuain,
Ma dh' fhaodar, fhathast nìtear i,
Cho dìonach, laidir, finealta
Ri bata 'th' ann sna tirean so,
Gur fiach i a cur 'suas.—
Eadar Cana 's Maol Chiuntire
Shiubhladh i ri uair.

Gu h-e i-fhein 'bhi is achdarra
 'N uair 'theid a h-acfhuinn 'suas!
 Bidh obair ur gu h-ìosal innt',
 'S a buill 's a slatan finealta;
 Theid ainm oir' as an rioghachd so
 Do thirean fada bhuainn;
 Ged tha i 'n diugh air sgaineadh
 Le sruth 's le gairich cuain.

A Lachainn Oig, gu fìrinnach
 Gur math is fiach thu duais;
 Gu 'n d' rinn thu gnìomh bha tabhachdach
 An la a cheap thu 'n taillear dhuinn;
 Cha d' leig thu as do lamhan e,
 Ged shuamh e pios de 'n chuan;
 Gur finealt air an t-snathaid e.
 Tha 'obair alaian, buan.

FATH MO LEANN-DUIBH;

Oran a Rinneadh an Deigh Bais Eich a
 bha aig Eoghan Mac-Gillemhaoil,
 mar gu 'm b' e e-fein a rinn e.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Agus ho fath mo leann-duibh,
 Fath mo leann-duibh thu 'bhi 'm dhith;
 Agus ho fath mo leann-duibh,
 Fath mo leann-duibh thu bhi 'm dhith;
 Fath mo chumha ann san earrach
 Nach faic mi mo ghearran fhìn,
 'S gu 'm bristeadh tu 'n iall no 'ghreallag
 Mu 'n leigeadh tu 'n t-amull 'sios.*

'S mis 'fhua'ir naidheachd a' chruadail

Moch Di-luain, 's gu 'm b' fhuathach
lean;

Chunnaic mi 'n 't each ruadh 'n a eigin,
'S coltas an eig air mu 'n cheann.
Chuala mi 'n fheannag a' tighinn,
'S thuit mo chridhe, dh' fhas mi fann;
Tharraing mi 'n gunna 's an urchair
Ach cha chuimsichean oirr ann.

Gabh mo chomhairle sa, 'charaid,
Thuir an fheannag riam gu mall;
Ged a chaill thu 'n diu do ghearran
Na bi anaideach 'sa' cheann;
Sguir a' losgadh do chuid fudair
'S nach cuir thu sradh dluth air ball;
Bho 'n a thug mi fios a t' ionnsaidh
Thoir dhomh 'n t-suil 's cha bhi mi 'n cali.

Thanaig an fhaoileann gu ceanalt',
'S i 'tigh' nu gu farasda 'nuas;—
"Coma leat brosgul na feannaig,
'S caraich' i na 'm madadb-ruadh;
'N uair a bheir thu 'n t-seiche dhachaidh
Roinn a' chlosach oirnn mu 'n cuairt;
Ged a bhiodh tusa 'g a bacadh
Bheir coin nam bailtean i bhuaith."

Chuir mi fios gu modhail, eolach,
'Dh-ionnsaidh coirneileir an airm,
'Dh-fheuch an digeadh e gu m' chomhnadh,
An laoch foghlumte gun chearb.
Bha e misneachail le urram
Mar a bhuineadh do dh-fear ainm',
Le 'chlaidheamh ruisgte 'n a dhorn
A toirt a chomhdaich de 'n each mharbh.

Sin an gearran a bha sgairteil,
'S a bha taitneach air gach doigh;
'S iomad sachd a thug e dhachaidh,

'S dh' fhag sin aisnean lom gu leòir.
 A leithid cha 'n fheil ri 'fhao ainm
 'S na h-eich aotrom aig rìgh Deors';
 'N uair a thanaig fios 'g a iarraidh
 Bha chuid iall a' fuaigheal bhrog.

Bhiodh tu air thoiseach an comhnaidh
 'N am cur na mona gu tìr.
 Mi-fhin ann ad cheann gu sporsail,
 'S tu a' falbh gu boidheach, griun;
 Air chìn sonraicht' bha thu airidh,
 'S iomad car a rinn thu dhuinn;
 'S tric a bha mi, 's tu air choiseacha,
 'Ged mo brochain air do dhruim.

Chaidh mi la an null do Hiannais
 Le mo ghearran ciatach, coir.
 Am buailtean agam 'g a stailceadh,
 'S earball an casadh le spors;
 'H-uile h-aon a bha 'sna bailtean
 Bha 'n cuid adaichean 'n an dorn;
 Shaoil iad gu 'm b' e mis' ann bailidh
 Gus am fac iad bearn mo bheoil.

'S mor ga m' dhith thu 'n am do staca
 'Thigh' un air cladaich 's tu air eball;
 Na cleibh a bhiodh ort ag obair
 Cha 'n fheil 'h-aon 'g an togail ann.
 Culaidh thu 'dheanamh an treabhaidh,
 Ged chuirinn domhainn an crann;
 Cha d' fhairich mi riamh do shaothair,
 'Fhir mo ghaoil a' tigh 'nn gu ceann.

Bho 'n chaill mi mo chulaidh chosnaidh,
 'S nach h-'eil fortan dhomh an dan,
 Bidh mi tuilleadh air a bhoichdainn,
 'S luchd na socair' orm ri tair.
 Na 'n robh mise pailt de storas

Ann am phoca 'n am do bhais,
 Chruinnich mi muinntir nam bailtean
 Gu do chur fo 'n Bhaca Bhan.

'Bhi 'faicinn do chnamhan shios ud
 'S e 'tha miadachadh mo bhroin,
 'S iad 'g am falach aig na beisdean
 Gus iad fhein a chur 'n an leoir.
 Chunnaic mi do shlinnean alainn
 Fo 'n chu bhlar aig Eachann Og.—
 Ach togam de m' oran m'ulaid,
 'S nach faigh tuireadh dhomh mo lou.

MOLADH NEILL MHS EOGHAIN.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Thoisich Niall Mac Eoghain. Niall Mac-Gillemhaoil, air iarraidh air a bhard oran a dheanamh dha. Thuirt am bard gu 'n deanadh e sin na 'n doireabh e latha dha air bualadh. Thoisich Niall air a bhualadh agus thoisich am bard air an oran Bha Niall bochd an duil gur b-ann 'ga mholadh a bha 'm bard.

FOXX:—“*Iain chaimbeil a bhanca.*”

Niall Mac Eoghain, an curaidh.
 Fear urranta, trean,
 'Fhnair urram 'san leig
 Le spionnadh a dhorn!
 Tha cis aig na bailtean
 Air a nasgadh dhuit fhein,
 Aig t' fheabhas gu feum
 'N uair 'thig oirn an toir.
 Thanaig Tearlach le straic
 'S thug e lan chuireadh dhuit;
 Dh' eirich thus' fhir mo ghraidh,
 S' thug thu 'n t-sar bhuille dha.

Is thuit e 'sa' bhaca
 Gun chlaisteachd, gun des;
 Cha robh duine 'g a choir
 A thilleadh do lamh.

Ged a bhiodh ann na dusain,
 Bhiodh tus' as an deigh,
 Mar sheabhag 'san speur,
 'S tu casruisgt' gun bhrog.
 'S ma'rg a tharladh a' d' thaice,
 Dheagh lasgaire threin,
 'N uair dh' fhasadh tu breun,
 'S a chomadh tu 'n t-sron
 'S neach gun ghibhtean tha fios
 'Ghabhadh meas burraidh dhìot.
 'S tu nach h-obadh an troid,
 Bhiodh tu mach ullamh innt.
 'S ann agad tha mhisneach,
 S tha meas ort oig each;—
 Gu'm fuilingeadh tu 'm bas
 Mu 'n tilleadh tu 'choir.

Ge tric thu air acras,
 Cha mhasladh dhuit e;
 'S ann bhios tu ri feum,
 'S ri tapadh gu leoir;
 Gach stamh air a' chladach
 'Gan tarruing gu feum,
 'S ann air a chreig leith
 A thionail thu 'n tor
 Chuir thu 'n dudan 'n a smuid
 Ann an cul Ghreasamail;
 Bha gach long ann sa chuan
 Ruith le 'n cruaidh neart thuige.—
 Niall Griasaich' tha 'gradh
 Nam paigheadh tu mi
 Cha bhithinn a' d' dhriom
 Na b' fhaide ri m' bheo.

Gu 'm b' ealamh do fhreagairt;—
 "Cha 'n eaga!, a Neill,
 Gu 'n dean mi ni cearr,
 Cha bhuin sin do m' dhoigh;
 Bi caoimhneil, lan furais,
 'S na cuir am Maor Ban
 Gu m' tharruing gu dan
 A dh-ionnsaidh a mhoid.
 Mur h-i 'n fhirinu thuirt mi
 Anns gach ni 's duilich leam;
 Gabh mo leithsgeul 'san am,
 'S ann a bh' ann uireasabh,
 'N uair 'thig oirnn an t-earrach,
 An fheamainn 's am blaths,
 Gheibh thu 'n t-airgiod a' d' laimh,
 Agus cairich mo bhrog.

'N uair 'chaidh thu le urram
 A dh-iarraidh nam brog,
 Na 'n robh 'm paigheadh a' d' dhorn
 Gu 'n dug e dha,
 'N uair 'loisgeas tu 'n fheamainn
 A th' agad 'san tor,
 Bidh agad de chorr
 Na phaigheas do dhail,
 Cha 'n fheil ti ann san tir
 'Bhios a' strith tuileadh riut.
 Theid thu mach air a mhuir,
 'S gu 'm bi t' uchd ullamh oirr;
 Na 'm biodh agamsa gunna
 Gu 'm biodh fuil air an traigh,
 'Fhir a ghabhadh an snamh
 'S a ghlacadh na h-eoin.

'Nam bristeadh nam clach
 Bha do thartar cho ard
 'S gu 'n d' theich am muir-lan,
 Cha danaig e 'd choir.

Gur mise ghabh beachd ort,
 'Fhir ghasda mo ghraidh,
 'S air t' fheabhas gu stath,
 'N uair 'ghlacadh tu 'n t-ord.
 Leat gur faoin obair ghoirt,
 Tha do chorp fulangach,
 'S iomad aon 'tha fo sprochd
 Gu 'm bi 'n nochd fuil agad,
 'N uair 'fhuair thu 'n tombaca
 'S a las thu phìob bhan,
 Bha 'm feasgar cho blath
 'S nach faict' ach do cheo.

'S tu fhein 'gheibh an t-urram
 Thar gach duin' 'theid do 'n traigh;
 Bidh do lapan-sa lan
 'S an duileasg a' d' phoc'
 Cha bhiodh piocach an tarsuing
 Na 'm faigheadh tu fath,
 Nach togadh tu ghraidh,
 'S nach cuireadh tu 'n tor
 Do gach ni ni thu feum,
 Tha thu geur furachail;
 Fhuair thu ainm ann san tìr,
 'S chuir an rìgh cuireadh ort.
 Tha mi fiosrach nach tric
 Leat 'bhi 'measg chumantan.
 Ach do chompanach dilear
 Tha 'g innseadh dhomh 'n drast
 Mur fuilingeadh tu smaig
 Nach fanadh tu beo.

An smaig sin cha 'n fhuiling
 Thu tuilleadh gu brath;
 'N uair 'theid thu do 'n bhal
 Bidh agad te og.
 Bidh each ann sna cuiltean
 Gun sugradh, gun agh;

'S bidh tus', fhir mo ghraidh,
 Ri beadradh gu leoir.
 A bhi d' shuidhe fo 'n chruisgeir
 Cha chuis loinneil e.
 Mu thig aon air do chul
 Bheir thu fuchd sgaoinneil dha.
 Na 'm biodh agam-s' an t searrag
 Gu daingeann a 'm' laimh,
 Bhiodh gloine dhuit lan,
 'S gu 'n deanadh tu 'ol.

Gur coma leinn tailleadh
 Gach duine ach sinn fhin,
 Ma bhios sinn gun dith;
 Fhad 's a bhitheas sinn beo.
 Gheibh thu cliu anns gach aite
 Ged dh' fhagadh tu 'n tìr s';
 Cha 'n fhairich thu sgios,
 'S air do ghnìomh cha bhi sgòd.
 Their iad cinnteach rium fhin
 Gur a fìor bhurraidh thu;
 Tha iad briagach codhiu,
 'S tusa 'n t-aon duin' agam.
 'Fhir fhiughantaich, ghaisgeil,
 Gu 'm faiceam thu slàn,
 Gun chuspa, gun ghag,
 A' d' shuidh' air an rod.

'S tu fhein am fear tapaidh,
 Gur taitneach do ghnaths,
 'S gun ghaoid riut a' fas
 Ach tombac' agus ol.
 Tha Mac-Iamhair ag radh
 Gu 'n do shabhail thu 'long
 Air bharraibh nan tonn
 'N uair 'thanaig i 'd choir.
 'Ghilleann fhein bha gun chli.
 Cha robh gnìomh duin' anna;

Chaidh thu suas ann sa' chrann,
 Bha do cheann fulangach.—
 'N uair 'chuir i 'cuid acraichean
 'Mach air an traigh,
 Bha core ann ad laimh,
 'S tu sracadh nan seol.

Bha gaol aig gach duin' ort,
 A chunnaic thu rianh,
 'Chionn dh' itheadh tu iasg,
 'S cha diultadh tu feoil
 Bu tric thu 'sa' chladach,
 Cha 'n fhanadh tu 's 't sliabh,
 'S b' e t' fhasan-sa rianh
 Nach iarraidh tu brog.
 Mharbh an griasaiche sgarbh
 Air an leirg 's chunnaic thu,
 Chaidh tu sìos as a dheigh,
 'S cha do dh-eigh duine riut,
 Ged nach caillteadh ach itcag
 Bhiodh sìd fo do sgeith;
 Gur taitneach do bheusan,
 'S gur ceutach do shron.

MARBHRANN.

Do Mhitchel Scobie.

LE BARBARA ROB.

'S tric thu 'bhais a cur an geill dhuinn
 Gur nì nach feudar do sheachnadh,
 Eadar islean is uaislean
 So an uair 'rinn thu 'chreach oirnn.
 Thug thu nachdaran timeil
 As an tìr 'bha 'n a thaic dhuinn
 An deigh leum as a chuirte dhuit
 Leis an Diuca 'bha 'n Sasunn.

Mitchel Scobie 'rinn saothair
 Ann an rioghachdan eile,
 A dol fad' thar nan cuantan,
 Thug thu bhuainn e gu h-ealamh.
 Chaidh a ghuilan gu dhuthchas,
 Gus an uir an robh athair;
 'S tha e 'n cadal 'san tìr sin
 As nach cluinn sinne faoi.

Ris an Tì 'thug air falbh e
 Biobh og earbsa a mhacan,
 'S e gun phiuthair, gun bhrathair,
 Is gun mhathair, gun athair
 'Thi 'rinn lomadh cho luath air
 Cum e suas mar a 's math dha;
 'S tu an caraid a 's dilse
 Do gach aon a ni taic riut.

Ged 'tha cuid do nach leir e
 Tha do dheilig 'tigh 'nn faisg oirnn;
 Tha thu taghadh nan uaislean
 'S 'gan toirt bhuainn ann an cabhaig.
 Thug thu leat Daibhidh Cleireach
 'Bha do 'n fheumnach 'n a athair;
 'S ma 's deach sin as ar cuimhne
 'Thug thu 'n rìgh dhe na chathair.

Tha thu 'tarruing nan cairdean
 As gach ait gus an deach iad;
 Tha thu 'tarruing gu cinnteach
 'H-uile h-aon a bhios abaich.
 Cha dean spionnadh no slainte
 Do ghath basmhor 'chur seachad;
 'S i do ghairm nach gabh aicheadh,
 Ged bhiodh cairdean a' gearan.

'S ann tha 'n dalladh 's am bodhradh
 Air gach seors' air an talamh
 'N uair nach gabh iad gu curam

Mar tha uine 'n a deannaibh,
 Is nach deid iad gu glusad
 Roimh 'n ghuth 's fuaimniche labhairt.
 Thig am Breitheamh gu cinnteach
 Ann san tinn anns nach math leo.

'Thi a thanaig le gradh dhuinn
 'Cheannach slainte dha 'r n-anam
 Is a dh' fhosgail gach seula
 'N uair 'bha feich air an agairt,
 Fosgail tuigs' agus reusan
 Na tha 'chreutairean d'alla
 'G eisdeachd fuaim a ghuth gheir sin
 'Ni na seudair a ghearradh:

'N guth 'tha crathadh nan sleibhtean
 Nach doir eisdeachd do 'n fhacal,
 'S a cur fhineachean fiadhaich
 'Thoir an iodhalan seachad.
 Ruisgear mullach nan craobh leis
 Dhe 'm meoir dhireach gu h-ealamh,
 'S bheir e 'n stuic gu bhi iosal
 'G an cur sìos ris an talamh.

Tha na ceannardan fiughail
 Air an giulan gu 'n dachaidh,
 Cha 'n fhear gun bhardachd a luaidheadh
 'H-uile buaidh a bha aca.
 Ach aon ni tha air m' iantinn,
 'S bidh mi saor gu 'thoir seachad,
 Bidh cuimhne mhath air an fhirean
 Cho fad 's 'bhios linn air an talamh.

AOIR.

A rinneadh air Padruig Sellar a chionn
a bhi a' fogradh an t-sluaigh a mach
as an fhearann ann an Cataobh.

LE DOMHNALL BAILLIDH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho'n ceard dubh!
He'n ceard dubh!
Ho'n ceard dubh
'Dhaor am fearann!

Chunnaic mise bruadar
'S cha b' fhuathach leam fhaicinn fhathast;
'S nam faicinn e 'nam dhusgadh
Bu shugradh e dhomh ri m' latha.

Teine mor an ordagh
Is Roy 'na theis meadhoin
Young bhi ann am prìosan
'S an t-iarann mu chnaimhean Shellair.

Tha Sellar an Cuilmhaillidh
Air fha ail mar mhadadh-alluidh;
A glacadh is a saradh
Gach aon ni a thig 'na charaibh.

Tha shron mar chòltair iarunn,
No fiacail na muice bioraich;
Tha ceann liath mar ron air,
Is bodhan mar asal fhirionn.

Tha 'rugaid mar chorr riabhaich
Is iomhaigh air nach 'eil tairis,
Is casan fada liadhach
Mar shiaman de shlataibh mara.

'S truagh nach robh thu'm prìosan
 Re bhliadhnau air uisg' is aran,
 'S cearcail cruaidh de dh'iarnun
 Mu d' shliasaid gu lair, daingeann.

Nam faighinn-s' air an raon thu
 Is daoine bhi' ga do cheangal,
 Bheirinn le mo dhornaibh
 Tri oirlich a mach dhe d' sgamhan.

Chaidh thu fein 's de phairtidh
 An airde gu braighe Rosail,
 'S chuir thu taigh do bhrathar
 'N a smalaibh a suas' na lasair.

'N uair a thig am bas ort
 Cha chairear thu ann san talamh,
 Ach bidh do charcail thodharail
 Mar otrach air aodunn achaidh.

Bha Sellar agus Roy
 Air an treorachadh leis an deamhan,
 'N uair dh'ordaich iad an combaist
 'S an t-slabhraidh'chur air an fhearann.

Bha'n Simpsonach na chu
 Mar bu duthasach do na mharsich;
 Seacaid ghoran a buth air
 Is triusair de dh' aodach tana.

S i pacaid dhubh an uillidh
 A ghiulain iad 'chum an fhearainn s';
 Ach chithear fhathast baitht' iad
 Air traillich an cladaich Bhanaibh.

The horrible work known as "the Sutherland clearances," began in 1807. In that year ninety families were removed from the parishes of Farr and Lang, to make room for tenants of large farms and sheep.

In 1809 hundreds of families were expelled from their homes and native hills in the parishes of Dornach, Rogard, Loth, Clyne and Golspie. From this date until 1820 the work of driving away the native population was pressed forward with great vigor and cruelty. Indeed by the end of 1820 the county of Sutherland was almost wholly depopulated. From 1809 until 1816 the estates of the Dutchess of Sutherland were under the management of William Young, a corn dealer, as chief-factor, and Patrick Sellar, a lawyer, as under-factor. The latter lived at Colmally in the parish of Golspie. Young and Sellar were both natives of Morayshire. The person referred to in the eighth verse as "do brathair" was a tinker named William Chisholm, whose house was set on fire in June, 1814.

The Dutchess of Sutherland may have been utterly indifferent to the welfare of the people on her estates, and Young and Seallr may have been selfish money-grabbers, but what are we to think of a government and of laws that would allow any dutchess and her servants to expatriate thousands of good and loyal subjects. The people of Sutherlandshire were not rebels. No regiment fought more bravely for the British crown than the noble 93rd. Yet at the very time when the soldiers of that regiment were battling against the great tyrant of Europe, little tyrants in their native land were allowed to pitch their mothers, wives and children out of doors, and set fire to their houses. It is to be sincerely hoped that in the course

of a few years civilization shall have made such progress in Britain that no man will be allowed to retain control of thousands of acres of land. This grand old earth of ours was not made for a few landlords.

MARBHRANN THOMAS FHRISEIL.

LE MR. SEUMAS MAC GRIOGAIB.

Ni sinn marbhrann air Tomas,
 Bho 'n a tha sinn an dochas,
 Ged a chaill sinn a chomhradh,
 'N uair a thig an la mor ud, la bhrath,
 Gu 'n seas e gu doigheil
 Ann san fhiteantachd ghloimhoir,
 Aig deas laimh na meachd,
 A' seinn a chuid crann graidh.

O'n is minic a bha e
 'Cur ri gearanaibh craiteach,
 'Chionn nach d' fhuair e mar b' aill leis
 Am peacadh a charadh fo chis;
 'S o nach d' fhairich e 'nadur
 'Dol an laigid gach la aig,
 'S e bhi neartmhor 's na grasaibh
 A bha sint' ann am fabhar an Rìgh.

Cha b' ionnan 's an prabar
 'Bha 'n an laigh' an staid naduir,
 Nach eisdeadh gu tabhachd
 Ri firinnibh grasuor an Triath',
 Ach a dhiultadh le tain iad
 Air feabhar an talainn,
 Is an teachdaire' chaineadh
 Le teangannaibh granda nach b' fhiach.

Bidh na daoibh ann am pailteas,

'Cur an teanga 'n an leith phluic,
 O 'n a chaochail an gaisgeach
 'Bha le fianais an fhacail gach la
 'Cumail smachd air a pheacadh,
 'S e ag iarraidh bhi casgadh
 'Chaitheamh-beatha neo-thlachdmhoir
 'Bha na mhasladh do shoisgeul nan gras.

Bidh na cullaich o 'n fhasach
 Le 'm fiacalaibh gabhaidh
 'Toirt sithidh is sathaidh
 Ann sna caoraich a dh'fhàg thu air loinn;
 Bho 'n a fhuair iad an garadh
 Cho iosal 's a tha e,
 Cha 'n fhaic iad nas airde
 'M balla teine 'tha ghnath mu na chloinn.

'S ann sna trì bliadhna diag dhuinn,
 Aon mhìle 's ochd ciadan,
 'Thanaig bristeadh cho cianail;
 Chuir na neamhan gu t'iarraidh 'chum
 gloir';
 As an t-saoghal aindiadhaidh,
 'Ghabhail comhnaidh gu siorruidh
 Ann an lathair na Trianaid,
 'S b' ann airson na rinn Criosd ann san
 fheoil.

'S iomad coinnimh is comhbhail
 Ann san d' fhuair sinn do chomhradh,
 Le do ghibhtean ro bhoidheach
 'Chur an fhacail an ordagh gu reidh;
 'Chum nam peacach a sheoladh
 Bharr slighe na doruinn
 Air ceumanaibh comhnard
 A' chreidimh 's an t-solais le cheil'.

Bha thu gleusda mar chainntear
 Ann sa' Bheurla a thionndadh,

'Cur nan sgrìobhainnean Gallda
 Ann an Gaidhlig an uall dhuinn gun
 fheall;
 'S ann soa leughannaibh Sabaid
 A' toirt caraidean laidir;—
 "Thugaibh aire na chairdean
 Nach dig aon agaibh geur air a' gheall."

Ach tha moran gun dusgadh
 A suain ao neo-churaim,
 Ris 'n do chos l thu do dhurachd
 Ann am meadhan na h-urnaigh gach la,
 Gus am faigheadh iad suilean
 A dh-fhaicinn na duthcha
 Ann san deach ar ceann-iuil ne
 A steach ann san luchart a 's aird.

'S e ar gearan 's ar cruadal,
 Ged tha moran mu 'n cuair duinn,
 Nach fheil tuilleadh a' gluasad
 A thoirt cobhair do 'n bhuachail ' san am.
 Ach dhe 'n bheagan a b' abhaist,
 Bhi dol leis ann an cairdeas,
 E 'n a shincadh an drasda
 Ann sa' chlachan 's am bas os a chionn.

Ach is cianail a tha sinn
 O 'n a chaill sinn do phairtean,
 Ann an gnothach ar mathar
 'Cumail uige nam braithrean 'tha fann.
 'Tha toirt caiseamachd laidir
 'N aghaidh pheacanan araidh
 Gus an eireadh os aird oirnn
 Latha soilleir nan gras os ar cionn.

'S e dh' fhag sinne cho bronach
 A bhi umad cho eolach;
 Ann gach gnothach is cordadh

Bha thu deas gu ar comhmadh 'chum
sith'.

'S ann an connsaichibh Shataih,
Cha do cheil thu do thalann
A thoirt coiminn do dh' Fharo,
'N uair a shaoil leis ar faidh' a thoirt
dhinn.

Bha thu 'n comhnaidh mu 'n airec
O 'n a thanaig i 'n aite
'G a cumail an airde
Le caomhneas is cairdeas ro dhluth.
'N uair a fhuair thu do thenmadh
Le daome gun reusan,
Cha do mheas thu gu 'm b' eucoir
Bhi fulang nam beum ud gu ciuin.

Bha thu gaisgeil ro ghlensta
Ann an firinn is reusan,
Gua bhi 'g aomadh no geilleadh
Far am faiceadh tu 'n encoir aig each.
'S leis na pairtean a fhuair thu,
Ged bha cuid 'gan cur sanach,
Thug thu dearbhannan buadhach
Gu 'm bu mbeasail leat buachaille 'n ait.

'S iomadh fitheach is rocas
Bhiodh a' sas ann a sgornan
Na 'm faigheadh iad doigh air
Gun ehlann daoin' a bhi 'n toir orra fein.
Bhiodh do chridhe ro thiorail-s'
A toirt osnaichean diadhaidh
'N uair a chluinneadh tu sgiala
Ann san faiceadh tu miethlachd no beud.

Bha thu foghainteach dileas
Ann an gnothach na tire
'N uair a bha an lagh siobhalt'
'G a agairt mar chis ort thar chach;

'S bu bheag ort an seorsa
 A dh' aonadh gu deonach
 Gu leith-taobh na còrach
 Le cagal, le sgleo, no le fath.

Suithain dìreach a' cheartais,
 'S e bu mhianach leat fhaicinn,
 'S cha b' iad luban is drachdan
 Ann an cuiltibh 'gan cleachdadh le foill.
 Ach an trèibhdhreas dìreach
 Ann an soithach na h-ionninn
 Le buadhannaibh cinnteach
 'Cumail cuing air gach mì-bheus gun
 sgoinn.

Cha robh cnamhan an lunnair
 Air do leabaidh 'g an t-ionndailh
 Le airsneul neo-shumndach,
 Gus an t-seachduin a chumtadh le gruaim.
 Cha robh rianh fiach an t-saoghail
 Dol an uachdar do shaoithreach.—
 Seallaibh geur air a dhaoine,
 'S leanaibh 'shaimpleir ro ghaolach gach
 uair.

RANNAN DO SHEUMAS MACLEOD.

LE MR. SEUMAS MAC-GRIOGAIR.

Tha m' fear do 'n dean mi 'n t-oran
 Air teachd de shìol nan Leodach,
 Is ged nach duine mor e
 Tha doighean air 'bhi tapaidhe aig'.

'N uair 'bha e 'n aimsir oige
 Bha spiorad ann san fheoil aig',
 Is ged nach cluinut' ri sgleo e,
 Bu duine mor a ghabbadh air

Thèid each gur duine coir e
 Is fhuair e ainm deagh olaich,
 Is ged nach 'eil e obhhor
 Tha cridhe mor 's a phears' aig'.

Cha n' fheil e ard an eolas,
 Cha d' fhuair e moran foghlaim;
 Ach tha mi meallt' a' n' dhochas
 Mur por e bhois ag abachadh.

Tha thoil an cois na corach,
 Tha dicholl leis an deoin aig';
 'S bidh suil ri tuilleadh treoir aig,
 'S nach leonar air an rathad e.

Tha 'ghearan air a pheacadh,
 A thaobh nach d' fhuair e 'bhacadh;
 'S e b' annsa leis am facal
 A bhi 'n a ghlaic mar chlaidheamh aig'.

Ach iomraidh e bhi gleusda,
 O'n tha ra naimhdean treubhach;
 'S air chinnte 'bheir iad beum dha
 Ma threigeas e bhi caithriseach.

O'n fhuair e 'bhean a b' fhearr dha
 A thanaig de shliochd Adhamh,
 'S e 'dhleasnas 'bhi 'ga taladh,
 'S nach bi cion-fath air gearan aic.

Mur bhi nach deach an t ardan
 'Chur buileach 'chum an lair leis,
 Gu 'n taitneadh i do ghnath ris,
 'S claa b' aill leis a bhi talach oirr'.

Oir ged a laigh an aois oirr',
 'S math dha-s' nach d' rug an t-aog oirr',
 'S gur h-e a tagradh daonnan
 A bhi ri 'thaobh mar bhanaltruim.

Tha caoimhneas innt' ri nabuidh,

'S iò mhath i 'n ceann na fardaich,
Tha pailteas in' is cais' aic',
'S air chinnt' gur sar bhean-taighe i.

Is ged nach dug i mac dha,
'S e 'm Freasdal rinn a bacadh;
'S e 's fearr gu 'n d' rinn i sheachnadh,
Mu 'n tachradh dha bhi amaideach.

'S i m' earail daibh le cheile,
O'n tha iad dol an deis-lainh,
Bhi deas mu 'n ghe an t-eug iad,
Oir 's eigin daibh bhi dealachadh.

Gur h-i mo chomhairl' fein daibh,
'Bhi measail air a' cheile;
Cha 'n fhaigh a h aon diu ceile
Cho feumail ris na chailleas e.

GED THA SINN AN SO AN DRAST.

Oran le Alastair og Friseal ann an
Giusachan am Braighe Strath-ghlais.

Ged tha sinn an so an drasda
Cha 'n fheil dail againn fad' ann;
Seolaidh sinn an null thar saile
'Shealltainn na tha chairdean thall;
Far a bheil coille 'na fasach
Nach faicear gu brath a cheann;
'S 'n uair a ni sin fearann aiteach
Cha bhi mal ga 'r cur ri crann.

Thig la fhathasd air na h-uaislean
Nach fuilig do 'n tuath bhi ann,
Ach caoraich 's ciobairean mu 'n cuairt
dhaibh

'S iad ga 'n cuartachadh gu fang.
'N uair 'dh' eireas cogadh no uabairt
'Chuireas feum air bualadh lann,

'Togar bratach dhe na h-uain leò;
Tha na daoine bhuath' air chall.

Bha sinn a' guidhe le durachd
'N uair thog sibh na siuil ri crann,
Soirbheas min 'thigh 'nn bho na duilibh
Le gaoith shiubhlaich gun bhi mall,
'Chumadh rian air a' chairt-iuil dhuibh
Leis an stiùireadh sibh crann-dall,
Aiseag cabhagach an null duibh,
'S an deagh chunntas 'chur an nall.

Gheibhear geoidh is eala 's feidh leibh
'S lachan ris a ghrein air tuinn;
Bradan a linneachan iasgaich
Ga 'n tarruing le lion a grunn;
H-uile por cho pailt 's a dh' iarrainn
'Fas gu lionnhor air an fhonn:—
Cha b' ionnan 's a bhi h-uile bhiadhna
'G aidachadh nan crìochan lom'.

Gheibhear cnothan leibh is ubhlau
Air lubadh am barr gach crainn,
'S cuid de mheasan milis, cubhraidh,
'Chuireadh luths fo dhuine fann.
Gheibhear deoch laidir de 'n rum ann.
Taghadh cumhraidh gun bhi gann;
Airgiod glas agaibh mar chuireadh,
Dollaran nan crun 'bhios ann.

'S fada bho 'n a bha mo mhiaun ann
Ged nach h-'eil mo thriall ach mall;
Shaoil leam gu 'm fagainn na crìochans'
Fada mu 'n do liath mo cheann.
'Nise bho 'n a chrom an gnìomh mi
Air dhroch fhiach 's mi 'n aite gann,
'Paigheadh mail 's mi 'dol am fiachan,
Och, mo dhiobhail fuireach ann.

Tha sinne 'tha 'n so an drasda
 Ann an cas 'sa h-uile h-am;
 'Ceannach an t-sìol-chuir bhuntata,
 'S gach ni 'thairear 'chur 'n a cheann.
 'M fear dha 'n dean am pailteas fas dhiu,
 Cha reic ri each iad gu 'am,
 Ag iarraidh na pris a' s airde,
 'S ma tha thus' an cas bi ann.

Na 'n tarladh dhomb bhi 's taigh-osda
 Mu na bhoid 's mi gabhail dram
 Bhur deoch-slaime dheanainn ol ann
 Ged a bhiodh mo phoca gann.
 Ach tha mo dhuil an Rìgh na glorach
 O 'n 's e 'dh-ordaich dhuibh dol ann,
 A bhi fagail tir 'ur n-eolais,
 'S aite-comhnaidh ghabhail thall.

Alexander Fraser intended to come to Nova Scotia but died shortly after composing this poem. John, his only son, came. John settled at James River in the county of Antigonish.

CUMHA DO CHOIRNEAL INNSE.

LE AONGHAS CAIMBEUL.

Chualas sgeul ann sa Bhraighe
 A tna cruaidh leinn ri 'aireamh,
 Gun thu, Leasbuig, bhi 'n lathair
 'S goirt an call sin dha d' chairdean;
 Bho 'n la 'chriochnaich do laithean,
 'S lionmhor cridhe 'tha craiteach le bron.
 'S lionmhor cridhe, etc.

Cha b' e turas na buannachd
 'Thug air astar a suas thu

Taobh Loch Lagain nam fuar bheann;
 'S goirt an acaid a bhuaill thu
 Dh' fhag i sinne bochd truagh dherh
 Bho 'na chuir i gu suain thu fo 'n fhoid.

'N Cille-Chaorail 'sa Bhraighe
 Chaidh ar diubhail a charadh,
 'N leaba chumhaing gun bhlathsinnt';
 'Chraobh a b' fhearr a bhas 'fas dhuinn,
 'N uair a fhuair sinn fo bhlath i,
 Chaidh a gearradh 's bu chail e 'bha mor.

Tha mo dhochas gu laidir
 Ann san stochd a chaidh fhagail,
 Gu bheil fiurain a' fas as
 'Sheasas fhathasd a' t' aite,
 Ma bhios aca buan laithean,
 'S a gheibh urram is fabhar le coir.

'N uair a dh' fhalbh thu do 'n Eiphit
 Bha do bhean air a leireadh,
 'S bha do chairdean gu leir ann
 'S iad fo churam mu d' dheibhinn,
 Ach an nis bho 'n a dh-eug thu
 Cha dean ise gair' eibhinn ri beo.

'S goirt bhi 'g eisdeachd a gearain;
 'S beag an t-iorghnadh 's i falamh;
 Chaill i roghainn nam fearaibh
 De la b' eol dhi air thalamh;
 'S na 'm bu dual dhuit bhi maireann
 Bhiodh tu 'g eirigh am barail gach sloigh.

Bha do chairdean lan eibhnis
 'N uair a chual iad an sgeula,
 Thu bhi 'd Choirneal air Reis 'meid
 Ann an caisteal Dhun-eideann;
 Ach mo chreach, cha bu leir dhaibh
 Gu 'n robh teachdair' Mhic Dhe air do
 thoir.

Fhuair thu cliu agus teist' neas
 Bho ard-cheannardan Bhreatainn
 Air an cul a bhi seasmhach
 Anns gach cuis a bhiodh dleasnach;
 B' e do dhurachd gun cheist sin
 Bho 'n la 'thoisich thu 'n leith-sgeul rìgh
 Deors'.

Bho 'n thog thu 'n claidheamh an airde
 Ann an aghaidh do naimhdean,
 Bu tu rogha 'chomaundair
 A chur as do na Frangaich;
 Bu lionnhor coimheadh gu 'n call-san
 'Thug thu 'Bhonipart mealltach 's d' a
 sheid.

'S mor an onair dha 'n tìr so
 Gu 'n do thogadh tu innte;
 Fhuair thu cliu thar nam mìltean
 Ann an cogadh na rìoghachd,
 'S fhuair thu duaisean 'bha prìseil,
 Fhuair thu rionnagan fìor-ghlan 'an or.

'S fhuair thu ordagh an caitheamh,
 Am measg uaislean is mhaithibh,
 Bho 'n 's e cruadal do lamhan
 Agus cruaidhead do chlàidheimh
 Chuir gach aon diu 'ad rathad;
 'S cha bu shuarach an leithid le coir.

Angus Macdonell of Inch, Aonghas Ban Innse, was a natural son of Alexander Macdonell of Keppoch. His mother we believe was a Macgillivray. He married in 1752 Christy, daughter of Archibald Macdonald of Acha-nan-Comhaichean, by whom he had six sons, Alexander, Archibald, Donald, Ranald, John and Coll. Archibald served some time in the

79th or Cameron Highlanders. He was transferred to the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders in 1794. He was appointed Major in 1805. He retired from the 92nd in 1813, and was appointed Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel of veterans. He married Margaret MacIachlan of Killichonan, and had four sons and one daughter. He died in 1814.

CUMHA.

Do dh-Alustair Domhnallach, a chaidh a bhathadh aig Merigomish mu 'n bhliadhna 1830, Bu bhrathair e do Dhomhnall Mor Mherimasi. Chaidh Iain Camshron, iar-ogha do 'n Talllear Mac Alastair, a bhathadh comhla ris.

LE AILEAN DOMHNALLACH.

Tha sgeul truagh a 's cuaidh ri 'aithris
 'Tigh 'nn air m' aire an drasta;
 Sgeul a chualas mu na chailleadh,
 Alastair a bhathadh.
 Cha b' e 'n solas dhuit e, 'Dhomhnaill,
 Gur h-e 'leon 's a chraidh thu,
 An corp ciatach 'bu ghlan fiamh
 A bhi gun dìon 's an t-saile.

Fear a chuirp a bha ro chuimte
 'N uair chunnacas 'u a shlaint' e;
 Fear 'chuil duinn 's a' chalpa chruinn
 Fo 'n phearsa thruim gun fhailinn;
 Fear 'chuil duallaich 'bu ghlan snuadh,
 Suil ghorm gun ghruaim 'bu bhlaith;

'S an cridhe fiallaidh 'bha gu' ghianh
'S nach gabhadh fiamh roimh namhaid.

Cridhe cruaidh an trod no 'n tuasaid,
Bhuannaicheadh thar chaich leat;
'N t armunn beachdail a bha smachdail,
'Dh' fhas gu reachdunhor laidir,
Miann gach sul' a bhi 'gael fhaicinn,
'Fhir bu ghaisgeil nadur,
Fo 'n fheileadh bhreacain air a phieatadh
Anns an fhasan Ghaidh' lach.

Aghaidh mhacanta ghlan chaoimhneil,
Ghabh gach maighdean gradh ort;
Intinn shoillse'neach mar dhaoimean,
Cha robh foill a' d' nadur;
Ach deas cruadalach mar shaighdear,
'Fhir a' ghaoirdean laidir;
'S mor am bristeadh air Claun-Domhuail,
Fear do neoil 'gam fagail.

Bu tu 'n Domhmallach gun mheachd,
'H-uile car dhe 'n danaig.
De 'n dream chluiteach mhuirneach
mhaiseach,
Nach robh tais no sgathach,
D e shiol uasal nam fear uaibhreach.
A bha shuas 's a Bhraighe;
B' iad sid na suinn a b' annsa leinn,
'Bha anns na glinn 'gan arach.

Tha do bhraithrean deurach duilich,
'S muldach mar tha iad
S an companach dha 'n dug thu gaol
Tha 'n comhnaidh caoidh na dh' fhaig e,
Cha 'n 'eil neach a chunnaic riamh thu
Nach 'eil cianail craiteach;
'S goirt ri innseadh bhi 'g a sgriobhadh
Thun na tir 'san dh' fhas thu.

Bu sgeul bronach thanaig oirnn
 'N uair 'chaidh na seoid a bhathadh;
 Bha 'n gill' og 'bha caoinhneil coir ann,
 Fear gun gho 'na nadur;
 'N Camshronach bho Dhoch-an-fhasaidh
 Nam fear sgairteil laidir;
 Ach mo challtachd anns an am ud
 Gu 'n robh Saundi Ban ann.

Rugadh Ailean Dòmhnallach ann an Allt-an-t-Srathain an Lochabar 's a bhliadhna 1794. Bu mbac e do dh-Alastair Mac Aonghais, mhic Alastair Bhain, mhic Alastair Mhoir, mhic Aonghais a' Bhoichdain, mhic Aonghais Mhoir Bhoirh-Fhionntain, mhic Alastair, mhic Iain Duibh, mhic Raonaill Mhoir na Ceapaich. Bha 'athair 'n a dhroghair, agus a' fuireach ann bitheantas an Achadh-nan-Coinnichean an Gleann-Spiathain, B' i a mhathair, Mairi Chaimbeul, nighean do Dhòmhnall mac Iain Duibh a bha 'comhnuidh ann an Achadh-a'-Mhadaidh an Gleann Ruaidh. Bha e 'n a chiobair aig Iain Baa Inuse. Bha e posda ri Catriona Nic Mhuirich, nighean do Mhuireach Mac-Mhuirich. Thanaig e do 'n dt-thaich so 's a bhliadhna 1816. Bha e a' fuireach greis air a Mham, no 'n Ridge, an Cape Breatunn, Dh' fhag e 'n t-ate sin 's a bhliadhna 1847, agus thanaig e a dh' fhuireach do 'n Abhainn a Deas an Antigonish. Bha e 'n a fhior Ghaidheal, agus 'na dhuine fiosrach. Bha moran de sheann orain aig' air a theauga. Chaochail e 's a bhliadhna 1868. 'S e Ailean an Ridge a theirteadh ri ann bitheantas.

ORAN.

Do dh-Aonghas Camhshron, mar gu
'm b' ann le uighinn oig.

LUINNEAG.

Och, mar tha mi is mi 'n ann onar,
Gur h-e a chraibh mi nach robh sinn
comhla,
Mo cheist an t-Heach, mo leannan dileas,
Mo chreach 's me dhìobhail bhi 'dhitha
do chomhraidh.

Nà'e 's e nu ghaol an t uasal
A dh' fhalbh an cuan, 's ann Di-leuin a
sheol e;
Do ghradh tha 'm bhuaireadh 's a dh'
fhag cho truagh mi,
S e fath no ghruamain nac d' fhuair mi
coir ort.

Mo cheirt an fìuran a dh' fhag an duthaich
Le luing mbath uir fo 'cuid shiùil a'
seoladh;

Nach gabhadh curam a dhol g' a stiùir-
eadh,

'S a dheanadh iul 's tu mu chursaibh
eolach.

Na 'n eireadh stòirn ort no seideadh
gailbheach

Bu treum neo-chearbach air fabh lum
'bord thu;

Bu ro mhath t' inn cèhd gu tarruing
direach.

Pear mara 's tìr' thu, 's bu dileas dhomh
s' thu.

Lamh 'bu chiontach' a theirneadh sgriob-
badh,

Le nte pinn gu 'm bu ghrinn do mheoirean;
 Bu sgoilear Beurl' thu 'bu ro mhath
 leughadh.

Le barrachd ceille, 's tu beusach, boid-
 heach.

Gach dealbh 'bu bhriagha 's 'bu taitneach
 ionnhaigh

Bu mheith do mhinnaibh gu 'n cur an
 ordagh;

Gn 'n tarruing ceutach gu dreachmhor,
 eibhinn;

Thug mise 'speis dhuit nach treig ri m'
 bheo mi.

Na 'm cluch a' chiud gu 'm bu mheadha;
 ionnsaicht' thu;

Dannsair suandach air urkar bhord thu;

Do cheum troimh 'n ruidhle 's e thogadh
 m' iuntinn;

Gur h-ionad moneg air ti do phoige.

Fear inich calma 'bu ghrinne dealbh thu
 'S tu cuimhir ga bh' ged nach duine mor
 thu;

Na 'n togteadh 'suas thu gu trod no
 tuasaid,

Bu simeatail cruidh thu gu bualadh
 dhornaibh.

Gur mis' tha 'm eigin mu 'n fhear a
 threig mi.

'S a dh' fhalbh an de a loch reidh Bhras
 d'Or bliuainn,

Ach Aonghais oig gus an dig thu 'n
 rubh so

Cha tog mi suil ri fear eile 'phosadh.

Angus Cameron was a native of Islay.
 He was a school-master.

ORAN MOLAI DH.

Do Mhairi nighean Alastair Dhochan
thasaidh.

LE ALASTAIR DOMHNALLACH.

Air dhonn' bhi 'm aonar
Troimh aonach nam beann,
Gu 'n d' ghleus mi na tendan
'S gun te dhiu air chall,
Gu seinn mar bu mbianm leam
'Chur rian air gach rann
De nigh 'n duinn a chuil shuimhain
So sbios ann sa' ghleann.
'S Ban-Chamshronach chinnteach
An ribhinn ghlan og,
Dhe 'n fhuinne cho rioghail
'S a chinn san Roinn-Eorp'
Gu 'm b' ainmeil 'n an tim iad
Ri 'n inns' anns gach seol;
'S math 'sheas iad Sir Eoghan,
Lamh theom' air cqeann sloigh,
Gur gile mo chaileag
Na canach dam bniach;
Na colhar na mara
Air bhanaibh nan stuadh;
Na sneachda nan speuran
A thearnas 'n a luths
Bho charbad nan ardaibh
Le athne gaoirh tuath,
Mac 'n oiteag chinim theathail
Bho g' arach nam flur
Tha 'h-annail bho poraibh
'Foirn comhraidh gu sound;
'S tha mealt-shuilean modhar
Ga s' obaidh le tur,
Gu imeachd 's na raidean

'Thug airde dhia cliu.

Mar 'n ros 'n nair a 's aill' e
 Fà bhàre ibh nan braon,
 Tò a ur-chruith na h-oighe
 'Thug corr air gach aon.
 'S binne i lean na 'n sineorach,
 'S a og-mhàlann chaoim,
 An rus a' mhios' Chertein
 Air gheugaibh nan craobh.

Tha 'cuailin mu 'gnailibh
 'N a dhualagaibh diuth,
 Gu sniomhanach, boidheach,
 'Ga comhlach mar chrum,
 'N a chaomgaibh riomhach,
 Ro ghrinn fo 'eir-chuill,
 Gu cuachagach, faineach
 Mu bhraighe mo ruin

Is binne na teudan
 Gu h-reidh na h-oigh' mhald':
 B' e m' aiteas is m' eibh-neas
 Bhi 'g eisdeachd ri m' ghtadh,
 'Nnair 'ghleusadh i 'duanag
 Am bhaile nam ba,
 Laoigh oga mu 'n cuairt d' i,
 'S a' chuace 's i fo chraic.

Ge b' e gheibh air laimh
 An deas ailleag gh'en ur,
 'Fbig caoinhneas gu 'fhardaich
 Bheir cha san gach muirn.
 'N nair 'ni e 'bhean uasal
 A bhuannachd le clin,
 An 'm mol e na laithean
 'S na thar e oirr' iul.

Alexander Macdonald is a native of Moirdart. He lives in Keppoch, Antigonish.

Donnachadh Gobha.

Duncan MacKay, commonly called Donnachadh Gobha, was a crofter in Ardbrylach near Kingussie. He was an honest and pious man. He was an elder in the Parish of Kingussie. He died about the year 1820. He was at the time of his death a very old man. He is buried in the churchyard of Kingussie. Three of his poems are given in Turner's collection. These are, a poem in praise of Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, an elegy on James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian, and Call Ghadhaig.

Captain John Macpherson, Oicheir Dubh Bhaile Chrodhain, perished in a dreadful storm of wind and snow in the forest of Gaick on the night of December 31st, 1799. Four men who had accompanied him to the forest perished with him. These men were Donald Macgillivray, James Grant, Duncan MacFarlane, and Iain Og a Farrais, who was a MacPherson. Donald MacGillivray, called in the poem Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh and Domhnall na Tulaich, was a mother's brother of the late Rev. Angus McGillivray of Springville. He was a fox-hunter. James Grant was a young man in his employ. Duncan MacFarlane was a native of Rannoch. The house occupied by Capt. Macpherson and those with him on the night of the storm was in a valley at the foot of

a lofty mountain. It was all swept away except a part of the back. The spot on which it stood was covered with six feet of snow. The lintel of the door, which was a stone of large size, was carried to a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. The bodies of Capt. Macpherson, Donald Macgillivray, James Grant and Iain-Og were found on the site of the house a few days after the storm. The body of Duncan Mcfarlane was not found until nearly three months afterward. It was about two hundred yards from the house. The dogs, were all killed, and their bones broken in pieces. Some of the guns were broken, and others bent and twisted. Capt. Macpherson had gone to the forest to hunt deer. He was in the sixty second year of his age.

Call Ghadhaig.

LE DONNACHADH GOBHA.

An Nollaig mu dheireadh de'n chiad
 Cha chuir sinn an cunntas nam mios;
 Gu ma h-annoch thig i 'ris,
 Bu ghriomach a bhean taige i.

Cha d'fhag i subhaltach sinn,
 Cha d'fhuair i beannachd 'san tir,
 Cha danaic sonas r'a linn,
 Ach mi-thoilinntinn 'san-shocair.

Sheid a' ghaoth am frith nam fiadh
 Nach cualas a leithid riamh,

'S chuir i breitheanas an gnìomh
A bha gun chiall, gun fhathamas.

Bu chruaidh an cath 'san seideadh garbh,
As nach b'urraim aon fhear falbh,
Dh'innseadh ciamar chaidh an t-sealg,
Dhe'n laraich mhairbh' thoirt naidheachd
dhuinn.

Rinn sinn an cruinneachadh fann,
'S cha b'ann gu cluich air a' bhall,
Ach thoirt nan corp as an fhang,
An gnìomh a bh'ann bu ghrathail e.

Bha 'n t-Oicheir Dubh air an ceann,
Chuir e cul r'a thaigh 's r'a chlann;
Na'n tuiteadh e'n cath na Fraing
Cha bhiodh a chall cho farranach.

Bha cruaidh fhortan dha 'san dan,
Thionail e fear dhe gach sraid,
Gu bothan nach do choisrig iad
Mu thoiseach snaim nan clachairean.

Dalladh a bhreitheanais chruaidh
'Mhort e fhein'sna bh'ann de shluagh;
Bha Prionns' an adhair mu'n cuairt,
'S gu'n d'fhuair e buaidh an latha sin.

'S duilich leam ni eile 'th'ann
Air am bi moran a' cainnt,
Bha eirbhir nan corp air a cheann,
Na dh'iompaich ann am plathadh iad.

Fhuair a cholunn ceusadh cruaidh,
'S a ghleann dorcha 's nach robh truas,
Mu'n do thog na spioraid suas
Gu sonas buan nam flaitheas iad.

'S geur na saighdean 'n eridh an t-sluaigh
 Bho 'n d'thog e 'chreach 'san an-uair:
 Ach biodh bhur doigh am fuil an Uain
 Gu'm faigh sibh 'n suaimhneas roimhibh
 iad.

'S coma ciamar thig am bas,
 Co dhiu 'sa mhuir no sa charn,
 Moladh sibhse Rìgh nan gras,
 Gu bheil Fear-tearnaidh 'feitheamh ruinn

Na dugaibhs' breith lochdach, luath,
 Air ciamar thanaic an uair;
 Bho na Bhreitheamh Mhor tha shuas
 Gheibh dabine duais an abhagais.

Recruitigeadh dubh gun adh
 Cha robh riamh leis ach na spairn,
 'S chuir e saltraigeadh dhe ainm
 A bhios luchd-anacainnt 'gaithris air.

A chasg mi-ruin is droch sgeil
 Tha trian m' orain-sa gu leir;
 'S tha teaghlach Bhaile-Chrodhain fhein
 A cur mo speis an amharas.

Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh nam beann,
 Domhnall na Tulaich bha ann,
 Le 'lothainn ghasda gun fheall,
 Is Seumas Grannd a' feitheamh air.

Is mor an ionndrainn e 'n am
 A bhi 'cur faoghaid 'feadh bheann
 Eadar machair shios nan Gall
 'S a suas gu ceann Srath-Fharagaig.

Bu ghill' e 'bheireadh spors do rìgh,
 Le 'choin 's le ghunna neo-chli;

Bha e connspuinneach 'san strith,
'S bu mhin 'sa ghabhail rathaid e.

Donnachadh Mac Farlain gun fheall,
B'e deagh fhear-an-taigh' a bh'ann;
Lamh fhoghainteach an srath's an gleann,
Nach faiceadh call an atharraich.

Bu mhath leis pailteas mu 'lainh
'S cha b' ann gu 'fhalach air cach,
Air a sporan cha bhiodh snaim
'Nuair thigeadh am a chaitheamh dha.

B'fhear spors e comuinn is graidh,
Ged thug e seal bhuainn air chall,
Mu'n d'fhas odhar anart chaich,
Thug pailteas lamh gu cairidh e.

Bha Iain og a Farrais ann,
'N geard a' bhaile 'rinn e bearn;
Ged dh' fhagadh sin athair dall,
Cha b' innisg ann sa bheatha s' e.

Bha e og gu tigh'nn a'm' chainnt,
Cha robh m' eolas air ach gann,
Tha mi cluinntinn aig luchd-daimh'
Gu 'm b' ionndrainn ann san talamh s' e.

A cheathrar'fhuair pronnadh chnamh
Tha 'n latha 'tighinn gun dail,
Nuair dh'fhosglar leabhar nan gras,
Sam faighear sabhailt' fhathast iad.

'Is lon d' ar n-anmaibh bhur sith,
'S bhur n-ainmeanan fhaighinn sgriobht'
'N oighreachd a's gile na ghrian
A choisinn Rìgh nan aingeal dhuinn.

Gach neach tha 'g imeachd fo'n speur
'Their gur h-e a neo-chiont fein

Tha ga shaoradh bho dhroch theum
Tha spiorad breig' a' labhairt ris.

Sgairidh mi thuireadh nach fhiach,
Cha dean mi tuilleadh 'chur sios,
'S dona 'n ceol do'n Nollaig i,
Aig a ro-mhiad 'sa sgaradh sinn.

Ach bruidhnidh gach linn thig an aird
Am mìle bliadhna so slau
Air a bhreitheanas so 'bha,
'Sa 'n sgrios a bh'ann sa chathadh ud.

Gadhaig dhubh nam feadhan fiar
Cha robh ach na striopaich riamh,
Na ban-bhuidsich a toirt na lion
Gach fir le 'm b' mhiannach laighe leath.

O, daisgibh mu 'm fas sibh liath,
'S dluithibh bhur cas ris an t-sliabh,
Feuch gu 'm bi bhur fagadh deant',
Mu 'n deid a' ghrian a laighe oirbh.

Eirbhir, act of asking or blaming.—
Abhagas, a false suspicion.—Atharrach, a
foreigner.—Cairidh, a mound, a tomb.

Domhnall Gobha.

Donald Chisholm, commonly called Domhnall Gobha, was born in Knockfin in Strathglass. His father, John Chisholm, was a blacksmith. His father had six children Ann, Eliza, Donald, John, William and Finlay. Donald was a farmer and grazier. He married Margaret daughter of Donald Chisholm of Cnoc an Daimh. He had five

sons, Alexander, John, William, Archy and Donald. William was a priest. Archy was a blacksmith. Donald Gobha left Strathglass, and came to Nova Scotia in 1801. He was an old man, probably nearly seventy years of age, at the time. He settled at Lower South River in the county of Antigonish. He died in 1810. We have obtained several of Domhnall Gobha's poems from John Chisholm, Schoolmaster, James River, Antigonish. Mr. Chisholm is a son of Colin, son of John, Domhnall Gobha's brother. He has a great number of Gaelic poems by heart. Though over eighty years of age his memory is about as strong as ever. He is still fresh-looking and active.

ORAN.

DO CHAIPTEIN DONNACHADH SIOSAL, MAC
SIOSALACH STRATHGHLAIS.

LE DOMHNALL GOBHA.

Na seachd ceud 's an ceith 'r fichead ann,
Mil' 's da bhliadhna a nis againn,
Fhuair mi naidheachd bu mhisde mi
Sgeula bais air an t-Siosalach;
Gur h-e lagaich mo mhisneach
Thu bha 'n Sasunn fo lic 's tu gun chomh-
radh.

Gur h-e lagaich &c.

Sid an naidheachd a chradh-lot mi,
Bu sgeul cruaidh dha do chairdean e,
Chraobh dhe 'n abhall a b'airde dhiu

'Luaithead 'sa ghiorraich do laithean oirnn
 'S cha bu mhearachd dhomh 'raitinn ruibh
 Gu'n robh aobhar dhuibh 'n trath sin bhi
 bronach.

Tha 'n taobh tuath so fo eislean deth
 Bho na chualas gu'n d'eug thu oirnn,
 Eadar macraichean reidh, farsuinn,
 Agus Gaidhealtachd reidhleineach,
 Astar marcaich no steud-eich;
 Gur h-ìomadh fear a bha deidheil air t
 eolas.

'S iomadh aon a bha acaineach
 Bho na chualas gu'n d' thaisgeadh
 An' cuirtear finealta, fasanta,
 Fear bu mhiadhaile cleachdainnean,
 Cha bu chrìne air 'n do bheachdaich thu;
 Bha gach ni a' fas pailt dhuit ge b'og thu.

Bu cheann-fin' air na Glaisich thu,
 B'ard chaiptein 'san ais-sith thu,
 Bha do thurn gu ro bheachdail
 An am dol sìos ann sna baitealan;
 'S e mo dhiobhail mar thachair e,
 Gu 'n thu, Dhonnachaidh, thigh'nn dach-
 aidh a'd' bheo-shlaint.

Bho na ghioraicheadh t'aimsir oirnn
 Gu bheil sinne ann an ana-cothram;
 Ach taing do Dhia gu bheil dearbhadh air
 Gu bheil oighre neo leanabaidh oirnn;
 'S innsidh mise mar sheanachas dhuibh
 Gu'n robh urram fir Alba bho thos
 dhuibh.

Labhraidh mise, 's co dh' aicheas e,
 Gu'n robh beannachd siol Adhaimh leibh;
 B'aithne dh'Aonghas nan abhaistean e,

'S bha e eolach 's gach cearna
'S am biodh storas 'ga phairteachadh
Ri luchd-cuilm is ri araidhnean coire.

Dh'aoir Aonghas na ficheadan,
'S dh'fhag e 'n fheil aig an t-siosalach;
Sid mar dh'eireadh na gibhtean leibh,
Lan ceill agus misniche;
Cha robh 'n eucoir dhuibh fiosrach;
Feuch co bhreugaicheas mise 'nam chomh-
radh?

'S iomad fine bha cairdeach dhuit;
Bhiodh Mac-Coinnich Chinn-t-saile leat;
Bhiodh fir Chnoideart is Arisaig
Is Gleann-Garadh nach fail'neach leat;
'S bhiodh Mac-Shimi na h-Airde leat
Leis an rachadh fir dhan' ann an ordagh.

Bho na dh' fhailnich mo gheire orm,
Is nach sgoileir gu leughadh mi,
'S fear gun tuigse, gun reuson mi,
Is cha deonaich sluagh eisdeachd rium;
Ach mar dh'innis each sgeul dhomh
Fhuair sibh urram nach treig ri bhur beo
sibh.

Oran.

Do Mhaidsear Seumas Siosal. Mac do
Shiosalach Strathghlais.

LE DOMHNALL GOBHA.

Mile bliadhna gu bedhd,
De na ciadan a seachd,
'Sceithir fichead, sid marc na cunntais.
Mile bliadhna &c.

Tha naoidh eile ann a chorr.—
 Sin 'nuair fhuair sinn ar leon,
 Dh'eug am Maidsear; mo bhron, chaidh 'n
 uir air.

Bha mi roimhe dheth bochd,
 Ach tha mi nise ro ghoirt;
 'S ann a dh-fhosgaileadh lot as ur orm.

Gur tric saighdean a bhais
 Tigh'nn 'gam chlaoidheadh gach la;
 Dh'eug an t-seiseir, sid fath mo dhiubhail.

B'ann diu Ruairidh an tos
 Agus Donnachadh ur og,
 Agus Alastair morfhear cliuiteach.

Agus Seumas nam buadh,
 Bu shar cheannard an t-sluaigh,
 'S gu 'm bu chlogaide cruadhach dhuinne'.

Chaill na Glaisich an sgiath,
 Is an clogaide dion',
 'S claidheamh soluis bu ghnìomhach turn
 daibh.

Is bogha b' fhearr streing
 Eideadh cruadhach gun mheang,
 Ursann-chatha bu gharadh-cuil duinn.

Is an Gaidheal gun smal,
 Bu ro shìobhalta gean,
 'S tu bu gharg ann an cath nan trupan.

'S iomad batraidh is ruaig
 Ris 'n do sheasamh thu cruaidh;
 'Mhic an t-siosalaich fhuair thu 'n cliu ud.

Fichead bliadha 's a deich,

Thug thu 'n tim ud gun cheist,
'S cha bu chladhaire thu 'n teas an fhud-
air.

Am Fontenoi nan lann,
Dh'fheuch thu cruadal do dhream,
Thug thu brosnachadh teann dhaibh dub-
ailt.

Ach fhir a dh'fhuirich 'n 'ur n-ait
Dia 'gad sheoladh mar bha
Na fir ghasd'tha mi'n drast ag ionndrainn.

A bha tighearnail, tlath,
Measail, misneachail, ard,
Dha 'n robh gibhtean nach d'fhas an diu-
can.

Ach bheir mi 'n t-oran gu ceann
Bho 'n tha m'eolas ro ghann,
'S cuiream crìoch air mo rann le tursa.

Oran.

Le Domhnall Gobha, air dha a bhi a'
fagail a dhuthcha.

LUINNEAG.

O, tha mi nise liath
'N deigh na chunnaic mi riamh;
'S ged is eiginn dhomh bhi triall,
'Shiorrachd 's beag mo speis dha.

Bha mi og ann an Strathghlais,
'S bha mi 'n duil nach rachainn as;
Ach bho 'n chaidh na suinn fo lic
Gabhaidh mi 'n ra-treuta.

Ged a tha mo choiseachd trom
 Togaidh mi m'aigheadh le fonn;
 'Nuair a theid mi air an luing,
 Co chuireas rium geall-reise?

'N tacharan so th'air ar ceann
 Sgiot e 'dhaoine 's tha iad gann;
 'S fearr leis caoraich ann am fang
 Na fir an camp fo fheileadh.

Comunn cairdeil cha 'n 'eil ann,
 Cha 'n 'eil eisdeachd aig fear ann,
 Mur cuir thu caoirich ri gleann
 Bidh tu air cheann na deirce.

Bha mi uair, 'nuair bha mi og,
 'S dheanainn cosnadh air gach doigh;
 Ach a nis bho 'n d'fhalbh mo threoir
 Mo stòras cha dean feum dhomh.

Gheibh sinn acraichean bho 'n rìgh,
 Tighearnan gu'n dean e dhinn;
 Cha b'ionnan 's a bhi mar bha 'n linn
 'Bha paigheadh eis' do Cheusar.

Na gabhaibh eagal a cuan,
 Faicibh mar sgoilt a Mhuir Ruadh;
 'S cumhachdan an Ti 'tha shuas
 Tha 'n diu cho buan 's an ceudla.



The Chisholms of Strath- glass.

Wiland Chisholm obtained a charter of the lands of Comar and other lands in Strathglass in 1513. John son of Alexander, son of Alexander, son of John, son of Alexander, son of John, son of Wiland was chief of the Chisholms at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He married a daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon, by whom he had two sons, Roderick his heir, and Alexander who settled in Muckrach. Roderick was a very popular chief. He fought at Sheriffmuir in 1715. He died in 1785. He had five sons, Alexander his successor, Major James who died in 1789, Dr. William, Provost of Inverness, who died in 1807, John a captain in the army, and Rory, who was a colonel in the army of Prince Charles and fell at Culloden in 1746. Alexander Roderick's eldest son and successor, had five sons, Captain Duncan who died in London in 1782, Alexander who succeeded his father, and was known as an Siosalach Ban, Roderick who died abroad, William who succeeded his brother Alexander, and James who died in the West Indies. Alexander, An Siosalach Ban, died without male issue, in 1793. He had one daughter, Mary, who was married to James Gooden, a merchant in London. William, who succeeded his brother, married, in 1795, Eliza, daughter of Duncan Macdonell of Glengarry and Marjory

Grant, "Marsaili Bhinneach". He had two sons, Alexander-William and Duncan Macdonnell. He is the chief of whom Domhnall Gobha speaks as "an tacharan so 'th' air ar ceann." He died in 1817. Alexander-William his successor was born in 1810, and died in 1838. Duncan Macdonnell, who succeeded his brother, died in 1858. He was the last of Ruairidh MacIain's legitimate descendants in the male line.

Alexander, second son of John of Strathglass, and brother of Ruairidh MacIain, had two sons, Alexander who lived in Knockfin and John a captain in the army. Captain John had two sons, Peter and Alexander, both of whom died unmarried. Alexander of Knockfin had three sons, Roderick, Donald, and Alexander. Roderick had one son, James-Sutherland, who upon the death of Duncan Macdonnell in 1858, became Chisholm of Strathglass. Donald had two sons, but both died unmarried. Alexander came to Nova Scotia. He was married to Jennet, daughter of Duncan Grant and Helen Chisholm in Glenmoriston, and sister of the Rev. Colin Grant of Arisaig, Nova Scotia. He had one son, Duncan Ban, and three daughters. Duncan Ban was a merchant in Antigonish. He married Margaret, daughter of Patrick Power, by whom he had two daughters, Helen and Jennet. He died in 1867, in the 50th year of his age. James Sutherland of Strathglass died in 1888. He left two daughters.

Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair.

Alexander Campbell, better known as Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair, was a native of Gairloch. He was born about the year 1748. He was a clear headed and active man. He received no education in his youth, but after he grew up he learned to read the Gaelic testament. He could repeat a vast amount of Ossianic poetry that he had learnt from old men in his boyhood. He was the bosom friend of William Ross, the poet. He was ground officer for Sir Hector MacKenzie, of Gairloch. He was married and had four sons, Roderick, John, Evander, Donald. He died in 1844, being in the 96th year of his age. Alexander MacKenzie, the historian of the Clans, is his great-grand son.

Oran an Uisge-Bheatha.

LE ALASTAIR BUIDHE MACIAMHAIR.

O! b'aithne dhoMh suiridheach neo-iomra-
 llach, greannmhor,
 Mireanach, mireagach, diulanta,
 A leumadh, a ruitheadh, a chluicheadh,
 'sa dhannsadh,
 Cinneadail, innealta, curamach.
 'N am suidhe mu 'n bhord gu'n dig moran
 na chuideachda,
 A ghabhail nan oran gu solasach, suig-
 eartach;

Bhiodh bodaich is cailleachan a deurbhadh
 'sa deasbaireachd,
 Is gbeibheadh tu ursgeulan ur aca.

Cha 'n 'eil posadh no banais, cuis gheana no
 ghaire
 'Chithear cho ceart mar bi druthag ann;
 Aig toiseach na diota 'se dh'iarrar an trath
 sin.

Is feairrde na stamagan srubag dheth.
 'S leis dunadh gach bargain, is dearbhadh
 gach fineachais,
 Ciad phog bean na bainns' 'si toirt taing
 do na mhinistir,
 Chuireadh e dhanns'iad 's beag an ionn-
 stramaid 'shireadh iad,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi gille cho surdail ris.

'Nuair theid Macantoisich' na chomhdach's
 na armachd,
 C'ait a bheil gaisgeach a mhoidheadh air?
 Chuireadh e samhach na baird 'sa chliath-
 sheanachaidh,
 Chuireadh e chadal 'sna cuiltean iad.
 Cha robh duine 'san rioghachd a shineadh
 air carraid ris,
 Nach buaileadh e'cheann a dh'aon mhlael
 ris na talaintean,
 'S dh'fhagt' egun sgoinn deanamhgreim ris
 na ballachan,
 Mar gu 'm biodh amadan 's luireach air.

'M fear a's luaith' ann an astar 's a 's brais
 'ann an nadur,
 Bheireadh e 'chasan 's a luths bhuaithe;
 'M fear a's bronaich' a dhise, gun mhisn-
 each, gun mhanran,
 Chuireadh e 'mhire air an urlar e.

'M fear a's mo ann an stairn bheireadh sraibh air
 gu'n tuiteadh e,
 Chuireadh e 'n t-amhlair gu oran 's gu cruiteir-
 eachd,
 Ni e'm bacach nach gluaiseadh cho luath ris na
 h-uisèagan,
 'S ni e na trusdaran fiughantach.

'M fear 'bhios 'na chruban air cul an taigh-osda
 Nach deid a staigh leis an sgugaireachd ;
 Ged tha airgiod na thasgidh tha glas air 'na
 phocaid,
 Rud a thoirt aisde cha duraig e.
 'Nuair thig am fear coir 'bhios an toir air a chuid-
 eachda,
 Bheir e air sgeod e gu seomar nam buidealan,
 'S nuair dh'olas e dha thig a nadar gu rudeigin,
 'S their e thoir thugainn mar shuigheas sinn.

Tha moran an deigh air an Eirinn 's an Albainn,
 Ged a tha cuid aca diombach air,
 Tha daoine agus mnathan 'tha mathasach, geam-
 naidh
 'Ghabhas deth glaine gu'n urachdainn.
 Is feairrde fear turs' e 'chur muig agus airtneal
 dheth,
 'S ainneamh bean-shiubhla nach duraigeadh blasad
 air,
 'S mur faigh a bhean-ghluin 'e bidh tuchan is
 cnatan oirr'
 'S falbhaidh i dhachaidh is stuic oirre.

Ars' ceit Nic-a-Phearsain 's e fasan nan Gaidheal.
 'Nuair a thig leasachdainn ur orra,
 Am botul 'san glaine 's an t-aran, 's an cais
 Bhi gan tarruing mu seach as a chulaisde.

Their a bhean choir ris a choisir a thuigeadh i,
 “ Gabhaibh ’ur morning, cha mhor e ’s ’ur triob-
 laid dhinn ;

Tha botul no dha an so lan is tha pigidh ann,
 Faighibh an t-slige ’s na coamhnaibh e.”

Taigh-Dige Nam Fear Eachannach.

LE ALASTAIR BUIDHE MAC IAMHAIR.

’S uaigneach an nochd ’tha geatachan
 Taigh-dige nam fear Eachannach ;
 Tha caochladh mor ri ’fhaicinn ann ;
 Tha teaghlach nam fear gaisgeanta
 Air a ghlasadh ’s e gun cheol.

Tha ’n teaghlach, mheadhrach, mhanranach,
 ’Bha sugach, muirneal, ailgheasach,
 Fo ghruaim, gun fhuaim, gun ghaireachdaich,
 Gun ol, gun cheol ’ga bhairigeadh
 Mar a b’abhaist do na seoid.

Chunnacas uair gum b’ fhoirmeil sibh
 Le cuirt, ’s bha cliu ’feadh Alb’ oirbh ;
 Fir aotrom ’shiubhal gharbhlaichean,
 ’S iad sunndach, luthar, anmanta,
 Neo-chearbach ann san toir.

’S bha ceannard fialaidh, fughantach,
 ’Bha miadhail, rianail, curamach,

Ceann-uibhe chliar is dhiulanach.
'San teaghlach mheadhrach, mhuirneil ud,
'Tha'n nochd gun smuid, gun cheo.

Mo Bhruadar Cinnteach
An Raoir.

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Mo bhradar cinnteach an raoir,
I bhi sinnte ri m' thaobh,
Bean nam min bhasan caomh a
b' anas leam.
Bean nam min bhasan, &c.

Cha b' ann air truailleachd, a ruin,
'Bha m' aire 'gluasad 's cha b' fhiu,
Bu sholas suaine dhomh cubhr' achd
t' analach.

Bhon a fhuair mi thu og,
'S a bhuain mi 'n uaigneas an ros,
'S gnothach cruaidh gu 'n d'rinn Deors'
ar dealachadh.

Bu lionmhor, torrach gach camp,
Le sgrios 'lann sholuis do'n Fhraing ;
An gnìomh 's an drolachd a mheall
bho 'r leannain sin.

Tha sinn an Africa 'n drast,
Fad' o'r cairdean 's luchd-daimh,
Gun fhios cait am bi 'n tamh no 'n
calachan.

A dol do'n Eipha't le'r sluagh
Gum bu reidh leinn gach buaidh ;
Didean Dhe bha mu'n cuairt 's
gach deannal dhuinn.

Tha roinn 'sa chabhlach 'bu mhiann
Leam fhin gu h-araid an dion
Os cionn chaich 'n uair a dh' iadhas
aingeal ruinn :

Na Gaidheil ghasd a's mor pris,
Air nach laigh airsneul no sgios ;
Is ur na gaisgich nach ciosnaich anastachd.

Feachd le'n ceannsaichteadh buaidh,
'S bu mhìre 'dhannsadh 'san ruaig ;
Sud an dream dha 'n robh 'n cruadal
amasach.

Tha tri comuinn gu spairn,
Aig Abercrombi dhiu 'n drast ;
Bho Albinn thonnaich nan ard bheann
gailleanach.

An ceud chomunn 'sa chluich
Gum b'i 'n Reisimead Dhulbh;
Bha luaidhe Fhrangach 'san t-sruth
a stealladh oirr'.

Sar ghaigich gun chealg
A's daor a choisinn an gorm,
Le fuil fhrasach an garbh chom
dhanarra.

'Tha Clann-Chamshroin nam pàc,
 Nach bu leanabail 'san strith,
 Is comhlan ainmeil 'san tìr s' aig
 Ailean, diu.

Ard cheannard smachdail an airm,
 Leis 'm bu shunndach gaisgich air sheirm,
 Luchd nan glas lann gunn rheirg,
 gun smal orra.

An comhlan 'soige de'n triuir
 Tha guineach, comhragach, dur,
 'Thog Morair Deors' e gu cliu 's cha b' aith-
 reachh dha.

The British forces under Sir Ralph Abercromby landed in Egypt, on the 8th of March, 1801.



Lion An Gloine Gu 'Straic.



ORAN DO SHIM DOMHNALLACH
 TRIACH MHOR THIR.



. LE ALASTAIR MACFHCNGHAIN.



Lion an gloine gu' straic
 De dh' fhion mear as an Spainn,
 Ged bhiodh galan 'na chlar
 Tionndaidh thairis a shail
 Air an fhear 'theid 'sgach spairn chliuitich
 Air an fhair &c.

An triath Morthrieach fearail,
 Am fìor Dhomhnallach soilleir,

Siol nan connspunn nach tilleadh
 An am dortadh ri teine,
 Craobh chomhraig nach tiomaich gun
 diobhail.

A cheart aindeoin luchd-miruin,
 Le'n gaol air sgainneal gun fhirinn,
 'Theann ri sgaradh ar disleachd,
 'S cairdeas fala ar sinnsireachd ;
 Tha 'n t-og Alastair dileas
 Dhuit mar charraig, 's cha diobair e uair
 thu.

Tha e daimheil tri-filte
 Dha t'og bhaintighearna phriseil,
 Ur ros mhanta na firinn
 Fo dhruichd samhraidh a's millse ;
 Slios mar eal' air bharr siopuinn
 an cuan i.

Feucag alainn de'n fh'n' i,
 Seud an garadh a cinnidh,
 A beus mar sgathan le gilid,
 Mar ghrein a'dearrsadh air mhire
 A gheug fo bhlath gun a milleadh le fuar-
 achd.

Bho nach bard mi no filidh,
 Ach fear-dana gun sireadh,
 A mhile pairt duibh cha'n innis
 Mi dhe 'talantan grinne ;
 'S tim dhomh tamh agus tilleadh ri m'
 uaibheachd;

An treun laoch fearail gun sgath,
 Nach eisdeadh sgainneal no tair,
 A' leum mar dhealanach ard,
 Mar bheithir falaig 'sa' bhlar ;
 Rìgh nan aingeal 's nan gras ga d' stiuradh.

Le lann liomhte an tarruing
 Bu tu 'n saighdear air t'angaibh ;
 'Chit' soills' is a' faileas,
 'Bualadh phoiccannan smearail ;
 Bhiodh luchd t' fhoille 's allt fal' orra
 'bruchdadh.

An trath 'nochdteadh do shioda
 Ri crann snaidhte, deas, direach,
 Chruinnicheadh gaisgich nach strìochdadh,
 Luch nan glas lannan liomhte,
 Air an fhaiche 's do phìob a cur sunnd
 or'.

Na fir bhagarrach, gharg,
 Shunndach, aigeannach, bhorb,
 'S mairg a sgobadh an calg,
 'S am fraoch gaganach, gorm,
 Ri brataich bhallaich 'bu stoirmeil dus-
 gadh.

Faillian, from fal-shian, a treacherous storm.

Simon Macdonald of Morar was a Major in the 92nd Regiment, or Gordon Highlanders. He retired from the army in 1799. He was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun, in the year 1812. He was married to Amelia, daughter of Captain James Macdonell, third son of John twelfth Macdonell of Glengarry.

CUMHA.

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

B hruchd sg-ula bho thuath oirnn,
A Morthir bhoidheach nam fuar bheann ;
'Sthug e dortadh air gruaidhean gu leoir.
'Sthug e dortadh &c.

Tha sinn an drast ann an Sasunn,
Fad o'r cairdean 's 'o'r dachaidh ;
Sinn mar chabhlach a shrachd an cuid
seol.

Gun chart iuil airson riaghailt ;
Leum ar stiuir bharr a h-iarainn ;
Dh' fhalbh ar cul-reang 'bu shiochaint-
each gloir.

'N ciste luaidhe 'sa chruisle,
'Sa slios na fuaire na'n druchd,
Tha 'n ceannard sluaigh leis 'm bu shun-
ndach na sròil.

Maidsear smachdail, ro ainmeil ;
'S mairg a 'asadh am feirg ris
'Nuair 'thairnteadh glas lann 'chinn airgid
'na dhèrn.

Ba chruaidh, luath-lamhach, guineach,
Thu 'n am bualadh nam builleann,
Ann an tuasaidean fuileach Rìgh Deors'.

'Sog a dhearbh thu do ghaisce,
'N aobhar Albainn is Shasuinn ;
Fhuair mi seanachas air d'ascaoin 'san toir.

Cha bu mheas' air a chuan thu,
 'S bu tric mise mu'n cuairt duit ;
 Cha bu chliobairean suarach do sheoid.

Ba tu'n sgiobair neo-cheurbach,
 'Nuair a thigeadh sid ghailbheach,
 Mhuchadh trioblaid gach fairge fo bhord.

'Sa bhirliinn luath ri 'a gaillinn,
 Air chuan uaibhreach na faillinn,
 S tric a dh' thuasgail thu 'darach le lod.

Le a h-aodach ur dionach,
 Is gaoth shuchte 'ga lionadh,
 Bhiodh ruith chuip air a bial 's i tigh'nn
 beo.

Ruith air linne gu h-entrom,
 'San sruth 'mire ri 'sleisdean,
 Bhiodh do ghillea gu treun air a sgod.

Tigh'nn gu cala na stuaidhe
 'N aodann gailinn, 'ga cruaidhead,
 'S lom a ghearradh tu 'm fuaradh le 'sroin.

Mo cheist marcach nan steud-each,
 'S urla flathail na leirsinn,
 Ceannard catha le'n eireadh na sloigh.

'Nuair a ghluais sinn air astar,
 'Ea chualas fuaimnich nam bratach,
 Bha ionndrainn bhuainn a dh'fhag glasta
 ar neoil.

'Dh' aindeoin sgai'neal luchd-tuaileis,
 A theann ri sgaradh ar dualchais,
 Thug thu m'anam 'san uair leat le coir

'Nuair bhios cach ri cuis-ghaire,
'Siad ri mire 's ri manran,
Bidh mo chridhe-sa craiteach fo leon.

Gar trom gairich do leanabh
Air an traigh 'tha mi 'gearan,
'S cha ni 'm mathair a's fallaine deoir.

Gheibh iadsan buaidh air a mhulad,
Bidh ise buan air a tuireadh,
Gus 'n doir 'n uaigh i gu urraim 's gu gloir.

Cumha Eile.

DO SHIM OG DOMHNALLACH,
TRIATH MHORTHIR

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Ma bha mi 'cadal am pramh,
Cha b'ann le laigead mo ghraidh
Do'n dream 'thug caidreamh dhomh,
blaths, is eideadh.

Ma bha mi 'cadal &c.

Dh' fhan mi cho fada 'nam thamh,
'San t-eug a sladadh mo shlaint,
'Sgu'n d'chreuchdaich m'aigheadh, 's 'tha
cach 'ga leirsinn.

Cha b'ioghnadh m'aidmheil 'bhi blath,
Chaidh mi ro lag air an sgath,

An uair a b' aigeannach traigh nan
treun fhear.

Am baile meadhrach na suilbh,
Gu 'm bu ghreadhnach luchd-cuirm,
Aig an teaghlach a b'ainmeil ceutadh.

Bu tric fion dathte nan corn,
A piosan laiste le or,
'Ga dhiol am pailteas aig bord ra feile.

Chluinnteadh caithream gach ìuil.
Ann an talla mo ruin,
'Suaislean glana 'b'ard cliu 'gan eisdeachd.

Bhiodh ceol nam feadan le buaidh,
Mar sholas beadrach 'sgach cluais,
'S mac-talla freagairt nan stuadh le eib-
hneas.

Bhiodh oighean 's mnai nan guth binn,
Mar eoin an fhasaich 'sa choill,
'S na meoir a b'ealamh 'toirt seinn a
teudar.

Bha Clann Mhic-Dhughail 'san am,
Mar choille dhluth nan ard chrann,
Sna gallain ura gun mheang, gun eis
lean.

Cha d'rinn mi cadal no tamh,
'Nuair dh'iath feoil abaich mu'n chnaimh,
Le'r triath bha m'aigheadh 's mo chail
ag eirigh.

Bu deas na comhlain a' triall
Gu strith a Morthir, fo rian,

'Sbu gharbh 'sa chomhrag air sliabh na
streip' iad.

Bu diombuan feachd-chinn ar sluaigh;
Cha robh ar caipteinean buan,
Bha fear mu seach dhiu do'n uaigh
a'geilleadh.

Bha sinn an Sasunn, an duil
Ri'r Maidsear sgairteil gu'r n-iul
Ri uchd nam baiteal le tur's le leirsinn.

'Nuairfhuair sinn naidheachd ar craidh
Ursann-chatha nam blar
A bhi 'na laighe gun chail, na chreubhaig

'Nam falbh air thuras thar cuain,
Bu lionmhor curaidh fo ghruaim,
Thug gach duin' againn luaidh is speis
da

Ged fhuair sinn buadh ri uchd'gleois,
Bha m'inntinn luaineach fo bhron,
Gach uair a dh' fhuasgail ar srol 'san
Eiphit.

Cho tric 'sa rosgadh mo shuil,
Bha mi gu beachdail an duil,
Gu'm b'choir dhomh' fhaicinn air thus
na streipe.

Chaidh sinn an coinnimh nan lann,
'S ar capull-coille air chall,
An darag loinneil 'san crann nach geil-
leadh.

Bu ghann a thill sinn o'r leon,
Na dh' fhag an strith againn beo,

Ta dh' fhalbh le Sim cha bu chomhlan
gleidht' iad.

'N'uair fhuair sinn naidheachd as ur
Gu'n deachaidh 'athair 'san uir,
Bu chall air maithich 's bu dhiubhail
cheud e.

Bha aoibh is maise 'na shnuadh,
'Sa chridhe farsuing mar chuan ;
Bu tric e'sgapadh le truas air feumaich.

Mo dhochas dubailt' a'm' Thriath.
Gu bheil an urnaigh 'ga dhion,
Gu h-ard 'sa chuirte far am fialaidh
eibhneas.

Bha'n Eaglais Chaitliceach aon,
Le teagasg laiste nan naomh,
'Ga rian bho 'bhaisteadh gu 'aois gun
treigsinn.

Ge dubhach frasach ar deoir
Mu'n aosda'n tasgaidh nam bord,
'Se gearradh as nam fear og'a leir sinn.

Tha Clann Mhic Dhughail bho'n stuaidh
'San coille dhluth air a buain ;
Bu ghoirt an diubhail 's bu chruidh an
sgeul e.

Thuit an daragan ard',
A bha mar bhalla do chach,
'Gan dion bho ghailinn's gach aird a'
seideadh.

Thuit na h-ogain ghlan, ur,
 A bh' air an traigh mar chinn-iuil
 'Sna gallain alainn fo dhruichd a chait-
 tein.

Mar reub-ghaoith earraich gun tlaths,
 Ri seideadh falaig bharr aird',
 Bu sgeula sgaraidh dhuinn bas og 'Sheu-
 mais.

Am fiuran priseil gun ghruaim,
 'Bu chlinteach priseil a ghluais,
 Air tus nam miltean bu nuadh cheann-
 ceud e.

Bu daor an ceannach do'n Traigh.
 E'dhol 'na leanabh do'n Spainn,
 Gu'chlaidh le anastachd 's gabhadh
 streipe ;

Gun fhois ri teas no ri fuachd,
 'Se 'gastar bras ri droch uair,
 Gun chuirn, gun deoch, ann an ruaig
 nan treun-fhear.

Gun each, gun bhotinnan tholl,
 'San sneachd air neartich nam beann,
 Cha robh na brogachan gam r'a cheile.

Cha toig luchd-ghal no tainn
 Mar tha luchd-cogaidh nam blar
 'Gan claidh 's gan lagadh thar sail 'nan
 e gin n.

Bu ghoirt d'a chaidhean a luaths
 'Sa chaillean t-annu thar cuain,
 'Se dhuig' ch'annuicair bhuan 'san
 d'eup .

Cha deach a' searbh an am
 Gu'n robh t'annuicair 'tigh'nn ann ;
 'Nuair' b'eadh t'annuicair cha stamh-
 nadh b'igh i.

'Nuair 'chrion i'n gathan gu'bharr,
 Ghrad spion i'n t-abhall fo bhlath,
 Mar shiol gu ath-cyur a's alainn eirigh.

Ghrad-thriall an t-anam le gaird
 Gu siorrachd fhallain nan gras
 Ar sgeith nan aingeal lan graidh 'is
 eibhnis.

Ged bha na dh' fhuirich fo bhron.
 'Ga chaidh ma' 'bhuineadh do'n
 fheoil,
 Bha craobh fo dhuilleach' bu bhoideach
 eirigh.

CUMHA · EILE.

DO LHIM OG DOMHNALLACH TRIATH
 MHOIRTHIR.

Le Alostair Mac-Fhionghain.

Maoth dharag cheannsgalach, ard,
 Bu shoilleir, maiseachail, fas,
 Bu sholas cuim bhi fo sgail a geugan.

Mo chruaidh chreach dhuilich 's mo
chradh,
Bhruchd luaidhe ghuinea ch mu 'barr,
Le tuaim a ghunna bha 'n Traigh 'ga
leirsgrios.

Thuit fionan alainn mo ghaoil,
Le sniomh gu lar air a thaobh ;
Bha fiamh a ghair' air is aoibh fo 'chreach-
daibh.

Ged threig a spiorad an fheoil,
Mar ghrein' air gilid an lo
A leum air mhire, gu gloir nach treig e

Troimh 'n Aon a dh'fhuiling am bas,
'Bu phiantach muladach cradh,
Gheibh sinu gu sonas am paras ceutach.

Biodhmaid measarra 'm bron,
'S bheir Rìgh a gliocais an gloir,
Le sith dhuinn misneach is treòir is
leirsinn.

Ma tha sinn dubhach lan dhiar,
Tha slainte's cumhachd 'san Tri ath,
'Sa ghradh a' sruthadh gu fial bho 'n
cheusadh.

ORAN.

*Do Domhnall Camshron, d'am bu
cho-aimm Domhnall Mor Og.*

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Fhuair mi Seanachas cinnteach
A dhuig m' inntinn 'suas gu ceol ;
Las beusan an treun ghiomanaich
Marealaidh dhein moghloir.
Bu ro aiuneamh ann sna crìochan so,
'Measg Abrach ged a dh-iarrainn iad,
Mac tuathanaich cho fialaidh
S cho math gnìomh ri Domhnall og.

Bha e mór, 's e cumadail
Gun uireasabh, gun mheang ;
Deas-bhriathrach, fialaidh, furanach,
Ro fhurachail 'na chainnt ;
Bha uaislean agus cumantan
'N trom luaidh air sa toirt urrainn dha ;
Cha chuald mi t'fhear-diomolaidh,
Cha b' urrainn e 'bhi ann.

Bha ceannard treun nan Gordanach
Bho chaisteal mòr nan lann,
An t-ard dhiuchd cliuiteach morchuisseach
Le'n ruisgteadh sroil 'sa champ,
'Nuair 'dhruid e dluth an eolas air,
Sa fhuair e 'ghualann, sonraichte
Mar athair-iuil 'ga chomhnadh,
'Se ri chul 'sa choir 's gach am.

Bha Deòrsa 'n Iar-chàit' 'n' gh'ed,
 S'leachd 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist',
 An' d'èist' 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist',
 Ba 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist',
 Alea 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist',
 'S' n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist' :—
 Ba 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist',
 Ri b'èist' 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist'.

Bha Friscalean 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist',
 Bho 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist',
 Ro dhia 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist',
 'S' cha b' aithlis iad 'ga lorg :
 Bha 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist' 'n' d'èist',
 'S' ged bu bhrathair do gach fear dhiu e ;
 Bho chuislean nan laoch ceannasach
 A dh'ol e'm bainne borb.

Cha b' iogbnadh-leam gach caraid
 A bhi dealaidh air a lorg,
 'Se failteachail, blath, carthannach,
 Gun fhoill, gun char, gun chealg.
 Ri feumnaich 's math an airidh
 Bha e fialaidh, dìreach, farasda ;
 'S ri 'cheile beusach, leannanach,
 Gun bheum, gun sgar, gun cholg.

Na 'n digteadh cearr no ascaoin air,
 Bu ghaisgeach e 's gach seol,
 Nach fuilingeadh tair no masladh
 Do dh-fhear-bhailtean a bha beo.
 Ged nach robh tuasaid cleachdte leis,
 'Nuair 'dhuisgteadh gu garbh bheairtean e,
 Bu cheannsgalach, borb, reachdmhor e,
 'N treun neartmhor nach robh foil !

B'e sid Domhnal nan tri Domhail.
 'Bu chian coir air Innse- Rìgh,
 De shliochd Domhnaill Duibh'bu'deonach,
 Tric, an toiseach gleos nam pie.
 'Nuair a'ghluais Loch-Iall le chonnspuinn,
 Do dh'Aird-nam-Murchanngu comhstrith,
 Sparr e saighead chaol 'sa choreaich
 Lois 'n d'thuit Mac Eoin gun chli.

Sid an urchair a bha feumail ;
 Mur tilleadh i 'n treuin-thear boib
 Bhiodh Ciann-Chamshroin air an reubadh
 'S mar a bha sibr b'eiginn falbh,
 'Nuair a chruinich iad ri 'cheile,
 Ghabh Clann-lain an rat-euta,
 'S mur bhi Leathanaich na leirsinn
 Bu ghann feigheal beum nau arm.

Mac-Eoin, or perhaps Mac Mhic-Eoin was an uncle of John Og Macdonald of Ardnarmurchan. He was a man of great size and strength. He murdered John Og about the year 1596, and took possession of his estate. John Og was at the time of his death at the point of marrying a daughter of Lochiel. The Camerons resolved to avenge the murder, and marched towards Ardnarmurchan. A battle took place between the Camerons and Eoin at Leachd nam Macdonald. Eoin and Mac-Eoin were killed. The Macdonald followers routed, and by the time the Macdonalds had been routed, a body of Macleans crossed over from Mull to assist them. The Camerons were now compelled to retreat.

ORAN GAOIL.

Le Gilleasbing Mac-Phail.

'S bocht an creachal 'th' air m'innéinn,
 Is cha 'n urrainn mi 'dhubradh
 Ma tha 'n sgeula cho fíor 's tha iad ag
 raitinn,
 'S bocht an creachal &c.

Gu'n do thionndaidh thu 'm fuath rium,
 'N deigh do ghaol 'bhi cho buan dhomh,
 'S gu 'n do thagh thu fear fuadainn a' m'
 aite.

Gur h-e 'mheudaich mo ghaol ort,
 Do ghruaidh dhearg bhi mar chaorann,
 Is do ghníus bhi ciuin, adbhach, glan,
 marach,

Thu bhi sìobhelta, caoimhneli,
 Banail, baintighearnal, aoibheil,
 Suairce, ceanalt', gun fhoill ann ad nadur

Do chul boidheach min, liomharr',
 Tha 'n a chamagan sniomhain ;
 Tha gach mais' ort, a ribhinn na h ailleach,

Gur h-i 'n naidheachd a fhuair mi
 'Dhuisg an anshocair bhoian dhomh :
 Dh' fhaig i aiceideach truagh mi gun slainte.

Ge b' e fear 'ni do bhuannachd,
 Gur leis deideag na h-uaisle ;—
 Guidheam piseach is suaimhneas ri d' la
 dhuit

CNOIC IS GLINN A BRAIGHE.

LE CALUM MAC-GILLIOS, AN MARGARI.

LUINNEAG.

Na cnoic is glinn 'bu bhoidhche leinn
 'S iat cnoic is glinn a Bhraighe ;
 'An tric 'bha sinn ri manran binn
 'Sa chomunn ghrinn a b' fhearr leinn

Chan fheil ait an diugh fo 'n ghrein
 'Sam b' fhearr leam fein 'bhi 'tamhachd
 Na braigh' na h-aibhne 'm measg nan sonn
 O'm faightedh fuinn na Gadhlic.

Do bhruachan gorm 'sam faighteadh spreidh,
 Do ghlacan reidh gun airemh,
 Mar uachdar thonn, 's an soirbheas trom,
 A ruith gu bonn nan ard bheann.

Gur pailt gach flur a fas gu dluth
 Air maduinn chubhraidh Mhaigh ann ;
 Gach doire beo le ceol nan ian
 'N uair 'dh' eireas grian le failt' ann.

Bidh sruthain fhuar de 'n uisge 's glaine
 'Bruchdadh 'mach mu rath'dean ;
 Bidh crodh is caoraich pailt ri 'm faotuinn
 'Feadh nan aodunn arda.

Gur ceolmhor fuaim na h-aibhne lium
 Is sruthan ciuin fo 'h-aithean ;
 Cho fad 's a shiubhlas i gu cuan,
 Cha doir mi fuath do 'n Bhraighe.

Gur lionmhor fear ag iasgach bradain
 Mu do chladaich bhana ;
 Daoin' uaisle Shasuinn 'tigh'nn an nall
 A chosg an t-samhruidh lamh-riut.

Cha bhi frolic ann no banais
 Nach bi caithream graidh ann ;
 Le ceol na fìdhle 'dol 'san rìdhle
 'Cosg na tim mar b' aill leinn.

'S iomad fleasgach laidir grinn
 A chaidh 'sna glinn ud arach ;
 'S maighdean gle ghlan, dhìreach, og,
 Le 'h-aodunn boidhech, narach.

'S e 'n ainnir dhonn a's binne fonn
 A choinnich rium Di-mairt ann ;
 'S chan iarrainn-s' airgiod no or
 Ach thu 'bhi 'n comhnuidh lamh-rium.

Do chomhradh ciùin tha 'tigh'nn air m' aire,
 A ribhinn bhanail, bhaigheil ;
 Gun d' fhuair thu buaidh bho nadar fein
 A dh'fhag mòr speis aig each ort.

Soraidh leis a chomunn rioghail
 Bhon is tim dhomh 'm fagail ;
 Gur tearc ri 'm faotuin 'feadh an t-saoghail
 An diugh daoine 'bheir barr orr.'

— x —

CAILIN NA DUTHCHA.

LE CALUM MAC-GILLIOS.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro, gun deid mi-fhin 's tu-fhein,
 Theid sinn le cheil' gu feill nam maithean ;
 Ho ro, gun deid mi-fhin 's tu-fhein !

'Nigh'n donn nan sul blath,
 'S tu 'bhuannaich mo ghradh
 An gleannan nam ba
 'San tamh na h-aighean.

An gleannan mo ruin,
 Bidh samhradh atr thus,
 A fosgladh caoin ghnuis
 Nam fluran meala.

Bidh coireal nan ian
 Ann leadarra, dian,
 'N uair 'dh-eireas a ghrian
 Air sliabh nam beannaibh.

'S e 'dh'uiricheadh fonn
 'S a chridh' 'tha 'nam chom
 Do chomhradh neo-throm
 'Nigh'n donn nam meall-shuil.

Tha maise nach geill
 'At aghaidh ghlain fein,
 Mar aiteal de'n ghrein
 'San eirigh mhadne.

A ribhinn nam buadh
 A's boidhch' 'san taobh tuath ;
 Cha choisinn thu fuath,
 'S tu luaidh nam fearaibh.

'Nuair 'thogas tu fonn
 Air oran neo-throm,
 Thig cruiteirean thom
 Air lom 'sna crannaibh

Guth binn, fallain, reidh,
 Mar organ air ghleus

Aig ribhinn nam beus
A's eibhinn caithream.

Ged bha Jennie Lind
Bhan-cheileirich' binn,
Gum b' fhearr leam le cinnt
Guth-cinn na h-ainnir'-s'.

Thug nadar do m' luaidh
Gach ailleachd is buaidh
Le grinneas gun uail,
'S le suairceas ceanalt.

Tha caoimhneas is tur
A dealradh a' d' ghnuis,
'S gur glaine do shuil
Nan driuchd 'sa mhaduin.

Gur h-aotrom do cheim
A tional na spreidh,
'S crodh druim-fhionn a' d' dheidh
Le geum 'tigh'nn dachaidh.

Cha doir thu do lamh
Do bheairteas gu brath ;
Gum b' fhearr leat na 'n t-sraid
'Bhi tamh 'sna gleannan.

Gum b' fhearr leat na uail
Le storas a bhuain,
'Bhi 'g imeachd mu 'n cuairt
Feadh bhruach is bhealach ;

'Bhi comhnuidh gun bhron,
Gun deireas air lon,
An gleannan a cheo
Le oigear smearail.

RANNAN TARGRAIDH.

With regard to the authorship of these verses Dr. Maclean makes the following statement: "This prophetic poem is said to have been composed by Donald O'Conchair and was got from Eoghan Mac Lachlainn Mhic Mhartainn."

Clann-Ghilleain o 'n Dreallainn,
Mar ealt ian air bharr cuilin,
Mar chaoir dheirg a tigh'n o theallach;
'S brònach an sgeul sid r'a iann's,

Clann Dughaill o 'n aird an iar,
Slìochd Anna nan sgiath dearg,
G eudan gun teasaingin daibh
Air aon eblar luinge do bheirear.

Mac-Iain-Sriubhart, ceann nam fear,
Shuidh e air Dun-innse for,
Chaill e Dun-innse for,
'S cha d' bluinig e Dun innse geal,

Clann O' Duibhne, ceann gach fine,
'Tuiteam mar aon uinneig ghloine,
Air bhar teachd an iar o 'n bhile;
'S truagh 'ur mìloadh le miorun.

Dubhghal or Dugall, the progenitor of the Macdugalls, was a son or grandson of Somerled, Lord of Argyll, by a daughter of Olave the Red, the Norwegian king of man. Anna nan sgiath dearg.

It is probable that Donald O'Conchair was a native of Lorn. There was at least one man of the name there, and as there was one it is likely there were others.

The Rev. Donald McNicol, in his remarks on Dr. Johnson's tour, states that "one Dr. O'Connachar, of Lorn, wrote all his prescriptions in Gaelic." William Livingstone's edition, page 128.

MARBHRANN.

Do Dhòmhnaill Gorm Og, a chaòchail
'sa bhliadhna 1643.

LE MURCHADH MOR MAC-COINNICH, FEAR
AICHEALAI DH.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
Tha sgeul cruidh leat, a ghaoth deas,
Ho, o, hom, bo;
'S seirbhe do ghair na 'n domblas,
Gun fhuaim sithe leat a steach
Air chuan Sgithe, mo leir chreach!

Ho, o, hom, bo,
An sgeul a fhuair sinn thar sail,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
'Na aiseag 's truagh nach robh dail,
Gu'n d' eug an triath ur-ghlan ard,
Rìgh cheann-sithe gach luchd-spairn.

Ho, o, hom, bo.
Ursann-chatha Innse-Gall,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
Iuchair flaithean nam fìor rann,
Craobh ro thaitneach de Shìol Chuinn,
Milidh gasda 'n comhlan shonn.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
'S tursach leam do chur fo 'n uir,
Ho, o, hom, bo,

A bhi 'dunadh do ghorm shul:
Co an nis o 'm faigh sinn muirn?
Co 'ni aiteas ri mor chuirm?

Ho, o, hom, bo,
'S tursach do phannal 's ni ait,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
Och, mo nuar! do leannan leap'
Bu chraun ceill' thu agus neirt,
'N am an fheuma bu righ airc'.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
Mar choill gun chuasachd gun mheas,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
Tha t'fhonn sgireachd an nis;
'S e 'dh' fhag mo chridhe-sa tais
Do lorg-shlighe ga h-aithris.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
Ni 'm feutar a mholadh leinn,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
A' gheug sholuis 'bu ghloir-bhinn,
Leozhan, leanabh, agus righ
Dba 'n robh aithne gach aon ni.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
Tha nic plaigh air luchd-a-chiuil,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
Tha gair-bhaite aig Siol Chuinn,
Tha mnai craiteach 's tu 'sa chill,
'S i mo ghradh do lamh 'bhiodh leinn.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
Ni 'n cour dhuinn bhi bronach truagh,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
'Cumh' an ti a thugadh uainn;
'S e uighe gach cre an uaigh,
'S cha bhas dhuit ach beatha bhuan.

Ceann-sithe—a peace-maker. Comblan

—a combat, a duel. Pannal—a band of men. Lorg-slighe—genealogy. Gloir-bhinn—sweetly sounding. Gair-bhaite—the cry of drowning men.

ORAN.

Do Ruairidh Mac-Leoid 'sna Hearradh.

LE MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASTAIR RUAIDH.

Tha mo ghaol ann sna Hearradh,
'S cuim' am bi ga fhalach,
'Fhir d'a bheil a chaol mhal' is mi 'ghlac
chomhnard.

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,
Fear na misnich 's a chruadail
'Choisin cliu 's a fhuair buaidh ann san
Olaint

Bu tu mac an laoi ch ghasda
Nach do dhearbha bhi gealtach;
'S tric a thogadh leibh creach bho Chlann-
Domhnaill.

'Nuair a rachadh tu 'n fhireach,
Bhiodh an earb air do thilleadh,
'S gu'm biodh trom air do ghillean le d'
mhor choin.

Le do ghunna caol glaice,
Leis an fhudar a lasadh,
Naile bheirteadh leat stad air fear croice

Thoir mo shoraidh le m' dthurachd
Null gu faiche an smudain.
Far am beathaichear muirneach cuain oga;

Far an loisgear am fudar
 Is an luaidhe gun chunntas;
 Bhiodh na peileirean dubh-ghorm ri
 stroiceadh.

CUMHA.

Do Ehir Domhnall Shleite.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S cian 's gur fada mi 'm thamh,
 'S trom leam m' aigneadh fo phrauh;
 Bho nach cadal dhomh seimh 's tim eirigh
 'S cian 's gur fada &c.

Laigh an aois orm gu cruaidh,
 Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,
 'S rinn e faodail bhoichd thruagh dha fein
 diom.

Tha leann-dubh orm gach l ,
 'Se gam mhuchadh a ghnath,
 Air mo chuis-sa cha ra-sgeul br'ig e.

Tha gach urra 'dol dhiom
 Bho 'm faigh 'm furan le miadh,
 A choig urrad sa b' fhiach mi 'dh-eiric

Chaill mi armuinn mo stuic,
 Mo sgiath laidir 's mo phruip,
 Iad ri aiteach an t-sluic is fear orr'.

Fath mo bhioraidh 's mo cholg,
 'Thaobh gach iomairt so 'dh' fhalbh,
 Luaths bhur n-iomachd air lorg a cheile.

Mhuch mo mheadhail 's mo mheas
 Daoil 'bhi cladhach bhur slios;
 Chaidh mo raghain fo lic de leugaibh.

Bhail an t-earrach orm spot,
 'S trom a dh' fhairich mi 'lot,
 Chuir e 'n lughad mo thoirt, 's beag m'
 fheum air.

Bas shir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol,
 Chuir mo chomhuidh fo sgaoil,
 Dh' fhad mi 'm onar 'san aois gam leireadh.

'S ann riut a labhrainn mo m'hiann
 Gu dana, ladarna, dian,
 Geda bhidhinn da thrian 'san eucoir.

'Siomad smaointinn bochd, truagh,
 'Teachd air m' aire gach uair,
 Bho 'n la 'chaochail air snuadh fear t'
 eugaig.

Leoghan fireachail, ard,
 Muinte, spioradal, gar, g,
 Umhail, iriosa', feartha, troabhaich.

Leng nan arm is nan each,
 Reimeil, calma, gun airc,
 Dh'eug thu 'n Armadal glas nan deideag.

Bha do chinneadh fo phramh,
 Do thuath 's do phaighearan mail,
 Uaislean t' fhearainn 's gach lau fhear-
 fensaig.

Bha mnai beul-dearg a bhruit
 Ri call an ceille 's am fuilt,
 'S cach ag eiteadh do chuirp air deile.

Moch 'sa mhatuin Diardaoin
 Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,
 'N deidh a phasgadh gu caol 'sna leintean,

'N ciste ghiubhais nam bord.
 An truail chumhaing na 's leoir.

'N deidh a dubhadh fo 'n t-àrol air
speicean,

Gu eaglais Shleite na stuaidh,
'Chosg thu fhein ri chur suas.
Ged nach d' fhuirich thu buan ri 'sgleu-
tadh.

Fhuair thu deannal do dho,
'Dh 'fhag do phannal fo bhron,
'S gu'm bu ghearan an leon mun eigheadh.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan strac,
Far 'u do bhuannich sibh biar,
Chaill thu t' uaislean is t-armuinn ghleusda.

Air an talamh chrion, chruaidh,
'S nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluas,
Fhuair sibh deannal na luaithe leithe

Bu neo-chraobhaidh na seoid
'Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,
B' an diu Raonall is Eoin is Seumas.

Ann ad thaila mar thriath,
Cha bu ghnath leat 'bhi ction,
Gu'm bu nollaic le fion do reidhlean.

B' e 'm bol pathaidh do mhiann
Bhi 'ga chaitheamh gu dian;
'S 'n uair a thraight' e gun lionteadh reidh
leat.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's de bheoir,
'Siad a gabhail na 's leoir,
Mara thoilicheadh beoil gu eigheach;

Mu bhord gun tioma, gun ghruaim,
Le ol, 's le iomairt, 's le sluagh,
Is ceol 'bu bhinne na cuach 'sa cheitein.

Dh' thalbh na spailpean an null,
 'Bha fial, farsuinn. 'nan grunn;
 Cha b' iad na fachaich gun rum, gun lead
 iad;

Domhual Gorm 'tu ghlan guis,
 Fear bu mhine de 'n triuir,
 'S cha bu chorr-cheann e 'n cuirt rìgh
 Seurlas.

Cha dean mi run ach gu foil
 Do 'n al ur 's 'th' air teachd oirnn,
 Bho nach daisgear le ceol Sir Seumas.

Dh' thalbh thu fhein 's do cheud mhac,
 Mala gheur sibh gu neart;
 'S fad' o cheile fo cheapaibh reisz sibh.

'S blath an leap' air bhur cionn,
 Seach daormuin 'thaisgeadh an t-suin;
 Sibh 'b' a sgapach air buinn le feile.

Thuir mi 'n urrad ud ruibh,
 Tha mi 'm urrainn g'a dhiel;
 Slau 'ur muneir cha till sibh breug orm.

Faodail—a waif, a thing found without an owner. Reimeil—authoritative. Brat or brat—a veil. Bruit—of the veil. Pannal—a band of men. Craobhaidh—nervous, tender, shivering. Fachach—a little insignificant man; also a puffin. Daormunn—a miser. Eiteadh—stretching.

Hugh, third son of Alexander, third Lord of the Isles, was the first Macdonald of Sleat. He was known as Uisdean Ban. He was fostered with Donald, first Maclean of Ardgour. He had four sons, John,

by his wife, a daughter of Macdonald, of Achnamerchan; Donald Gallach, by a daughter of Gunn, Crowner of Caithness; Donald Herrach, by a daughter of Macleod, of Harris; and Gillesbie Dubh. He died in 1498. John, second of Sleat, died without issue in 1502. Donald Gallach, third of Sleat, married a daughter of John Cathanach of Islay, by whom he had Donald Gruamach. Donald Gallach and Donald Herrach were murdered by their brother, Gillesbie Dubh, in 1506. Donald Gruamach, fourth of Sleat, married a daughter of Macdonald, of Moydart, by whom he had Donald Gorm and James, progenitor of the Macdonalds of Kingsburg. He died in 1534. Donald Gorm, fifth, of Sleat, married a daughter of John, son of Torquil Macleod, of Lewis, and had one son, Donald, his successor. He was killed at Eilean Donnan Castle in 1539. Donald, sixth, of Sleat, Domhnall MacDomhnail Ghuirm, married Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, brother of Ailean nan Sop, and had three sons, Donald Gorm Mor, Archibald and Alexander. He died in 1585. Archibald, his second son, known as Gillesbie Chleirich, married a daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Islay, and had by her Donald Gorm Og and Hugh, Uisdean MacGhillisbie Chleirich. Donald Gorm Mor Seventh, of Sleat, died without issue in 1616. Donald Gorm Og, eighth, of Sleat, was created a baronet in 1625. He married Janet, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie, of Kintail, and had by her James, Donald, of Castletown, An

gus, Alexander, Margaret, Catherine, Janet and Mary. He had also a natural son, An Ciaran Mabach. Sir Donald died in October, 1643. Sir James, ninth, of Sleat, married, first Margaret, daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor, of Kintail, and, secondly, Mary, daughter John Macleod, of Dunvegan. By his first wife he had Donald, his heir, Roderick, Hugh of Glenmore, Somerled, of Sortle, Catherine and Florence. By his second wife he had John of Blackney. He died December 8th, 1678. Sir Donald, tenth, of Sleat, died February 5th, 1695. He is the subject of the elegy.

MOLADH A PHIOLBAIRE.

Oran do Dhomhnull Cairnbal, Dòmhnall Mac-a-Ghlasrich, an Pìobaire Mor, le Dòmhnall Donn, Mac Fhìr Bhòth-Fhionntain. Bha Dòmhnall Cairnbal 'na phiobaire aig Gilleasbìc na Ceapaich 'S e mac peathar do Dhomhnull Donn a bha ann. 'S i Bana-Chamranach a bu mhathair dha.

Slan 'ionradh do m' ghoistidh
Beul nach loisgeach an cainnt.

Slan ionradh, &c.

Mo run an Cairnbalach suaire
A theid air ruaig thar a mhaoin.

Mo run an Cairnbalach sìobhalta
Nach ciosnaicheadh carn.

Gura math 'thig dhuit triubhas
Gun bhi cumhann no gann.

S eha mhios' 'thig dhuit osan,
S breg shocair 'bhuim sheang.

Brog bhileach nan cluaisein
Air a fuaigheal gu teann.

Naile, dh' airbuichim thu romhau
'Dol an domhallas blair.

Bhiodh do phìob mhòr ga spreigeadh
'S cuil de 'h-eagal air each.

Nuair a chluinnim toirm t' fheadair
Naile, ghreasann na lamh.

Thugadh bean leat bho 'n Bhreugach
'S an cluinnt' beucadaich mhang.

S to mhath 'b' aithne dhomh 'n ainghean
A bha 'eridh' ort an geall;

Ann sa' ghleannan bheag laghach
'S an biodh tu tadhal os n-aird.

CUMHA D'A PHIUTHAIR.

Le Alastair Bhoth-Fhiunntain.

Ged is moch 'rinn mi eirigh,
Cua b' aun eutrom 'bha m' aigneadh
Ged is moch, &c.

Tha leann-dubh air mo bhuaireadh.
Chuir e 'n ruaig air a chadal,

Cha b' e 'n leith-sgeul beag suarach,
Thug dhomh gluasad gu facal;

Ach an tlachd do 'n mhnai uasail,
'Bu bhuidhe cuailein 's bu dathte.

Dend mar chaile 's e gun sgòraich.

Do bheul cha deonaicheadh blàistibh mi.

'S ann Di-luain 'fhnair mi sgol
Gu'n d' bhuin aot-cug bhuan do eòr-
reamh.

'S ann Di ciadainn 'na dheidh sin
Ghabh mi cead dhìot 'sa chlachan.

Chuana mise le m' shuilean
Do chiste duinte to 'n casan.

Cha do ghearrainn thu ciurradh,
No dhi gad mhuchadh fo leacan.

'N nochd is truagh lean do phaisdean,
'S nad 'sa ghairich gun t' fhaicim.

Ach gun cuidich Mac De iad,
'N Ti 'ni feum dhaibh is taice.

Cha neo-thruagh lean do cheile,
Ged 's tric a dh-eisd thu ris facal.

'S mairg a bhrìst air a gharadh,
Nach gabhadh caradh le ceantas

'S ged nach robh mi eir aoi ris,
Cha mhise 'n suor 'bha ga ghlasadh.

'S mairg a bhrìst air a gharadh: 'Bha
paise adhaltrannais aige.

HO GU'N DEID MI.

Le Alastair Odhar.

Chur Lotti Camran buideul uisge-
bheatha an geall ri Alastair Odhar nach b'
urraim Alastair rannan a dheanamh a
chuireadh fearg air. Thoisich Alastair,

agus b' e deireadh na cuise gun do ghabh
Lotti 'n fhearg, 's gun d' fheum e 'm
buideal a phàigheadh. Bu mhac Alastair
Odhar do Ghilleasbìc na Ceapaich.

LUINNEAG.

Ho, gun deid mi, cuim' nach deid mi?
Rachainn fein a chumail chleas ruibh;
'S gheibhunn ceud de dh-fhearaibh gleusda
Marium fein gu 'r cur air rheich-adh

Theireadh sibh gun robh sibh nasa',
Is gun robh sibh lan de chruadal,
Ach ca'n robh sinne riach 'g ur buadh
Nach biodh ruig oirbh nu' fheasgar!

Latha Bhoth-Leinn' rinn blur leonadh,
Chuir Iain Dubh sibh an staid bhronaich,
Dh' iomain e sibh 'null thar Lochaidh,
'S na bha beo agaibh 'n ur breislich.

Tha Clach Ailein fhath'st a' lathair,
Far 'n do thuit ceann stuic bhur pairtidh,
'S Leac na-fachanan far am b' abhaist,
Far an d' fhuair bhur cairdean greadan.

Thachair ceithrear bho ch de m' sheorsa
Air sin-diag de 'r fearaibh mora;
Leag iad naoidhnear dhiu gun deo ann',
'S bha Tom-a-Charrieh fo l' oin an fhasda.

Gu bheil mise de Chlana-Domhnait,
Is tha thusa 'nad Chamshrobach,
'S chan fhaca mi gin riamh dhe d' sheorsa
Nach buailinn mo dhorn air san leth
cheann.

'N cuimhne leat, a Lotti ghnada
'N uair a bha thu thall am Flannas,
'S tu cho salach agus sgathach
'S nach b' urrain thu 'n rang a sheasamh!

A reir innse sgeoil thachair Aonghus Mac Alistair Ruaidh agus trineir eile a Gleanna-Comhann air sia deug de na Camranich a tilleadh dhachaidh le creich. Uia mo chuid-sa de 'n chothartach? ars Aonghus. 'S leat, arsa ceannard nan Camranach na bheir thu 'mach, Cha d' iarr mi riamh an corr, ars' Aonghus. 'S ca tarruinn a chlaidhibh. Mharbh na Comhannaich naonear de na chreachadairean, is theich each. 'Sann bho Dhomballach a fhuair sinn an naidheachd so. Dh' fhaoidte nam faigheamaid bho Chamranach i gu bheil taobh eile oirre.

GUR H-E 'MHEUDAICH MO CHRADH;

LE MAIRREARAD NI'N LACHAINN

Gur he 'mheudaich mo chradh,
Is a lughaich mo chail,
'Liuthad latha 's a bha
Mise 's tus' air an traigh.—
Gura diombach mi 'n blas
'Thug an fheoil dhion o 'n chnairn;
Gur h-ann againn a bha na treun-laoch
Gur h-ann againn a bha, &c

Luchd a dh' iomairt an oir;
'S iad a dhioladh an t-ol,
'Leanadh fad' air an toir
Ann an cumasg nan srol;
'S co a chuireadh orr' gleo
Ann am muiseadh an t-sloigh;—
Ach de 'n fath dhomh bhi bron mu 'n
deibhin?

Mo cheist an Leathanach ur,

Bu ghlan sealladh do shul,
 Fo amhare gun smur;
 C' ait am faicteadh an cùirt
 Fear t' fhasain gun tulg;
 Bha thu seasmhach 's gach cuis,
 'S ann ri t' fhacal a b' fhin dhuinn eist-
 eachd.

'S ann 'san eaglais so shuas,
 An ciste ghinbhais nach gluais,
 'Tha ur cheannard an t-sluaigh,
 Agus marcaich nan stuadh
 Ri la frionasach fuar;
 'S tu gu 'n iarradh i 'suas
 Ged a bhiodh i 'n sas cruaidh na h-
 eigin.

Och a Mhoir, mo chall!
 Thu 'bhi 'n ciste nan crann,
 Air a sparradh gu teann,
 'Fhir bu shìobhalta cainnt;
 Ach 'n uair 'dhuisgeadh iad t'fhearg
 Cha bu shugradh sìd daibh;
 'S mor gar dith fear do rann bhean dh'eug
 thu.

Marcaich deas nan each seang',
 'Bheireadh roid asd' is srann;
 Beairt nach b' iongantach lean
 Thu thu 'bhi nasal is t' ainne;
 Lamh thu 'dh' iomairt nan arm
 Gu treun cruadalach garg;
 'S ogha 'dh-Ailean nan lann 's nan steud
 thu.

'S car thu 'dh'-'Ailean nan ruag
 'Chreach a Chorca da uair;
 Thug e Ruta le buaidh,
 'S co a b' urrainn 'thoirt uaith',

An am crumneachadh sluaigh;
 'Gha robh athadh 'na ghruaidh
 'N nair a chaidh e air chuairt do dh'
 Eirinn

Is gur car thu 'Mhac-Leoid,
 'Mhic mhic Ailein mhic Eoin;
 Dh'-Eachann Ruadh nach h-'eil beo
 Dha 'm biodh taile usg air bord.
 'S fion is braundaidh gan ol.
 Aig na fir 'bu chruaidh gleo,
 Agus bualadh nam brog gan teinnadh.

Ach nam brithinn 'sa bhuth.
 Is na h-airm ann a b'fhiu,
 Naile thaghainn do m' run
 Sgiath threac nam ball dluth.
 Claidheabh sgaitheach geur cuil.
 Is da dhaga nach diult;
 'S cha 'bu chiadhaire thu 'thoirt feum'
 asd'.

Iar-ogh' dileas mo ghradh
 Do dh-Iain Dubh' a bha 'n Iainn.
 Sliocho nan iarlachan ard,
 'S fad' on thrial sibh o 'n Spainn;
 'S ann bho Lachann a bha
 An ionndraichin chraidh;—
 Fear do choltais gu brath cha leir dhomh.

Gura cairdeach mo luaidh
 Do Chlann-Domhnaill nam buadh. -
 'Mhic mhic Ailein nan ruag
 'Thu bhi 'd laighe 'san uaigh
 Ann an eaglais nan stuadh,
 Och, a Mhoire, mo chruas;
 Ghabh na fir dhiot cead buan nach b
 eibhin.

'Fhir 'bu tighearnail gnaths;
 Beairt 'bu dligheach sid da;
 Mo chreach do nighean gun aird,
 'S e' 'na leih-sgeul aig each
 Nach do ghabh iad a pairt,
 A liuthad oinnseach a tha
 'Faotuin ionaid is aite feisdeil.

'Fhir a cheannaicheadh am fion,
 Is a b' urrain a dhiol,
 'S tu a b' airidh air pic,
 'S bogha glaic nan ceann liobht';
 Och, a Mhoire, mo dhith,
 Bha mi romhad air tìr
 'Nuair a thug iad thu 'dh-I na cleire.

Dhomsa dh' eirch an call
 'N uair a thug iad thu 'nall
 Gu reilie nan marbh
 Mu 'n robh chaiseamachd shearbh,
 Bualadh bhasan gu teann,
 'S gun do chluasag to d' cheann;
 A ruin, cha fhreagair thu 'n t-am gu eirigh.

Tha do cheile fo leon,
 'S tric i 'snigheadh nan deoir,
 Is do dhilleachdain og'—
 Gun aird, no gun doigh
 Mu na lochanan mor;
 Dh' fhag thu sinne fo bhron,
 'S chaill sinn tuilleadh 's a choir mu t'
 eirie.

'S ann tha sinne air ar claidh,
 Gar sarach' a caoidh
 Bhon a dh' fhalbh bhuainn gach saoidh
 'Dheanadh feum is stath dhuinn;
 An uis shracadh ar siuil,

Dh fhalbh ar cairt, bhrisè ar stiùir;—
 Dia 'thoirt rathaid g'a ionusaidh thein
 dhuinn.

Gleo—a fight. Tulg—a lurch, tossing, rocking. Rann—portion, a pedigree.

“Ailean nan ruag a chreach a Chorca da uair” must be Ailean nan Sop, and “Iain Dubh a bha 'n laimh” must be his nephew, John Dubh, of Morvern, who was imprisoned and executed by Angus Macdonald, of Islay, about the year 1586.

John Dubh had four sons, Donald Glas, Allan, of Ardtornish; John Garbh and Charles. Allan, of Ardtornish, was a very prominent man and an active warrior from his youth. He is probably the Allan referred to in the words, “A mhic mhic Ailein nan ruag.” He had three sons, Hector, first Maclean, of Kinlochaline; Charles, of Ardnacross, commonly called Tearlach mac Ailein, and Donald, who died unmarried. Hector 1st, of Kinlochaline, had two sons, John 2nd, of Kinlochaline, and Lachlan, who died without issue. Charles, of Ardnacross, had six sons, Allan, first Maclean of Drimnin; Lachlan, of Calgary, Allan, of Grulin; Donald, of Aros; Hector and Ewen.

We have no means of determining who the subject of the lament was. It seems,

however, to have been composed about a grandson of Allan, of Ardtornish.

MAIRI NIGH'N DEORSA;

Oran do 'n Fhiodhaill.

LE ALASTAIR OG, MAC FEAR AIRD-NA-BIDHE.

Gum b' ait leam 'bhi lamh-riut,
 A Mhairi nigh'n Deorsa,
 Deri ral dal deri,
 Re de ridil dan,
 De ridil dan dan.
 Tha gheacas is naire
 Am Mairi nigh'n Deorsa
 Deri ral dal deri,
 Re de ridil dan,
 De ridil dan dan.
 Guth do chinn 's taitneach leinn,
 'Sait leam fhin beo thu;
 Gur suairc thu le solas,
 Tha thu caoin ceolmhor.
 B'ait le m' chluais caismeachd bhuait,
 'S leat gach buaidh orain,
 Gum b' fhear leam na miltean
 Gum bidhinn 's tu cordte.

'S mor tha dhe m' dhurachd
 Dha d' chul buidh' glan boidheach,
 Gur tlachdmhor 's gur muint' thu
 'N am rusgadh a'd' sheomar.
 'S grinn do mheur, 's binn do theud,
 'S math 'thig beus mor leat;
 B' ait leat a'd' ehoir e
 'Gabhail ciuil 's cronain.

'S glan do chom, 's taitneach t' fhona
 Anns gach pong colais,
 Gu bheil mi gle chinnteach
 Gum bu shinte leam pog bhuaite.

'N am eirigh sa mhadaoinn
 Gum bu taitneach leam t' eisdeachd.
 Do bheus is do *thriobhal*
 Gu sgiobalta gleusta.
 Sud iad 'suas ri do chluais
 'S iad gu luath leumnach.
 An *cuntar* 's an *tenor*
 Bu shuondach le cheil' iad,
 'S iad gun nheang 's iad gun srann,
 'S iad gun cham ghleusadh,
 'S ann leamsa bu chinnteach,
 Gach binn cheol ga sheinn leat.

'S biane leam do chomhradh
 Na smeorach na geige
 'S tu 'dheanadh mo leitheas
 Ged laighinn fo chreuchdan
 'S math mo bheachd nach bu stad
 Leam gu cart, ceillidh,
 'S mi 'bhi as t' eugmhais,
 Le do phuirt eibhinn.
 S mor an tlachd 'th'air mo run
 Nach labhair durd breige.
 Gun deanaim leat sugradh
 Cho muinte 's a dh' fheudainn.

Gur ceanalt 's gur grideil
 A cheile th' aig Deorsa,
 Ni 'n deanadh i eud ris
 Mu streup nam ban ega;
 Chaoin gheal dhonn 's caomhail fonn,
 Urlar lom comhward
 Cha tuiteadh trom bhron ort,

'Togar leat solas;
 'Teud chaol lag 'gleust' gun stad,
 Meur gu ceart ceolmhor,
 Gur binne le m' chluais thu
 Na chuach is an smeorach.

Ge ceanalt a comhraidh,
 'S neo-lodail a curam
 Ni 'n deanadh i iarraidh
 Each diollaid gu giulan.
 Cha laidh fuachd air a snuadh
 Ri la fuar funntail,
 Cha chaochail i grunn ris
 Ged bhiodh i leth-ruisgte.
 Thachd na gnìomh, mais' 'na fianh,
 'S i gu fìor chuirteil,
 'S uairg chibheadh i 'ga seoladh
 An crogan an unaidh.

'Thuilleadh air gach suairceas
 Tha buaidh ort an comhraidh
 Ni bheil thu costail
 'S gun dochainn thu 'm bord aig',
 Tha i saor gun bhi daor,
 Chan fheil gaol pois' oirre;
 'S beag a diol comhdaich
 'Ga cumail 'an ordagh,
 Chan fheil biadh cha 'n 'eil deoch
 Theid 'na corp comhla,
 Chan iarradh i lianradh
 Ach siod' agus roiseid.

Ma chaidh thu a suas
 A thoirt ruaig to Chinn-taile,
 Bidh mise a sìor ghuidhe
 Thu 'righiu a'd' shlainte
 Ma 's dol suas dhuit air chuairt
 Do 'n taobh-tuath 'n drasta,

'S mise 'bhios craiteach
 'S nach cluinn mi thuait failte.
 Tha mi trom ann am chom
 'S nach h-'eil t' fhonn lamh-rìum.
 Gun d' fhag thu mi 'd' dheaghaidh
 Gun mheoghail, gun danachd.

We have not been able to procure any information about the author of this poem. All we know about him is that his name was Alexander Macdonell, that he belonged to the Glengarry branch of the clan, and that he was a contemporary with Alastair Mac Mhaighstir Alastair. He was alive in 1751. We find John Macdonell, of Ardnabie, mentioned in 1744. But in what relationship Alastair Og stood to this John we cannot tell. Neither can we tell the relationship between Alastair Og and Mrs. Fraser, of Culbokie, an excellent poetess and a daughter of one of the Macdonells of Ardnabie.

GUR A TROM LEAM MO SHAIL,

Oran le Domhnall Mac-Gillemhóire, an Tírtítheadh, an deigh bas a chuid cloinne, agus e og obair air morlanachd comhla-rí clann eile.

Gur a trom leam mo shail,
 Is mo ghearran a 'm' laimh,

'Tarruing chlach as an Iar le m' dhorn;
Gur a trom, &c.

Mar-ri paisdean gun chiall,
'S iad air failinn gun bhiadh,
'S mi 'g an cumail air rian mar 's coir.

Tha gach aon ag radh rium
Bu neo-nadarr a 'chuis e
Gu 'n deanadh tu sugradh leo.

Nuair 'thig a Chaingis a staigh,
Falbhaidh mise gun cheist,
'S theid mi 'dh-ionnsaidh mo threis 's mo
threoir

Tighearna Chola so thall,
Mac Iain 's a chlann;
C' uim an bi 'n ur taing 's iad beo!

Gloir do 'n Ti mar a tha,
Nach h-i 'n aonta bheag, ghearr,
A tha agad a ghràidh an coir.

Tha thu 'shliochd nam fear treun
Ann an carraid no 'n streup,
Daoine rioghail gun speis de dh-or.

Clann-Ghilleain nan tuagh,
'S tric a choisinn iad buaidh,
Bu leo deas laimh an t-sluaigh le coir

Ur ceann-cinnidh gun fhoill,
Malairt cleoc' cha do rinn,
'S ann a strìochd e do dh-oighreachd gloir

'S ann a dh' fhaibh iad an nis
Na fir mhòra 'b' fhearr meas,

Eachann Ruadh is a mhic, 's mac Eoin.

'Nuair a bha thu san Fhraing,
Ged a b' fhad' i o laimb,
Dhaithnichinn t' fhabhar air cainnt am
beoil.

Bha mi leat 's an taobh tuath,
Chithinn romham thu 'suas,
Is sinn aigeannach, uallach, og.

Hector Roy, son and heir of John Maclean, 7th of Coll, died before his father, leaving two sons, Lachlan and Donald. Lachlan, 8th of Coll, was drowned in 1687. He was succeeded by his only son, John, who died young. John was succeeded by his uncle, Donald, who died in 1729. Donald was succeeded by his eldest son, Hector, the subject of the poem. Hector died Nov 6th, 1756. "Mac Eoin" is evidently Sir Hector Maclean, chief of the clan, who died in 1750. The poem then must have been composed between 1750 and 1756. Sir Hector was brought to Coll at the age of four and staid there until he was eighteen. Donald Morrison would thus, no doubt, be well acquainted with him.

ORAN.

Do dh' Eachann MacGilleain, Fear Eilein
nam Muc, 'n uaira chaidh e a chomh-
naidh do 'n Eilein Sgitheanach.

LE IAIN MAC-AOIDH.

Tha mi lionte le bron,
Cha 'n 'eil m' inntinn air doigh,
Na'm bu bhinn leibh mo ghloir eisdeachd.

'S mi mar Oisean nam Fiann,
Tha mo chuideachd air triall,
'S math mo bharail nach sgial breig e.

Dh'fhalbh an guth as a chreig,
Is cha labhair e smid,
'S ann a dh'fhaireas mi riochd feirg air.

Tha mi 'g iargain an oig,
Gruis na fialachd roimh 'n t-slogh,
Cha b'i 'n ainnis bu cheol feisd' dhaibh.

Bhiodht' a' caitheamh nan corn
Leis an aighear bu mho,
'S bhiodh do ghillean ri spors eibhinn;

Moran misnich 'nan ceann,
Beagan gliocais 'nan cainnt,
Is iad friothailteach, fann, feileach.

'S mac thu dh'armunn nam buadh,
Nach do sharaich an tuath,
'Bhuidhinn parras 's an uair fheumail.

An am crambadh a chruin,
A chuir Tearlach bho'n chuir,

'S iad do chairdean a b'fhiu 'm foigh-
neachd.

Cha bhi mise ora 'cainnt,
Cha 'n 'eil buannachd dhomh ann,
Cha bhi brigh ann an seann sgeula.

'Fhir a b'ealaimhe lamh
Ri taobh aibhnean is charn,
'S ann bho d'chu nach bu shlan beistean.

'S ann bho shurdaig do shnaip
Bhiodh an t-udlaich' gun neart,
'S fir 'ga ghiulan gu bras, eutrom.

'Tigh'nn bho chaitheamh a chuain,
Gu'm bu shar mhath do shnuadh,
Ort cha laigheadh an uair bheurtha.

Cha bu chladhaire cearr
Thu 'n am suidhe air an earr,
Gu'm biodh claidh air muir ard sleisde.

Dh'fhaodadh Trailibhail thall
Firinn aireamh de m' chainnt,
Nam biodh Gaidhlig 'na ceann breidgheal.

Tha mi 'chuideachd an drast
Air fuaim tuinne ri traigh,
Far 'm bu churaideach gair' theud dhomh;

Aig an ribhinn gun sgod
Nighean tuitear Mhic-Leoid,
Riamh nach d'fhuaras mu'n or gleidhteach;

Nighean crunair an aigh
'Choisinn urram thar chaich;
'S cian 's gur fad' thug na baird sgeul ort.

B'fhearr leat foghail do lamh

'Bhì 'toirt togbaidh air cnaimh,
Na bhì 'gleadhar air sgath spreidhe.

Gu bheil slìos do dha thaoibh
Mar an eala air na tuinn,
No mar chanach an grunn feithe.

Neul nan caor air do ghruaidh,
'N uair a dh'fhaodar am buain;
Ort cha laigheadh an snuadh breige.

Deud mar chaile ann ad cheann,
Air a snaigheadh mar chnaimh;
Beul dearg daith' o nach gann Beurla.

Ciochan corrach geal min
Air uchd soluis nach crìon;—
'S iomadh buaidh 'th'air a mhnai cheu-
taich.

Crambadh—a quarrel. Foghail—noise,
bustle.

Hector, first Maclean of Muck, was the second son of Lachlan, sixth Maclean of Coll. He fought under Montrose, and behaved with distinguished gallantry at the battle of Kilsyth. By his wife Julian, a daughter of Allan Maclean of Ardtornish, he had two sons, Hector and Ewen. Hector, second Maclean of Muck, married Catherine, daughter of Hector Roy of Coll, and had two sons, Hector, who died without issue, and Lachlan, his successor. Lachlan, third Maclean of Muck, married Mary, daughter of James Mac-

donald of Balfinlay, by whom he had two sons, Hector and Donald. Hector, fourth Maclean of Muck, married Isabel, daughter of Donald Macleod of Talisker. This Hector is the subject of the poem. He had no issue. He was succeeded in Muck by his brother Donald.

CUMHA DO DH-IAIN OG SGALPA.

LE A PHIUTHAIR.

'S e 'n sgeul a fhuair mi 'n drasta
 Nach do leig dhomh air choir;
 Is iomluaineach na teasaichean
 A ghrab mi gun bhi falbh,
 Cha bu toiseach faochaidh dhomh
 Bhi smaointeachadh Iain og
 'Chur 'sa chiste chaoil am falach
 Air a sparradh leis an ord.

Na'm bu talamh machrach e,
 Is e bhi fada, reidh,
 Air dhoigh 's gu'm faodt' a mharcachailh,
 Gun each a chur 'u a leum,
 Na h-eadar Rudha Mhalaig
 Agus carraig a chinn leith,
 Ghluaiseadh Mairi 'n taice riut,
 'S a suil ri frasadh dheur.

Na'm faighinn sud air m' ordagh
 A bhi gad choir-sa 'n de,
 A meuduchadh do thorraidh,
 Gu'm bu deonach leam an ceum,
 Ghluaiseadh leinn Mac-Dhomhnaill ann,
 'S a bhraithrean cga fein,

Thigeadh Maighstir Meodha
'S cha bu shubhach leis an sgeul.

Is oil leam fhin an cruinneachadh
'Tha air gach duine 's tir
Is iad gu tiamhaidh, muladach,
Mu 'n churaidh 'bu mhor phris
Is liomhor te 'tha tuireadh ort,
Na'm b' urrainn mi 'n cur sìos,
Ri moladh an t-sar cheannaiche
'N am teannadh ri ol fion'.

Alastair a Grisinnis,
Gu'm biodh tu 's tir so 'n de,
Is Tormoid ann an Uinis
Na'n cluinneadh sibh an sgeul,
Ruairidh Mor a Hamara
Chan fhanadh e 'n 'ur deigh,
Ogha 'n t-seanar mbathasaich
'Thug aighear dhuibh am beinn.

Bu mhiann leat gunna gleusta,
Is bu ro mhath 'fheum a'd' laimh,
Is luaidhe ghorm is fudar
Agus cuilain siubhlach, seang,
A dhol do bheinn nan aighean,
S gu'm bu tadhallach sibh ann,
Sar ghiomanach gun amharus
'Measg mhaithean Iunse-Gall.

'N uair 'thearnadh sibh gu h-ìosal
Is sibh sgith a siubhal shliabh,
Gu d' thaigheadas mor, priseil,
Ann an caidrimh frith nam fiadh,
Gheibhteadh cuirm gun iotadh
Agus ol air fion gu fial;
B' fhear-taighe suilbhir solasach thu.
'Bheireadh ol do chiad.

Is iomadh ainm a thigeadh ort,
 Sar sgiobair ri la fuar;
 Bu stiuramaich' thar bairlinn thu
 Ged bhiodh i ard 'sa chuan.
 Chan fhaicteadh fianh a' d' aodann-sa,
 A dh aindeoin gaoith 's anuair;
 Gu'm b' urrainn ann san ardraich thu,
 Ged bhiodh i 'n gabhadh cruaidh.

O, marbphaig air an eug
 A thug bhuainn an trunfhear ard
 A bha deas, faicheil, foinnidh
 Air gach coinnimh an measg chaich,
 'Bha notrom, ealamh, siubhlach
 Gus 'n do chaill thu luths do bhall,
 Is smearail, fearail, feumalach,
 Air iomad gleus nach cearr.

Nuair rachadh tu do Bhernara,
 'Sa chluinnteadh gair nan teud,
 Piobaireachd is clarsaireachd,
 Is fiodhall ard ga seinn,
 Chuireadh tu nan tamh iad
 Le tlachd do mhanrain fein;
 'S gur h-iomad fear 'bhiodh 'gaireachdainn
 Le abhachdas do bheil.

Tha do sheoid gun aiteas
 Ann an Sgalpa 's iad 'nan tamh;
 Is cha b' e sud a chleachd iad
 Aig an oig fhear ghasd' a bha;
 Gu'm bu shunndach meadhrach dheth
 Gach teaghlach 'bha fo d' sgail;
 'S an nis tha iad trom, airsnealach,
 Bho'n thaisgeadh thu fo 'n chlar.

We cannot tell who Iain Og Sgalpa was. It is evident, however, that he was

a Macleod or a Macdonald. Mr. Meodha, we suspect, is a mistake; we can find no minister of that name mentioned in Scott's *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticanæ*.

ORAN DO MHAC-NEILL BHARRA.

LE EOGHAN MAC-GILLEAIN AM BARRA.

Fhuair mi naidheachd thar fasaich
 Mu chuis granda gun tuigse;
 Tha mo smaointinnean gabhaidh,
 'S bualadh gairich a'm chuislean.
 Leam is cruaidh a bhi diteadh
 An fhir phriseil gun tuisleadh;
 Slat de 'n abhal gun chrine
 'Dh'fhas cho dìreach ri cuidseal.

Sar cheann-uidhe nan deireach,
 Gnuis na feile 's an tlachda,
 Nam bu bhas dhuit 's a cheum sin
 Bhiodmaid fein dheth gun taice.
 'S iomad dilleachdan bronach
 'Bhiodh gun chomhnadh gun tacsas,
 'Ga shior ghreadadh 's ga leonadh,
 'S ar tighearn' og 'ga thoirt seachad.

C'ait 'n do sheas e air urlar
 No'n do lub e 'na phearsa
 Aon 'thug barr ort an cuirteas,
 'Fhir bu luth-chleasaich' fasan?
 Tha mi cinnteach gu leoir dheth,
 Cha 'n e 'm bosd 'tha mi cantuinn,
 Nach lubadh tu 'm feoirnein
 Fo do bhroig air an fhaiche.

C'aic am faicteadh fo armaibh
 Aon bu dealbhaiche pearsa?
 Bhiodh ort claideamh chinn airgid
 'S daga mheanbh bhreac na leapa,
 Sgiath charraigneach bhreac philleach,
 'S biodag bhuorach gheur sgaiteach,
 Bu tu 'm fiuran deas moralach
 'S an connspunn treun smachdal.

Bu tu sealgair na sithne
 Anns na frithibh 'gan caisead,
 Le gunna 'bheoil chinntich
 'Bheireadh dith air an ealtainn.
 'N uair a chasgadh tu 'mhiog-shuil
 Is a chiteadh do lasair
 Bhiodh do pheileir a' gluasad
 Troimh dhamh uallach on astair.

Bu tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach
 Air muir ghailbheich nan cas-shruth;
 Bha thu mion-shuileach cianteach
 Foinnidh, innsgineach, tapaidh;
 Bha thu fearail ri d' innse,
 S bha thu fìor ghasd ri d'fhaicinn;
 'S air naile bhuidhneadh tu eis
 Air iomairt dhisnean nam bhreac-bhall.

C'uime 'n ceilinn an fhirinn?
 Dh'fhaotuinn innse gun sgrubadh
 Nach robh idir 's na crìochan s'
 Aon nach b'fhiach leis 'bhi'd chuideachd,
 'N uair a thairngteadh do shith
 'S an am do mhi-run tigh'nn thugad.
 'S tu nach soradh am fion oirnn
 No aon ni 'bhiodh am buideal.

Cuidseal—a cudgel. Tasca—support,
 substance, solidity. Innsgineach—sprightly,
 lively.

DOMHNALL BAN A' BHOCAIN.

Bha sinn colach air an Tailleair Abrach bho laithibh ar n-oige. Bha e a' fuireach lamh-rui'n. Is e Iain Domhnallach a b' ainm dha. Rugadh is thegadh e an Lochabar. Bu mhac e do Ghilleasbie, mac Aonghais, mac Alastair Bhain, mac Alastair Mhoir, mac Aonghais a' Bhocain, mac Aonghais Mhoir Bhoth-Fhionntain, mac Alastair, mac Iain Dribh, mac Raonaill Mhoir na Ceapaich. Bha e corr agus deich bliadhna fichead de dh-aos an uair a thanic e do 'n duthaich so. Bha cuimhne mhath aige, agus bha moran tlachd aige ann an eachdraidh nan Gaidheal. Bha e gle fhiosrach mu Dhomhallaich na Ceapaich, agus gu sonnaichte mu Shliochd an Taighe, an meur de 'n robh e-fhein. Bha beagan de chrìomagan oran aige air a theanga, ach 's gann gu 'n robh oran sam bith aige bho cheann gu ceann. Thachair dhuinn a bhi aig an taigh, aig ar seann dachaidh air an darna lathadeug de cheud mhios an fhoghair 'sa bhliadhna 1885. Chuir sinn fios air an Tailleair, agus thanic e a shealltainn oirnn am beul na h-oidhche. Dh' iarr sinn air eachdraidh Dhomhnaill Bhain a Bhocain a thoirt duinn. Sgrìobh sinn a sìos i facal air an fhacal mar a thug e seachad i. 'N uair a' bha 'n Tailleair a dol dachaidh thug sinn ceum combla ris. Rannic sinn gle fhaisg air an taigh leis. Bha e soilleir gu 'n robh e a dol air ais gu mor. Bha na casan lag is an anail goirid seach mar a b' abhaist. Cha 'n fhaca sinn tuilleadh e, chaochail e

an ceann beagan mhiosan Bha e mu cheithir fichead bliadhna 's a trì de dh-aois.

So agaibh ma ta eachdraidh Dhomhnaill Bhain a Bhocain mar a thug an Taillear dhuinne i:

Bha Domhnall Ban a Bhocain a fuir-each ann am Muin-Easaidh. Bu Domhnallach e de Thaigh na Ceapaich. Bha e posda ri Bana-Ghriogaraich a mhuinntir Raineich.

Bha Domhnall Ban ann am Blar Chuil-fhodair. An deigh a' bhlair bha e 'g a fhalach fhein ann am bothan airdh. Bha da ghunna aige, fear diu lan 's fear nach robh. Thanic cuideachd Mhic-Dhomhnaill Shleite air, agus leum e am mach troimh uinneig chuil. Thug e leis gu tubaist-each an gunna falamh. Loisg iad 'n a dheigh, 's bhris am peileir a chas. Thanic na saighdearan far an robh e. Co thu, ars' iadsan. Is Domhnallach mise ars' e san. Thug iad leo e gu Ionar-Nis. Bha e greis ann am prìosan an sin. Bha cuirt ac' air, ach fhuair e as. 'N uair a bha e sa' prìosan chunnaic e brùadar. Chunnaic e e fhein, Alastair mac Cholla, agus Domhnall mac Raonaill Mhoir ag ol. B'e Domhnaill mac Raonaill Mhoir am fear a bha iad ag radh a bha da chridh' ann. Chaidh a ghlacadh san Eaglais Bhric 's a chur gu bas an Carlisle. An deigh do Dhomhnall Ban am brùadar fhaicinn rinn e an duanag so:

Gur h-e mise 'tha sgith,
'S mi air leaba leam fhin,
'S iad ag raitinn nach bi mi beo.

Gur h-e mise, &c.

Chunnacas Alastair Ban
Is da Dhomhnall mo ghraidh,
'S sinn ag ol nan deoch-slainn' air bord.

'N uair a dhuisc mi a m' shuain,
'S e dh' fhag m' aigheadh fo ghruaim,
Nach robh agam san uair ach sgleo.

Ged a tha mi gun spreidh,
Bha mi mor asam fein
Fhad 's a mhaireadh sibh fhein dhomh
beo.

Faodaidh balach gun taing
'N diu bhi 'raith air mo cheann;
Dh' fhalbh mo thaice, mo chail, 's mo
threoir.

Bha 'm Bocan a' cur dragh' air Domhnall Ban. Smaointich Domhnall na 'm fagadh e 'a taigh nach cnireadh e dragh tuilleadh air. Thug e leis a h-uile ni gu dhol air imrich ach a chliath chliata, a dh'fhag e aig taobh an taighe. Chunnac an fheadhainn a bha 'fhalbh leis an imrich a chliath chliata a' tighinn 'n an deigh. Thalbh, thalbh, arsa Domhnall Ban, ma tha a chliath chliata a' tighinn 'n ar deigh, tha e cho math dhuinn tilleadh. Thill e ais ais far an robh e roimhe, 's cha d' fhalbh e riamh tuilleadh.

Bha mo sheanair, Aonghas mac Alastair Bhain, duine firinneach, onarach, oidheche ann an taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain, agus chaidh e 'chadal ann. Rug rud air dha ordaig a choise, agus cha 'n fhaigheadh e as na's mo na ged a bhitheadh e ann an gramaiche a ghobhainn. Cha 'n fhaigheadh e gluasad. 'S e 'm bocan a

bh' ann; ach cho do rinn e dad air ach sud.

Bha Raonall Abarardair oidheh' an taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain. Thubhairt Nic-Griogair, bean Dhomhnaill, ri Raonall,—
 “Ged a bheir mi dhuibh an t-im an nochd air a' bhord theid a shalachadh.” Thubhairt Raonall,—
 “Theid mise 'hun a' churrasain inne 's mo bhiodag 'am dhorn 's a bhoineid os cionn a churrasain 's cha shalaich e 'n nochd e. Chaidh Raonall a sìs comhl' rithe 's thug iad leo an t-im; ach bha e salach mar a b' abhaist.

“Na clachan agus na caoban

Cha leigeadh leis an naomhan cadal”

Chaidh Mr. Iain Mòr Mac-Dhughail, an sgar, oidheche na dha ann an taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain, ach cha digeadh an Bocan an oidheche bhiodh e san aon.

Bhiodh am Bocan a' tilgeadh rud as na balachan. Bhiodh iad a' cluinntinn nan sgionnan 'gan g arachadh aig ceann leaba Dhomhnaill Bhain.

An oidheche nu dheireadh a thanic, an Bocan bha e 'g innsse gu 'n robh iad so 's iad so comhl' ris, spioradan eite. Thuirt a' bhean ri Domhnall Ban,—“Shaoilinn fhin na'm biodh iad sin comhl' ris gu 'm bruidhneadh iad ruinn.” Fhreagair am Bocan,—
 “Cha 'n fheil comas bruidhne aca na's mo na tha aig bonn do chois. Thuirt am Bocan, “Thig am mach a' so, a Dhomhnaill Bhain. Theid, arsa Domhnall Ban, agus taing do Ni Math gu 'n d' iarr thu mi. Bha Domhnall Ban a' dol am mach 'S a toirt leis na biodaige. 'Fag do

bhiodag a staigh, a Dhomhnaill Bhain,” ars’ am Bocan. “Fag an sgian a staigh, euideachd.” Chaidh Domhnall am mach. Chaidh e-fhein ’s am Bocan an sin troimh Acha-nan-Comhachan air feadh na h-oidheche. Chaidh iad an sin troimh uillt ’s troimh choille bheatha, mu thrì mìle,— gus an do ranac iad an Fheairt. ’N uair a ranic iad sin dh’ fheuch am Bocan dha toll ann san do cheir e am falach iarann croinn ’n uair a bha e beo. ’Nuair a bha e a’ toirt nan iarann as an toll bha da shuil a’ Bhocain a’ cur an corr de dh-eagal air na nì eile a chuala no chunnaic e. ’N uair a fhuair e na h-iarann thill iad dhachaidh gu Muin-Easaidh, e-fhein ’s am Bocan. Dheilich iad an oidheche sin aig taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain.

Chaidh am Bocan an sin gu taigh tuathanach. Bha e a’ sìneadh a lamhan thairis air an tuathanach ’s a cur an aodaich air bean an tuathanach. “De tha thu dean-amb an sin?” ars’ an tuathanach. “Tha mi cur aodaich air mo bhana-charaid.” Dh’ fha’bh am Bocan an sin ’s cha ’n fhas riann tuill-adh e.

Bha gille aig Domhnall Ban, Caimbeulach, a chaidh a mharbhadh an Cuilfhodair. Thug an gille so d’ dh-fhear-faighe, uair, tuilleadh is a chòrd ri Domhnall Ban. Fìod Domhnall Ban ris. Thuit an gille ris, “Bidh mi dioghailt beo na marbh airson so.” Bha amharas aig daoine gu ’m b’e an gille so am Bocan, ach cha d’ innis Domhnall Ban co a bh’ ann.

Theab sluagh Domhnall Ban a chreach a’ dol a shealltainn air. Bha da mhac

aige, Aonghas Ruadh Chraineachain agus
 Domhnall Ban B' e Domhnall Ban
 Marsanta, a bha san duthaich so, mac
 Alastair, mhic Dhomhnaill Bhain, mhic
 Dhomhnaill Bhain a' Bhocain.

LAOIDH.

LE DOMHNALL BAN A' BHOCAIN.

'Dhia, a chruthaich mi gun cha'leachd.
 Daingnich mo chreideamh is dean laidir,
 Thoir air aingeal tigh 'un a Paras
 Is comhnaidh 'ghabhail ann am fhardaich,
 Gu m' theasraiginn bho gach buaireadh
 'Tha droch shluagh a' cur 'am charaibh;
 'Iosa, a dh' thuiling do cheusadh,
 Caisg am beusan 's bi fhein mar-rìum.

'S beag ionghnadh dhomh bhi ri smacinn-
 teach;
 N am dhomh dol daonnan do m' leaba,
 Eiridh na clachan 's na caoban,
 Nach leigeadh le naomhan cadal.
 Bidh mi gun fheis is gun tamh iont',
 Gun chlos is gun phramh gu madainn;
 'Fhir a tha 'n cathair nan grasan,
 Faic mo charadh 's bi 'd gheard agam.

'S beag ionghnadh dhomh 'bhi fo imcheist,
 'Liuthad seanachas 'th' orm 's gach duth-
 aich;

Their roinn diu a bhios ri eucoir,
 'S ann 'n a dheaghaidh fhein 'tha 'chuis
 ud.

Na doir a' bhreith ach mar 's leir dhuit,
 Ged a robh Mac Dhe ga d' dhusgadh;
 Cha 'n fheil fhios am mo a thoill mi

Na 'm fear saibhir 'tha gun churam.

Ged tha trioblaid orm 'san am so,
Naile, gheibh mi paigheadh dubailt;
'N uair 'thig gairm orm bho m' Shlanai-
ghear

Gheibh mi iochd is grasan ura.

Cha 'n eagal dhomhsa tuilleadh bruailein
'N uair 'theid mi 'suas mar-ri d' naoimh-
sa;

'Fhir a tha 'd shuidhe 'sa chathair,
Cuidich mo labhairt 's gabh ri m' urnaigh.

A Dhia, dean sa mise cuimhneach
A latha 's a dh oidhch' air bhi 'g urnaigh.
Ag iarraidh mathanais gu saibhir
Ann sna rium mi, air mo ghluinean.
Cairich le Spiorad na firinn
Aithreachas gle chinnt am ghrunn sa,
'S 'n uair 'chuiras Tu 'm bas ga m'
iarraidh'.

Gu 'n gabhadh Criosda dhiom curam.

Tha cuid ag radh gur b-e mac do dh-
Aonghas Odhar, Mac Ghilleasbic na
Ceapaich, a bh' ann an Domhnall Ban a
Bhocain, agus gu 'm bu nighean a mhath-
air do dh Aonghas Og, Fear Choille-
Chonaid, a bha de na Domhnallaich ris
an abairteadh Shochd an Iarla. Bha
brathair aig Aonghas Og d' am b' ainm
Domhnall Dubh, agus bha mac aige d' am
b' ainm Gilleasbic. Tha e air a radh gu'n
dug na sithichean leotha Gilleasbic, agus
gu 'm faca Domhnall Ban e air oidheche
shonaraichte a damusa maille rintha cho-
cruaidh agus a b' urrainn e. Tha e air
innse cuideachd mu Dhomhnall Ban gu

'n robh e air cuairt sheilge am bliadhna
 an t-sneachda mhoir, agus ma bheul na
 h oidhche gu 'm fac e duine air muin feidh
 agus e a dìreadh a suas ri creig mhoir.
 Chual e an duine ag radh, Dhachaidh,
 a Dhomhnail Bhain. Ghabh e combaile.
 Air an oidhche in fhein thuit aon treigh
 deug de shneachda 'sa cheart aite ann
 san robh e a dol a ghabhail taimh.

ORAN,

Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna
 nan Drimnean 'sa Mhorairne.

LE GILLEASBIC MAC-NEILL.

Moch 'sa mhadainn Di-luain
 Fhuair mi naidheachd 'bha cruaidh,
 Mu 'n do thog mi mo chluas gu eirigh;
 Moch 'sa mhadainn, &c.

Gu bheil Ailean 'na chorp,
 Ann sna Drimnean an nochd;
 Dh' fhag sud iomgaineach, goirt, a cheile.

'S beag an t-ionghnadb dh' i e,
 A bhi tursach 'g a cradh;
 Dh' fhag i 'n ulaidh am barr chnoc
 Micheil.

'S iomadh biadh agus deoch
 Tha roimh t' anam an nochd,
 Ard cceann-uidhe nam bochd 's nam
 feumach.

Bu tu ceann-uidhe nan ciad
 'Bhiodh a' tighin 's a triall;

Iuchair ghliocais na Dreallainn dh' eug e.

Na 'm biodh fear ann an glais,
'Dhiobhail cothroim is ceir',
Sheasadh Ailean le reachd 's le ceill e

Na 'm biodh earrann de 'n choir,
Air a thaobh-san de 'n bhord,
Thairneadh Ailean fo chleoc gu leir i.

'N uair a shuidheadh tu 'n cuirt,
An taigh-lagha no 'n tur,
'S tu gu 'm b' urrainn gach cuis a reit-
each'.

Gu 'm b' e t' fhasan-sa rianh,
Ann ad thalla 'b 'fhearr rian,
'Bhi 'toint seachad gu fialaidh fheusdan.

Cha bhiodh ainnis a' d' bheachd,
'S tu cuireadh naislean a steach;
Bhiodh do ghillean 'nan dreap is dh'
fheumadh.

Treis air iomairt 's air ol,
Treis air mire 's air ceol,
Gus an goireadh na h eoin 'sna geugan.

Tha do chinneadh fo phramh,
'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhaibh e;
Dh' fhalbh an urrain, an agh, 's an
eifeachd.

Dh' fhalbh an spionnadh 's an neart,
Dh' fhalbh an cothrom san ceart,
Dh' fhalbh na thogadh fear airc' a eigin.

Allan Maclean, Ailean Mac Thearlaich
mhic Ailein mhic Iain Duibh, first of

Drimmin, married Mary, daughter of John Cameron of Callart, by whom he had John, Donald and Margaret. He was one of the handsomest men of his day. He died at the age of twenty-nine. John, second of Drimmin, married Mary, daughter of John Crubach Maclean of Ardgour, and had two sons by her, Allan and Charles. He died, like his father, at the age of twenty-nine. Allan, third of Drimmin, died unmarried, also at the age of twenty-nine. Charles, fourth of Drimmin, had a natural son named Lachlan. He married Isabella, daughter of John Cameron of Erracht, by whom he had Allan, John, Donald, Lachlan and Marjory. He obtained the estate of Kinlochaline in 1735. He commanded the Macleans at the battle of Culloden in 1746, where he was killed, together with his natural son, Lachlan, who was a captain under him. His daughter, Marjory, was married to Donald Cameron of Erracht. Lieutenant-General Allan Cameron, Ailean an Earrachd, who was born shortly before the battle of Culloden, was her son. Charles of Drimmin was succeeded by his eldest son, Allan. Allan fifth of Drimmin, is the subject of the poem. He married first, Anne, daughter of Donald Maclean of Brolas, by whom he had Charles and Una. He married secondly, Mary, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Lochbuie, and had by her, Donald, of Kinlochleven, another son, and nine daughters. The date of his death we do not know.

CUMHA.

Do Dhomhna! Mac-Gilleain, Tighearn'
og Chcla, a chaidh a bhathadh ann
an Caolas Uibha 'sa Bhliadhna 1774.

LE SEUMAS BUCHANAN, MAIGHSTIR-SGOILE
ANN AN COLA.

Is searbh cupan na beatha
Do Chlann-Ghilleain, 's cha 'n ionghnadh
'S gach call agus trioblaid
'Tha 'gan riobadh 's 'gan rusgadh.
Fhuair iad 'nis buille mhuineil,
Fath mo dhumaich 's mo dhiobhail;
Chaill iad ceannard na tuatha,
Dha 'n robh 'n uaisle 'n a ghiulan.
Mo run geal og.

Mar sheann luing gun fhear-riaghlaidh,
Air cuan tiadhaich san dubhlachd,
Tha do chinneadh 's do chairdean,
Is muir baite ga 'n ionnsaidh.
Gur a goirt lean an gairich,
O 'n is bas do 'n fhear-iuil ac',
'Bualadh bhas an am eirigh;—
'Rìgh na greine bi dluth dhaibh.

Bha a ghliocas ro shonnraicht',
Agus 'eolas ro phriseil;
Bha e gaolach ro smachdail,
'S moran tlachd aig' do 'n fhirinn.
Solus ur 'bha ro alainn;
'S nan deach 'fhagail 's an d' lion e,
Cha chaoidheamaid bas Eachainn,
Ged bu chreach ann san tìr e.

Dh' fhaibh Domhnall og Chola,
 Is gu 'm b' oil le d' luchd-eolais;
 Bha do nadur ro uasal,
 Lan suairceis, gun mhor-chuis.
 Bha thu iriosal, baigheil,
 Is 'n ad namhaid do 'n do-bheairt;
 Caraid islean is naislean;
 'Righ, gu 'm b' fhuath leat am foirneart.

'S og a chuir mi ort eolas,
 'S cha bu chomhstri no streup e;
 Cha robh 'm beus sin riut fuaighte,
 'S mor an uaisle 'bha 'g eirighd.
 Is a' dìreadh mu d' ghuaillibh,
 Oig uallaich na feile;
 'S o 'n a rinneadh do bhathadh
 Tha do chairdean fo eislean.

Is neo-shuundach do phiuthar;
 Is trom dubhach do bhrathair,
 Ged tha nachdranachd duthcha
 'Tarruing dluth air le d' bhas-sa.
 Gur a truime an aiceid
 Is an sac 'tha 'n uchd Mairi,
 Mu 'n ur ailleagan cheutach
 'Thug i 'speis is a gradh dha.

'S truagh t' athair 's do mhathair,
 'S bidh iad craiteach 's an eug iad,
 O 'n a fhuair iad sgeul bronach
 Bas Dhomhnaill an ceud ghin.
 A Righ, furtaich is foirinn,
 'S cuir an dochas am meudachd
 Ann san Ti a b' dhearr coir air
 Mu 'n deach cota no lein' air.

Gun luaidh air a' ghearan
 'N ad chuid fearainn 'san duthaich,

Gu bheil mis' air mo ghenadh
 Le do chonaibh a' tursadh,
 'S iad ri donnalaich oillteil
 'Siubhal coilltich is stuc bheann,
 'Giarraidh 'mhaighstir, mhaith, choir, sin,
 'S tric a leon an damh luthar.

Cha bhiodh acras no iota,
 Air do dhiol, do luchd-sugraidh;
 Do pheighiuncan beag' sporain
 Gheibheadh comunn nan luth-chleas.
 'S iomadh glaine dhe 'n toiseach
 A fhuair oigridh do dhuthcha
 As do laimh, mu 'n do dh-fhas thu
 Suas thar airdead mo ghluine.

Bu tu caraid na tuatha
 Nach bu chruaidh ann am mal orr';
 Ged bhiodh fàilinn na 'n cuineadh
 'S tu nach diultadh an dail dhaibh.
 Cha bhiodh iomair' dhe t' fhearann
 A chion ghearran gu 'aiteach
 Na 'm bu ghibht a bhiodh buan thu.
 Bhiodh do shluagh-sa gu statail.

Ma 's e luban luchd-fuatha,
 Le tuain 'al na poite,
 No le buidseachas laidir,
 'Thug am bas ort, a Dhomhnuail.
 Sgrìs na h-aoine 'n am eirigh
 Orra fhein 's air an doighean.
 Dh' fhag iad sunne fo eislean,
 Is neo-eibhinn ri 'r beo dheth.

Tha e 'n diugh an Cill-Ionnaig,
 Fath mo mhulaid 's mo dhoruinn,
 Fear a chridhe mhoir, fharsaing,
 Lan ceartais, gun gho ann.

Ged tha sinne dheth craiteach
 Tha mi laidir an dechas
 Gu bheil anan-sa 'm Paras
 Mar-ri 'r Slanaighear gloirmhor.

Donald, eldest son and heir of Hugh Maclean, 13th of Coll, was a very promising young man. Dr. Johnson, who became acquainted with him during his visit to the Western Islands, speaks of him in terms of high praise. He was drowned in the Sound of Ulva, Sept. 25th, 1774; by the upsetting of the boat in which he was crossing the sound. There were thirteen men in the boat; of these nine were drowned. The four who escaped clung to the mast until the Ulva ferry-boat came to their aid. As there was no storm, it is possible that "tuaineal na poite" had something to do with the sad accident.

CUMHA.

Le Bean Chaluim Mhic-Faidein an Tiri-
 eadh d' a fear, a mac, agus fear a
 h-inghinne. Chaidh an triuir aca a
 bhathadh a tighin a Cola.

FONN—"Ged tha cheapach na fasach."

Gura mise 'tha pramhail
 Gun aon tamh air a chnoc;
 Gur h-ann dhomhsa nach nar sin,

A 'bhi stracte le sprochd;
 'S mi ri feitheamh an aite
 Far 'n do bhathadh mo thoirt,
 A' chiad mhac 'rinn mi arach;
 'S ann am airnean tha 'n lot.

C' ait a lheil i fo 'n chruinne?
 No 'n do dh-imich i feur?
 Aon bhean dha 'm bu choir
 A bhi cho leointe rium fein.
 Cha do dh-iarr thu leam dhachaidh
 Ach mo phearsa gun deidh,
 'S bha sin leatsa cho taitneach
 'S ged lionainn achadh le spreidh.

Cha robh 'n sin dhint ach comain
 O 'n a thogair thu fhein;
 'S o 'n a fhuair thu mi posda
 Le ordagh o 'n chleir.
 Gu 'n saoilinn mu m' chomhair
 Gu 'm b' tu 'n domhan gu leir:
 'S shaoileadh tusa 'n a chomain
 Gu 'm b' mhis' an obair 's an spreidh.

Mo cheist am beul fo 'n robh 'n fhaithinn?
 Lamh a dheanadh rud grinn.
 'N ni nach fac thu mu d' chomhair
 Thog do mheomhair e 'n nios.
 'S iomadh aon leis am b' olc
 Nach d' fhuair thu port ann san tìr;
 Ach 'saun dhomhs' tha 'm mi-fhortan,
 'S lionmhor goirtein mu m' chridh'.

Ged a bhidhinn cho ogail
 Is gu 'm posainn a dha,
 Tha mo chridhe cho leointe
 Is nach deonaichinn e.
 Gus an deid mi san talamh,

No sa ghainneamh fo 'n Iar
 Bidh gaol Chaluim a' m' chridhe,
 'S bidh s naoinntim Iain ga m' chumh.

Tha mo chiochann mar chaillich,
 Tha iad tana gun chli;
 'S iomadh sail bhà air m' aiscean,
 Ghabh i astar 's cha till.
 Leis mar tha mi 'g ur cumha
 Cha 'n fhaicear subhach mi 'chaoidh;
 Bidh mo shuilean a sruthadh
 'S gach ait an suidh mi no 'n sin.

Na 'm bu chomhairleach diuc' mi,
 'S nach diult-teadh dhomh m' eigh,
 Gu 'n cuirinn-sa froiseadh
 Anns gach poit 'tha fo 'n ghrein.
 Sin an obair nach soitheamh
 Thug mo ghuothach dhìom geur;
 Cha d' fhuair mise dhe 'fortan
 Ach mo lot anns gach sgeith.

Bu mhath 'n companach Tearlach,
 Theireadh each nach bu diu;
 Gur h-e 'm beachd a ghabh iadsan
 'Chuir a' d' dhail mi cho dluth.
 Do luchd brataich a gheard thu
 Bha 'n an càirdean ri m' chul;
 Cna b' e feadag na foille
 'Bhiodh mu dheireadh 'n an cuirt.

C 'uim am bidhinn gu h-ole dhuit
 'N uair a nochdainn a chuis?
 'N am spairn bhi air chnocaibh,
 No dol am fochair luchd-diumb,
 'N uair a ghlaodhadh tu 'n t-ardan
 Cha bu tlath thu mu 'chul;
 Riamh cha 'n fhacas fear t' fhuatha
 Seal uair' os do chionn.

FAILTE THEARLAICH NA SGURRA.

Oran do Thearlach Mor Mac-Gilleain,
Fear na Sgurra.

LE EUGHAN MAC-GILLEAIN.

FONN—"N uair thig an samhradh geugach
oirnn."

O, failt' a Thearlach nig ort,
'S do bheath' air foid na duthcha so,
Gur tamul sgrìob do phoige orm,
Tha dearg mo bheoil air rusgadh leath.'
Na 'n cuirinn dhìom an eisleam so,
'S gu 'n cuirinn as a chruban so
Gu 'm faicinn fhìn am maireach tho,
'S gu 'n deamainn gaire sunndach riut.

Is fad c' n la a dhealaich sinn
'N am carraid ris na Tuathaichibh;
Gu 'n d' ghabh mi dhìot cead carthannach,
'S gu deimhin gu 'm bu luath lean e.
Thug mi ceum a' d' dheaghanm,
Agus t' aghaidh ris na fuar bheannaibh,
'S gu 'n d' fhag sud m' inntinn cauranach,
Is treis de m' nadur bruaillineach.

Gur math am measg na cuideachd thu,
'S neo-thuiteamach an comhradh thu;
Cha d' chuir thu suil an sgrùbaireachd,
'S cha b' fhasan duit 'bhi moralach.
Cha d' chuir thu suil am miedhoireachd,
S a bhrìbearachd cha d' fhoghlaim thu.
'N am sgur de dh-ol an fhiona
Chà bhiodh cunntas crìon mu 'n bhord
againn.

C' ait am faigh mi leannan dhuit,
 No mairist 'theid a' d' chodhail-sa'.
 Cha 'n fheil i ann san fhearann so
 Na 's airidh air an oighear ud.
 Na 'm bu mhise thaghadh i,
 'S mo ragbain a bhi deonach ort,
 Gur te gun ghiamh, gun fhailinn innt'.
 A bhiodh am maireach posda rint.

Ach o 'n is ni nach faodar sin,
 Gur faoin dhuinn a bhi comhradh air.
 Bi fiosrach far an iarr thu te,
 Bi sgialach air a seoltaichean,
 'S nach liugha te gun ghiamh innte
 Na eala chiar air lointeanabh.
 Bidh cuid diu 's faicin bhreagh 'orra,
 Ach 's fearr dhuit ciall na boidheach aic'.

Gur math a thig an armachd ort,
 'S neo-leanabail an tus conhraig thu;
 Bidh daga nam ball airgid ort,
 Gu boidheach, dealbhach, or-ghlensach.
 Bhiodh gunn' a' d' laimh gu curamach,
 Is t' fhudar ann am pocaidean;
 'S gu 'n deant' an t-ord a ruscadh leat
 Nach diultadh an am codhalach.

Gur math a thig an claidheamh
 Air crios laghach nam ball boidheach ort;
 'S cha chlaidheamh air leas garlaich e
 'N uair chairear ann an ordagh e;
 Ach slachdan leathan dias-fhada
 Gun mbeirg, gun ghiamh, gun fhotus ann;
 An laimh a churaidh chruadalaich
 Gu 'm buidh 'nnteadh buaidh air moran
 leis.

'S an nis o 'n rinn thu tilleadh

As gach ionad ann sua tharlaidh thu,
 Gun bheud, gun phudhar pearsa ort,
 Ach mar a b' ait le d' chairdean thu,
 Ge b' e neach a tha 'm miorun dhuit,
 Gu bheil mi-fhìn mar dh' fhag thu mi;
 'S airson thu thigh 'n do 'n tìr thugainn,
 Gu 'n lian 's gu 'n cl mì 'n t-slaime so.

CUMHA.

Do Chatriona Dhòmhnullach, an I-
 Chaluim-Chille, a dh' fhalbh air leabaidh
 a siubhla. Rinneadh an cumha so le
 Aonghas Mac Laomain an I-Chaluim-
 Chille. Tha e air a dheanamh mar gu 'm
 b' ann le mathair a' bhoionnaich a chao-
 chail.

Dhomsa 's dubhach an t-earrach,
 'Dh' fhag fo eallach gach la mi,
 'S mi ri smaointinnean gorach;
 Cha b' e 'm bròn gun cheann fath e;
 Mi ri cumha na gruagaich
 Nach bu shuarach ri 'h-aireamh,
 Laogh mo bhroillich 's mo chiche,
 'N deagh Chatriona so 'dh' fhag mi,
 Mo run geal og.

'S ann mu 'n taca so 'n uiridh
 'Chaidh mo chruinneag-sa charadh
 Ann an ceanglaichean pusaidh
 Ri fear ur an deagh naduir,
 Rinn thu leanabh a ghiulan
 Re cursa thrì raithean;
 'S ann air leabaidh a siubhla
 'Chaill mi 'n ur ghibht a chraidh mi.

'S ann a ghairmeadh mo ghradh-sa,

Ann an laithean a h-oige,
 Le teachdair' o 'n t-Slanaighear,
 'Mach a sgaile na feola.
 Bha a cuislean a' sgaineadh
 Le sarachadh dorainn,
 'S fuil a cridhe 'g a taosgadh
 'Mach 'n a braonaibh mu 'poraisibh.

Co a chiunneas no 'dh-eisdeas
 Mar a dh-eirich e dhomhsa,
 A bhi faicinn mo mhal laig
 Ga a caradh, 'san doigh sin,
 Air eislinn nam ban bhord
 Agus brailin 'g a comhdach,
 Nach h-abair, mo chradh-shlad,
 'S i do mbachair sa 'bhronag.

Tha do cheile fo mhulad,
 'S trom 's gur duilich gach la e,
 O 'n a phaisg e an ulaidh
 'N ciste chumhaing nan claraibh.
 Chaill e *preasant* duin' nasail
 Agus tuathanaich statail.
 Agus deagh thean an taighe
 'Bu mhor mathas 'na tamhan.

'S bochd an t-aonaran t' athair,
 Gach aon latha ri' bron e;
 'S tric a' caoineadh gu 'n fhois e;
 Chaill e 'mhisneach 's a sholas,
 O 'n a dh fhag e fo lic
 An te 's tric 'r inn a chomhnadh;
 Ceann na cille 's a ghliocais
 'Bu mhor meas aig no h-eolaich.

Gur a bronach do bhraithrean
 'Ga d' chaoidh, 'ailleag ghlan bhoidheach;
 Tha iad cianail 's fo phramhan

O 'n la dh 'fhag iad an og bhean
 Ann an reibc nan armann
 Ri taub 'na taigh comhnaidh;
 Tha do pheathraichean truagh dheth,
 'S tric a' sathadh nan dorn iad.

Ann an ceill bha thu muinte,
 'S ann ad ghulan gun mhor chais;
 Cha b' e t' fhasan 'bhi 'leumraich,
 'Cur ri beusaibh na goraich.
 Cha bhi th ru, 's cha b' fhiu leat,
 Ki cul chaint air oigridh;
 Bha thu fasda, cliùiteach,
 A' d' reul iuil aig na h-oighean.

B' e do bheusan o thoiseach
 A bhi fosgailteach, fialaidh;
 A bhi daunnan a' cosnadh
 Beannachd bho chd 's dhaoine fìachaid;
 'Bhi ri cuireadh nan acaach
 Is nan tartuor gu biatachd;
 'S a bhi 'e eisdeachd an fhacaid
 Le fìor choitas na diadhachd.

Gu 'm b' e coltas mo luaidh-sa
 Aghaidh shuairce nam miog shul;
 Beul 'bu mheachaire gaire
 Le failte gu siobhailt;
 Pearsa chothremach, alainn,
 Gun bhi ard no bhi ìosal;
 Cul donn leadanach, duallach,
 'S e 'na chuachagan snìomhain.

Sguiridh mise ga t' aireamh,
 Cha 'n fheil stàth dhomh bhi t-innseach;
 'S gur h e m' urnaigh gu h-araid
 Thu gun dail 'dheal as m' inntinn.
 Tha mo dhochas ro laidir

Ann an Slanaighear nam mìltean,
 Gu bheil t' anamsa sabhailt'
 Ann an gairdeachas siorruidh.

'SE MO LAOCHAN AN TAILLEAR.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Rinneadh an t-oran so do Ghilleasbuig
 Mac-Gillemhaoil. Tha ann Bard 'g a
 mholadh aison a dheagh thaillearachd.
 Cha 'n fheil moran de mholadh 'san raon
 mu dheireadh.

LUINNEAG.

I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,
 I h-urabh o, i h-o ro h-o,
 I h-urabh o' i h-orin o,
 H-i ri ri ri o h-i ag o.

'Se mo loachan an taillear
 Nach gabh pair' as mo sheanachas;
 Thug thu cumachd san fhasan
 'Bha fìor thlachd inhor 'san t-searmon.
 Ann an toiseach do shaoghail
 Cha robh t' fhaoghlum-sa cearbach.
 'S i do bhriogais tha ciatach,
 An snath riaghailt cha d' fhalbh aisd';
 Tha i 'freagairt gu gasda
 Mu do chasan gun chearbaich';
 Fhuair i 'n t-urram 's gach aite,
 'S cha b' e 'm madar a dhearg i.

Cha 'n fheil uasal no iosal
 'Chunnaig i fhad 's a dh-fhalbh thu,

Nach dug urram do 'n aodach
 Gus 'n do chaochail an calg air.
 Bha thu latha 's a mhointich,
 Gle sporsail, fìor chalma;
 Ghabh thu suas orm seachad,
 Taobh glas is taobh dearg dhìot,
 Thug mi suil thar mo ghuaile
 Co 'n duim' uasal a dh' fhalbh bhuam;
 'S truagh nach danaig thu 'm chuideachd,
 'Dh fheuch an ruiginn do sheanachas!

Thaie Ferrier comhl' riut,
 Gu bhi comhradh 'sa seanachas,
 'N uair a chual' e mar bha,
 Gu 'n robh am pataran ainmeil;
 Nach robh 'leithid ri 'fhaotunn,
 Ged nach saoilinn gu dearbh sin,
 Ann am Baile Dhuneideann ac'
 Air feill no air margadh.—
 Fhoair thu urram do chinnidh
 Ann an spionnachd 's an anfhadh:
 'N uair a rachadh n' t aodach,
 Bha fear t' aogaisg fìor ainmig.

'S truagh nach faighinn air m' ordagh
 Thu bhi 'd choirneal san armait,
 'S gu 'm faicinn thu 'd shuidhe
 Air each uidheamaicht', meannnach;
 Le do shrein is le d' dhiollaid,
 Le d' sputie riomhaich de'n airgiod,
 Is le d' bhriogais mhath sporsail
 'Chosgadh mo' an aig margadh!—
 N uair a rachadh do ghaigich,
 Leat air thapadh do 'n Ghearmailt,
 Feucham co air an t-saogha!
 Riut a ghlaodadh Mac-Fhearghuis.

'S arà gun teagamh do thìotal,

'S mor an meas 'th' ort le dearbhadh.
 'N uair a rachadh tu 'Lamlainn
 'Db fhaotuinn urrainn le t' arg' maid;
 No 'chur bhlar ann san Eiphit,
 A lamh ghleusda gu marbhadh,
 'S iomad uachdaran speiseil
 'Bhiodh mu d' dheibhinn a' seanachas.
 Tha gach gruagach an deidh
 Air fear do cheille agus 't anfhaidh,
 'S iad ri leum as do dheoghainn
 Mar iasg ri maghar san thairge

Cridhe farsuing na fialachd,
 Sar bhiadhtach an aigid,
 'S tu ro mhisneacheil, treubhach,
 'S ann riut fein is mor m' earbsa.
 'S maig a tharladh a'd' thaice,
 Nuair a chasadh iad fearg ort.
 Bu leis cuid fhir an iochdair,
 As do ghnìomh bhithinn earbsach.
 Bho na dh' ionnsaich thu 'n eallain,
 Cha ghabh thu caile mar mhairiste;
 Gheibh thu baintighearna fearainn,
 'S gur math 'n airidh fear t' ainm oirr'.

Ach a dhuine 'thug do'n duthaich so
 A churainn gur daln' thu;
 Na cuir umad am feasd i,
 Is nach seas i aig margadh,
 Ciamar 'dheanadh tu ceart i
 Leis an acfhuion bha cearbach,—
 Seana mhiaran 's e briste,
 Bloidh sìosair gun charbad,
 Bloidh 'snathaid de tharruing
 'Bh' aig do leanan mu 'n d'fhalbh i,
 'S bord-oibre de chiste
 A ghibht duine marbh ort.

CLIU AILEIN.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Rinneadh an t-orar-magaidh so do
dh-Ailean Domhallach. Na'm b' fhior
am bard bha leannan-sith a' cur dragh air
Ailean.

LUINNEAG.

I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,
I h-urabh o, i h-o ro h-o,
I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,
H-i ri ri ri o h-i og o.

Tha mo ghaol air an oigear sin
A 's boidhche 'sau fhearann;
Ged a thuirt iad riut Ionhan,
Cha b' fhior dhaibh e, 'leinibh;
Sann a th' annad am fleasgach
A 's ro dheise air a bhallaibh.
Mura bhi a bhean shith,
Gu 'm biodh tu strith ri d' chuid leannan.
Gu de 'chuir i ga d' ruagadh
Mur a d' fhuair i ort gealladh;
Mur a grad chuir i cul riut
Theid gach cu ann sa bhaile innt'.

Cha 'n ionghnadh do mhatbair
A bhi craiteach ga d' ghearan,
'S gu 'n d' theapas do bhathadh
Leis a' chaparaid shalaich,
'S oach cuala do chairdean
Mar thainig i 'd' charaibh,
Gu bheil fios aig na ceudan
Gu 'm b' eucorach, Ailein,
Dhi 'bhi tigh 'nn as do dheigh-sa,
'S gun do bheul 'thoirt d' i geallaidh.

Gheibh mi sgoileir le 'sgriobhadh
'Chuireas i as an fhearaun.

Cha dean neach, tha i 'g radh,
Mo chur air saile bho m' leannan,
Mur dean Domhnall Mac-Phail e,
Lè spinne-asuin a dh-aindeoin;
'S ann a thuirt am Maor Ban rium,
Fuirich lamh-ris car tamuill,
Gus am builich thu 'n fheoil dhech,
Am fìer fheocullan salach,—
Labhair Eachann 's a Chaolas,
'S duine faoin leam thu, Ailein;
C' ait am faca tu bhiast,
No 'n ui do chiad leannan falaich;
Thuirt thu, 's coma leam fhin sin,
Cha dean mi inns ach do charaid;
Fhuair mi thall am Poll Christidh
An droch shigean 'n a fallus.

Gur h-ann ormsa tha mhiothlachd,
'S tha mi lionte le mulad;
Is mor eagal m' o chridh'
Gu 'm fag thu 'n tìr s' o gu buileach,
'S truagh a chaileag 'thug gaol dhuit,
Mur a faodar do chumail,
Ged a gheibheadh i 'n dhuthaich so
Is Muideart is Muile,
Agus roim m'ath de dh-Eirinn
Ann ad eirig-sa, 'churaidh,
B 'fhearr gu mor dhi thu fhein aic',
Oig ghleusd an deagh chuma.

Nach robh Bonipart straiceil
'Cur a chabhlaich fo uidhin;
'Cur a luingeas air saile
Gu tigh 'nn lamh-ruinn do Lunnainn,
Ged nach biodh ac' thu fhein ann,
C' uim nach feumadh e fuireach?

Le do chladheamh math Spainteach,
 Ged a tha e gun duille,
 'N uair a ghlacadh tu 'd laimh e
 Chuir' gu bas leat na h-urad ;
 'S mun caisgteadh do mhiothlachd
 Bhiod an t-sith ann gu buileach.

Ged a b' ainmeil Cochullainn
 Aig gach duin' ann an gabhadh,
 Gu bheil t' ainm-sa 'nis, Ailain,
 Air dol thairis na 's airde.
 Ann an cliu 's ann am misnich
 Fhuair thu tiotal nan Gaidheal.
 Chan fheil Turcach no Iompair'
 'Chuireas mhiothlachd gu brath ort ;
 'S ann a chiosnaich thu 'n Fheadailt,
 'S gun do theich aisd' am Papa ;
 Nach leat fhein a chuid fearainn,
 'S gabh 'na charaibh am maireach.

— x —

CUMHA A GHAMHNA.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Chuir Tearlach Mac Ailain, duine a bha
 'fuireach lamh-ris a bhard, capull a bh' aige leis
 na creagan. Chruinnich na h-eoin a dh' itheadh
 feoil mu'n chairbh,, agus bha cuirm mhor ac'
 oirre. Began an deidh bas a chapuill, chaill am
 bard gamhainn. Thanic na h-eoin a bha mu 'n
 chapull gu gabhail dha ; ach a reir a bhaird cha
 deach 'fhagail aca ; thugadh dhachaidh e. Bha
 Catriona, bean a bhaird, a cur coire mhoir air
 Tearlach airson cruinneachadh nan ian.

FONN.—“*Alastair a Gleanna-Garadh.*”

BEAN A BHAIRD.

Ged b' ainneamh dhomh dol air astar,
'S ann rium a thachair a chomhail ;
Chunnacas feannag ann sna Gnioban,
'S ann leam fhin nach binn a comhradh.
Suil dhe 'n dug mi thar mo ghuaille,
Chunnacas beathach shuas a gnostaich ;
Bha 'n dubh arpag mhor ga 'spionadh ;
Co bha 'n sin ach diosgan Dhomhnaill.

'S mairg a their nach bi san dan dhuinn
Rud no dha 'bhios iad ag innseadh ;
'S fad o 'n chunnaic Domh'll mac Lachainn
Taisdealach glas ann sna Gnioban.—
Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad
Rinn e air a ghluinean striochan,
Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich
Ris a chomhstrith nach robh fiachail.

Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich
Mar nach do dh-ordaich am facal,
Chaidh tu 'chogadh ris an laireig
'S an aite 'b' airde 'bh' air na bailtean,
Ga h-iomainn gu bun a gharraidh
Gus an d'fhuair thu 'n aite cas i ;
Chuir thu do shlinnean ri 'gualainn
Agus buarach air a casan.

TEARLACH MAC AILAIN.

Chaill mi mo leirsinn 's mo chlaisteachd,
'S fhuair mi masladh bho mo chairdean,
Bha mi 'n duil gun d' rinn mi tapadh
Cha robh e an nasgaidh do m' lamhan.
Chuir mo bhean phosd' orm miothlachd,
'S i gam dhiteadh gu ro laidir ;

'S truagh nach robh mi ann san teasaich
Mun deachaidh mi 'ghleachd ris an laireig.

BEAN A BHAIRD.

Bu mhor an cion ceille dhuitsa,
'Nuair 'thug thu 'n tuisleadh do 'n laireig ;
Tha fios aig muinntir nam bailtean
Nach h-ann ga marcachd a bha thu ;
'S ann a dh' eirich thu gu scairteil,
'S a thug thu cas as a charaid ;
Tholl thu 'n t-seiche leis na clachan,
'S cha dean i 'n caiseart a charadh,

'S daor a chrean mi air an fholach,
'S air an fheoirnein 'bha 'sa Bhraighe ;
Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich,
Bha mo ghamhainn og, luath, laidir,
'S gamhainn eil' aig Mari Mhogaich
A bhiodh comhl' ris anns gach aite !
'N uair a chi mi e tigh'nn dachaidh,
'S ann a thig reachd ann am bhraghad.

'S iomadh drobhair 'bha ga d' ruagadh
'N uair bha thu shuas ann sa Bhraighe,
Cha dig 'h-aon diu 'nis ga t' fhaicinn,
On phacadh thu 'n aite granda.
Ach Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad
Bheireadh e 'leith-shuil air pairt dhiot,
'S e 'g iarraidh ceithrimh de'n bhodaig
Airson coirce no buntata.

Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad,
Gur h-e rinn an diubhail oirne,
'Nuair a chruinnich e na biastan
Air an t-sliabh 'tha 'n taobh so 'n mhointich ;
Fitheach is feannag is biatach,
Bu chomunn gun riaghailt dhomhs' iad ;

Chunna mis' iad fad a mhiosa,
Fear mu seach dhiu smideadh Dhomhnail.

DOMHNALL.

An cluinn thu mise, 'Chatriona,
Chan fhag mi crionta ri d' bheo thu ;
Ged a bha iad orm a smideadh,
Saoil thu 'm b' aobhar miotlachd dhomhs' e ?
Leis an tairgneachd a bha 'n dan dha
'N latha 'bhrist e clar na crocaich
Ged a bhiodh e ann sa chiste
Dh' fhaodadh an dris tigh'nn 'na chomhail.

BEAN A BHAIRD.

Cha tairgneachd a bh' ann ach breamas
A tha gam leanachd-sa 'n comhnaidh,
'S fhad on dh' iarr mi air Catriona
A shaoalachadh 'sios Ceann-a-chroige ;
'S ann a dh' eirich i gu statail,
'S thug i bal mhic Aonghuis oig oirr' ;
Boig oirr' as deaghainn an tailleir,
'S thig am maor 'thoirt bairlinn dhomhsa.

Thuirt Mor, mo nighean, le miotlachd,
'N uair 'chunnaic i 'dhriom ga 'shroiceadh.
Cha mharbhadh sibh fein gu brath e
Mur digeadh am bas na chomhail.
Sean fhacal tha fìor ri 'raitinn,
Chuala mise 's mi 'm phaisd' og e,
'M fear nach dean nollaig gu sunndach
Ni e 'chaise gu tursach, bronach.

Chan fheil a h-aon air an leig so
Nach h-eil gam chreubhadh airson pairt dheth ;
Iain Og ag iarraidh 'n cnaimh-tuaighe
'S Niall Ruadh ag iarraidh a phaighidh ;

An gobhainn ag iarraidh a chinn deth,
 'S cha ghabh e mir ann sa chain deth ;
 'S Domh'll mac Eachainn mhic Iain Oig
 Ag iarraidh spol airson na larach.

Ged a ghabh sibh mise 'm eiginn,
 Saoil nach faoduinn fein bhur paigheadh.
 Cha robh each a bh' air na bailtean
 Nach dugadh dhachaidh air càrn e.
 Dh' fhoghnadh mac Aonghuis mhic Chailain,
 An leannan a bh' aig mo phaisde,
 Gu 'tharruinn dhachaidh 'na onrachd,
 Gus 'n do rinn a dhornan scaineadh.

'S ann dhomhsa 'dh' eirich an scaradh,
 Thanic an t-earrach so luath orm ;
 Chaill mi mo dhobhliadhnach math ris,
 Fath mo ghearainn ann san uair so.
 'S deacair dhomh 'nis fuireach samhach,
 'S do cheann lamh-rium ann san luathre,
 Is mi 'faicinn crodh nam bailtean
 Gu pailt am mach air a Ghuallainn.

Faodaidh tu 'nis scur de dh-fhearann,
 Cha dean thu feamainn no moine,
 Bha nach h-'eil mise mar b' abhaist,
 Gu cur na h-asaig air sheol dhuit,
 Saoil thu fhein nach truagh a tha mi,
 Chaill mi 'n t-each ban ann sa mhointich,
 'S deich tasdain 's an cor gun phaigheadh
 Aig a Bhaillidh ort, a Dhomhnaill.

Arpag, a harpy. Taisdealach, a ghost. Folach, rank grass. Feoirnein, a pile of grass. Bodag, a yearling calf, a heifer. Crocach, a thing somewhat like antlers put on calves to keep them from sucking.

ORAN MU GHLACADH MORAIR HUNNTAIDH.

LE IAIN LOM.

'Mhoire, 's muladach 'tha mi
Mu gach sceul 'tha mi claisinn,
Is mi 'tearnadh le braigh' uisge Dhe.

'G amharc luchairt a bhaile,
Agus tur Abargheallaidh,
Gun luchd-surd a bhi 'n talla nan teud ;

'G amharc aros nan luibhean,
Far am b' abhaist dhuit suidhe ;
Bhiodh ann faileadh nan ubhall 's nam peur.

Aig ceann-uidhe nan Gaidheal,
Far an suidheadh iad statail,
Gheibhtheadh ragha gach aite dhaibh reidh.

Gheibhtheadh coinnlean an lasadh
An ceann choinnleirean praise ;
Bhiodh do sheomraichean laiste le ceir.

Chluinnteadh gleodhartaich feodair
'Cur an adhaircibh beoire,
Seal mun digeadh trath-noine do 'n ghrein ;

'S uisge-beatha na tairgne
'Dol an cupachaibh airgid
'S mnai uchd-gheal, gruaidh-dhearga, 'cur greis.

Chan e gaoir bhan a Chlachain
A tha mise 'n diugh 'g acain,
Gar an digeadh gin as de 'n choig ceut.

'S bochd an naidheachd an Albinn
 Bog-na-gaoith' an Strath-bhalgaidh
 'Bhi ga chlaoidheadh le armaitibh sreìn';

Agus leithid Morair Hunntaidh
 A bhi 'n laimh an toll-butha,
 Agus naimhdean 'na dhuthchannaibh fhein.

Morair Hunntaidh 's am Marcus
 Bho thur nan clach snaidhte,
 Far 'm bu lionmhor laogh breac ri cois feidh.

Ach ma chathaidh do ghlacadh
 Leis a Mheinneireach as-caoin,
 B' e mo dhiubhail a bh' aca 's b' e 'm beud.

Fior thoiseach a gheamhraidh,
 Ann am fochair na samhna,
 Bha do bhochdan air tionndadh bho 'n ceill.

'N Dail-nam-both an Strath-thamhainn,
 Aig a bhrothair' gun naire,
 Bha lamh-scapidh a mhail air luchd-theud.

'S ann an clachan Chill-muice
 'Dh' f hag sibh 'n ceannard gun tuisleadh,
 Marcach greadhnach air trup-each mor sreìn'.

Bog-na gaoithe, the Bog of Gicht. Tollbutha, a jail. Brothaire, a butcher. The eighth verse refers to the lamentation of the Breadalbane women after the fight at Stron-a-chlachain, in 1640.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntley, was captured by James Menzies of Culdares in 1647, and beheaded at Edinburgh in 1649. Menzies was known by the nick name of Crunair Ruadh nan Cearc.

ORAN

*Do Dhomhnall Donn, mac Fhir Bhoth-
fhiunntainn.*

LE GILLEASBIC NA CEAPAICH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho hi ri gheallaidh,
Fire, faire, co naile,
Ho hi ri gheallaidh,
Fire, faire co naile !
Air falbhan heag oho
Trom othora naile !
'Bhi 'g ur ruith air feadh dalach
Le geur lannaibh 's e b' fhearr leinn.

Ri Domhnall Donn.

'S mor a bhleid is an rabhart
A rinn blairean ri 'ghoistidh ;
'Cur nan Duibhneach an airde,
'S mor gum b' fhearr leinn fo 'r cois iad.
Ach nan cumadh iad blar ruinn
An eiric laraichean loisgte,
Chuireadh faobhar ar greidlein
Iad am freasdal an coise.

A Mhaoil-onf haidh, 'Mhaoil-onf haidh
Tog dhe t' onf hail 's dhe d' sheitrich ;
Ruig an null Loch-a-mhailidh
Agus teann-sa ri geumraich,
'S ann ri cinneadh do mhathar
Chaidh do mhasan 's do shleisdean,
Is chan agair Clann-Domhnall
Mir ri 'm beo ach am beul dhiot.

Ris a Phiobaire.

Tha blath na brice 'san t-sroin ort,
'S lionmhor frog a tha 't aghaidh ;

Cam bhial ronnach do sheors' ort,
 'S do theanga leomach lan gleadhair.
 Tha thu 'chinneadh nam mealltair,
 Nan cealgair 's nan spleadhair ;
 Chaidh an ceann dhe 'r n-ard thraoiteir
 'Chum an fhoill greis air adhart.

'S mi nach ceil gum b' e m' iarrtas,
 'S fhuair sinn riasan gu leoir air,
 Ordagh daingeann na rioghachd
 A bhi scriobht' ann am phoca,
 Gach aon de Shliochd Dhiarmaid,
 Is na shiolaich bho Dhomhnall,
 'Dhol an giuraibh a cheile
 Leis na geur lannaibh gorma.

Chan iarainn de dh-aighear
 Gu latha mo chriche,
 Ach sibhs' agus sinne
 'Dhol an iomairt na strithe,
 Fear mu choinnimh an fhir
 'S gun aon fhear 'bhi 'g 'ur dith-sa,
 'S ge b' e 'ghabhadh an slinnein
 A bhi fo iomairt na rioghachd.

Ge b' e dheanadh an eucoir,
 No a gheilleadh do 'n ghealtachd,
 De shliochd Ghille-Bride
 Neart an righ a chur as da.
 Ged a tha mi leith bhreòite
 Mo chuid de 'n chomhrag cha sheachnainn,
 Ged is leointe mo mhuineal
 Ris 'n do chuir mi 'n diugh acfhuinn.

Teann-sa ri geumraich, 'se sin, rach a ghoid a chruidh*
 Tha e air a radh gum biodh cuid de mheirlich ri fuaim col-
 tach ri geumraich gus an crodh a thaladh ga 'n ionnsaidh.

Chi sinn bho n oran so an cor truagh an n san robh na fineachan Gaidhealach aig aon am. An aite a bhi gradh-achadh a cheile 's ann a bhiodh naimhdras aca dha cheile; dh' iarradh aon fhine cur as do dh-fhine eile. Gheibhear an t-oran molaiddh a dh'aobharaich an t-oran cainidh so air taobh na-duilleig 274.



A PHAIRTIDH LEATHANACH.

LE DONNACHADH MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Gur boidheach dearrsadh
Na pairtidh Leathanaich
'Nuair theid iad comhla
'S an Oban Latharnach.
'N uair 'bheir an coirneal
Iad ann an ordagh
Chan fheil fo Dheorsa
Na's boidhche dh' amhairceas.

Mo run na fiurain
'Tha luthar, ealanta.
Bu mheasail cliuiteach
'S gach cuis na fearaibh ud.
Le'n crios, le 'm puicead,
Le'm musg, le 'm fudar,
'S gach ball cho scuirte
'S nach faighteadh mearachd dhaibh.

B'iad sin na saighdearan,
'S aoibheil 'n sealladh 'th'orr',
'S iad tilgeadh soillse
Mar bhoillsceadh dealanaich.
An am dol cruinn duibh,
'Sa phairce ghrinn ud
Bhiodh piob a seinn duibh,
Gar toirt o 'n bhaile 'mach.

'N am dol gu gearrd gun
 Doir cach an aire dhuibh,
 Le r brogan arda,
 Gu h-aluinn lainnireach ;
 Gur tric bha oganach,
 Dibh le ordagh
 An taic a choirneil,
 S bu mhath an airidh e.

Duncan Mackinnon was born in Tìree. He came to Cape Breton, and settled at Malagawatch. He was married twice, and had a large family. He was drowned about 1855 at Stoney Point, by going through the ice. He was at the time of his death about sixty-five years of age.

DUANAG.

LE DONNACHADH GRIOGARACH, AM BROCAIR.

LUINNEAG.

Tha mi trom duilich trom,
 Airsnealach cianail ;
 Tha mo chridh' air fas trom,
 'S fad o'n tim sin.

Oidhche dhomhsa 's mi caithris
 An fhir ruaidh an Sith-Chaillinn,
 Dheanainn oran do m' leannan
 'Chur an aithghearr na time.

Tha mi trom etc.

Dh' innsinn aogasc mo leannain,
 Cul dualach, trom, camaidh ;
 Bean a's fearr dha 'n dig anart,
 Ris an canar leo Sine.

Chan fheil coir' air mo leannan
De na 's urrainn each aithris,
Ach a buaile 'bhi tana,
'S tha car agam fhin dheth.

Bu neo-shocrach mo leaba
Eadar Drumainn is Caislidh,
Gleann-Ruaidh an Lochabar,
Braigh' Raineach 's Gleann-Liomhainn.

Bha mi tamull as m' oige
Am Braigh' Raineach a comhnaidh,
Ged chuir goinnead mo storais
Mi air toir an fhir mhilltich.

'S e 'm fear ruadh 'tha mi 'cainnt air,
'S tric a thadhail 'sna carnaibh,
Is a mharbh, an t-uan ceann-gheal
'S neo-ar-thaing thoirt do 'n chiobair.



ORAN.

LE PIUTHAIR DO DHONNACHADH BROCAIR.

Chaidh da bhrathair dh' i, Iain agus Domh-
nall, do Nova Scotia. Dh' fhuirich da bhrathair
eile, Donnachadh agus Alastair, aig an taigh.

Is tric ri smaointinn ghoraich mi,
'S mi 'm onar ann san uair so,
A cuimhneach' nam fear oga sin
Air bhord na luinge 'ghluais bhuainn.
A thamh an Nova Scotia
'S e fath mo bhroin ri 'iuaidh e ;
'S e 'chaochail snuadh na h-oig' orm
Na seoid a chaidh thar cuan bhuainn.

'S a chuideachda mo chridhe,
 Dha 'm bu dligheach 'bhi 'sa chruadal,
 'S e fath mo bhroin is m' iomadain
 An dithist 'chaidh air chuan bhuainn.
 An uair a dh' fhalbh Iain bhuam
 Bha snighe 'ruith le 'm ghruaidhean ;
 'S e Domhn'll a dh' fhalbh a rithist
 'Chuir mo chridhe-sa gu smuairean.

'S chan ionghradh sin a thachairt dhomh
 'S an taice 'chaidh bho m' ghuallainn.
 An t-suil a bhios gun rosc oirre
 Gun druidh an teas 's am fuachd oirr';
 'S an lann 'bhios air droch garradh uimp'
 Cha dachaid i bhi buan dheth ;
 Is ionnan sin 's mar tha mi
 Is na braithrean 'dhol air chuan bhuam.

Tha cuid a bhios am barail deth
 Gu bheil mo ghearan uaibhreach,
 'S Donnachadh agus Alastair
 A fanachd ann san dualchas ;
 Is fear mo thaigh' an lathair leam
 Gu fardach 'chumail suas rium ;
 Ach dh' fhairtlich orm bhi toilichte
 'N uair 'theannas mi ri smuaineach'.

Nan tarladh dhomhs' bhi 'm fhiorannach,
 'Nam dhuine tapaidh treubhach,
 Gum feuchainn pairt de'n charantachd
 'Tha 'm falach ann am chreubhaig.
 Bu choimh-dheas muir no talamh leam,
 Ach luingeas a bhi reidh dhomh ;
 'S mur digeadh bas le cabhaig orm
 Gum faicinn iad le cheile.

Ach bhon tha mi 'm bhoirionnach,
 'S nach h-urrainn mi so 'dheanamh

Is eudar dhomb tre bhanalas
 'Bhi 'fanachd ann sna crìochan s'
 'S mo theaghlach a toirt air' orm
 Mar thigeadh dhaibh a dheanamh,
 'S an nì sin 'leigeil tharam
 Bho nach gabh e cur an gnìomh dhomh.

Nan tarladh dhuibh gun tilleadh sibh
 Do 'n innis as 'n do ghluais sibh,
 Gun uraiceadh mo spiorad-sa,
 Ge fad' tha e fo smuaircan ;
 'S gun deanainn cleas na h-iolaire,
 Gun teannainn ri ath-nuath' chadh ;
 A faicinn nam fear innealta,
 Chaoin bhinn-fhaclach gun ghruaman.

Bu mheasail ann san aite sibh,
 Bu chaoimhneil, baigheil, stuama,
 Bu shunndach, fearail, scairteil sibh,
 Bu tapaidh ri am cruadail
 Air beul-thaobh rìgh is parlamaid
 Bu dan a rinn sibh gluasad ;
 'S cha d'chuir e sgath no cunnart oirbh.
 A mhuir a chrosc seachd uairean.



AN T-IASGACH GEAMHRAIDH.

*Oran le Dhomhnall Cubair, agus e aig an
 iasgach.*

LUINNEAG.

Ho mo nigh 'n dubh,
 He mo nigh 'n dubh,
 Mo nighean 's tu mo ghuamag.

Gur h-e mise tha fo mhighean,
Tha mi 'n so leam fhin 'sna cuantan.

'S olc an obair iasgach geamhraidh,
'S reothadh gu teann air an fhuaradh

Rud eile 'chuir ormsa miothlachd
Geola chrìon 's nach ruith i luath dhuinn.

'S eiginn dhuinn tarrainn an Lite,
'S *cutter* an rìgh oirnn air fuaradh.

Ced is i 'n nochd oidhche challuinn
Cha deid mi 'ghabhail mo dhuain duibh

'S truagh nach mise 'bha 'san aite
'M bi buille bhairidh ga 'bualadh.

Mo chaman tha 'n coill' a bharrach,
'S cha deid a ghearradh le tuaigh aisd'.

Mo bheannachd a chum mo mhathar,
Bhon a bhios mi 'ghnath na smuaintean.

'S mo shoraidh a dh-ionnsaidh mo leannain,
An oigh cheanalta gun ghruaman.



ORAN AIR A CHUTTER.

LE DOMHNAILL CUBAIR.

LUINNEAG.

*S e gaol t' fhearainn, gradh t' fhuinn,
'Thug gum falbhainn idir leat ;
'S e luaidh do chruidh dhruim-fhinn dhuinn
'Thug dhomh suidhe lamh-rìut.*

Latha dhuinn bho bhun an stoir,
A seoladh gu curaideach,
Chunnacas an *cutter* fo sheol
'S i tigh'nn oirnn gu gabhaidh.

Air an trompaid thug i fuaime,
Chuir i 'suas a cularan ;
Labhair sinne 'n sin gu luath
Ghluais sinn a caol-Amhainn.

Gun do loisc i oirnn da uair
Gu 'r gluasad gu fuireach rith' ;
'S mur digeadh am pic an nuas
Cha d' fhuair i tigh'nn lamh-ruinn.

Bha tombac' againn air bord,
Seorsa bathair smugalaidd ;
'S gun do lub sin sud fo 'n t-seol,
Fo chrann-spreot' a bhata.

Rinn sinn gach ni mar a dh' fhaod,
Thaom sinn na buidealan ;
'S chuir sinn an siucar 'san ti
Sinte fo 'n fharadh.

Carson nach do dh-fhan thu rium
'Chiad uair 'chuir mi'n gunna riut ?
Thuir an sciobair aice ruinn,
'S e 'maoidheadh gu dan oirnn.

Shiubhail e shios agus shuas,
'S cha d'fhuair e na duilleagan ;
Bha iad ann sa bhriogais ruaidh
Suainte fo 'n chabul.

AN IMRICH.

LE DOMHNALL CUBAIR.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro, ho ro o, ho i o, ho ro i,
 Ho ro, ho ro o, ho i o, ho ro i,
 Hithill u, hillinn o, agus ho ho ro i,
 Cha mor nach coma leam cogadh no sith.

'S e 'n imirichd chiatach am bliadhna 'rinn mi,
 Gur sabhailte fiar dhomh 'san lianaich ud shios ;
 'S nam faighinn luchd speallaidh a ghearradh gu
 grinn,
 Gum paigheadh e 'm mal ged nach h-aitichinn
 scriob.

'S ge boidheach a h-aogasc tha gaoid ann san fhonn,
 'S gum feum i da thuirpe mum faicear i 'm fonn ;
 Tha riase agus cuile agus uisce fo bonn ;
 'S am Mart chur an t-sil bidh an scriob againn
 trom.

'S ann thubhairt an gobhainn 'bha foghainteach
 riamh,
 "Dean suas do chuid dhreallag gach amull 's gach
 iall,
 Ni mi'n soc dhuit a charadh 's gun tath mi ris
 sciath
 A thionndadh na sgriob' ; saoil an till e roimh riase?"

Tha goibhnean na duthcha so fiughantach coir,
 Gun d' fhuair mi sceul ur gun dug aon fhear dhiu
 'n cleoc ;
 'S ann duitse bu dual sin 'nam bualadh nan ord,
 Do ghreim a bhi cruadalach, smuais a bhi d' dhorn.

Ge math sin am fiarach cha dean e dhomh stath,
 Cha chum e mo chuideachd ach 's cuideachadh e ;
 B' f hearr tacan a ruamhar an cluanaig no dha,
 'S nam faoduinn a threabhadh 'se gnothach a b'
 f hearr.

'N t-each dubh a bh' aig Callum bu cheanalt' an
 eill,
 'S an capull aig Domhnall 's i coir as a dheidh ;
 'N t-each buidhe 'bh' aig Ruari b' e guallann an
 f heum';
 Chan iarradh e 'bhualadh 's bu luaineach a cheum.

Bu mhath a bha mise mur bhi an t-each ruadh
 Aig Ruari Mac-Dhomhnaill, b' e 'choir a chur
 bhuam ;
 Ged theid mi do Scairinnis 'thoirt cainb as an nuas,
 Cha chum mo chuid chabull ri sas an eich ruaidh.



ORAN DO CHIORSTaidh NIC- GILLEAIN.

LE PATRIC MAC-CILLEDHUIBH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro, hi ri, riu u o,
 Ho ro, hi ri, riu u o,
 Ho ro, hi ri, riu u o,
 Mo dhurachd do 'n ainnire.

Gur boidhche leam a dh' fhas thu
 Na 'n lili ann san fhasach,
 Do ghruaidh mar ros 'sa gharradh,
 'S do bhraighe mar eala ghil.

Gur suidhichte, ge beo thu,
 Gur seadhail, blasd', do chomhradh,
 Gur h-uasal air gach doigh thu,
 Gur h-oir, dheirc do cheanaltachd.

Gun dug mi urrad ghraidh dhuit,
 'S thug Ionatan do Dhaibhidh,
 'S a reir an iomraidh 'dh 'fhagadh,
 Gun d' ghradhaich e mar anam e.

Patrick Black lived in Marshey Hope, in Pictou County, N. S. He was a fair scholar, and a good singer. The greater part of the song has been lost.

CUMHA NAM MAC.

LE IAIN MAC-GILLEBHRATH, AM PIOBAIRE.

'Chaidh cha tog mi guth eibhinn,
 Chan fheil speis leam de cheol ;
 'S ann a lasaich mo theudan
 Chaidh mo ghleusan thar seol'.
 Thromaich smal air mo reusan,
 Tha mo leirsinn fo cheo ;
 'S cha dig aiteal na greine
 'Thogail m' eislean ri m' bheo.

Mi mar chomhachaic bhronaich,
 'S e bhi 'm onar mo mhiann ;
 Mi mar eal' air a leonadh,
 'S i gun seol air a dion ;
 Mi mar chalman 'san achadh,
 'N deidh a ghlacadh 'san lion ;
 'S mi guth tursach na lacha,
 'S cach a creachadh a h-ian.

Mi mar eilid an f hirich,
 Coin is fir air a toir,
 'N deidh a fuadach 'bho 'h-innis,
 'S gun a minneanan beo,
 'G iarraidh 'dh-ionnsaidh na linne
 A thoirt fionnfhuachd dha leon,
 'Bruchdadh fala bho 'creuchdan
 Is saighdean geura 'na feoil.

Dh' fhalbh mo shugradh 's mo mhanran,
 Dh' imich m' abhachd 's mo shunnd ;
 Tha mo chridh' air a thaladh,
 Cha dig gaire bho 'ghruund.
 Thromich beum air mo shlainte,
 Threig gach caileachd 'bu leam ;
 Cha dean lighich' bonn stath dhomh,
 Tha mo chradh os a chionn.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhuibh m'astar
 A bhi lag-chuiseach mall ;
 Chuir mi ceithrear an tasgaidh
 Ann sa chlachan ud thall,
 'S dh' fhalbh mo Sheumas an Sasunn
 Ann am fasgath nan Gall ;
 'S b' iad dha 'n dillsean an diubhail,
 'S galach, druidhteach, an call.

'S cha b' e ainmeachas mhac
 A chuir an aiceid so 'm chom,
 Ach laoich chalma, neo-lapach,
 'Bha garbh-phearsanta, trom.
 Dha 'n robh tuigs' agus eolas,
 'S a bha foghluint' an cainnt,
 'S beusach, stuama, neo-leomach ;
 Fath mo bhroin gun iad ann !

Chaill mi duil ri 'n tigh'nn dachaidh,
 Dh' fhag sud m' aigneadh fo ghruaim ;

Gur tric snighe fo m' rascaibh,
 Dh' fhag sin seachdte mo shnuadh.
 Tha mo chiabhan air glasadh,
 'S thanic claisean a' m' ghruaidh,
 'Caoidh nam fiurannan gasta
 'Dhuisgeadh tlachd am measc sluaigh.

Ciod e 'n stath 'th' ann san t-saoghal,
 'S anns gach faoineis fo 'n ghrein?
 Annradh, croisean, is caontag
 Do chlann-daoine gu leir.
 'N diugh ged bhuilichteadh maoin ort
 Agus aomadh d'a reir,
 Nì e 'm maireach ort scaoileadh
 Mar shneachd aon-oidhch' air gheig.

'S iad so laithean na diachainn
 'Dh' ordaich Dia dhuinn mar bhinn,
 Ann am bron a toirt fianuis
 'De na Criosdaidhnean sinn,
 Ach 's e 's coir a bhi striochdte,
 'S ag earbs' an Iosa 's gach teinn
 'S gheibh sinn Parras mar dhioladh,
 Mar tha 'bhial a 'toirt cinnt.

'S e 'n Ti naobh a chuir orms' iad
 'Thug air falbh bhuam mo chlann.
 Gloir gu siorruidh ga ainm-san
 'Tha gam dhearbhadh san am.
 Tha mo dhochas is m' earbs'
 A brìgh a thairgs' air a chrann
 Gum bi 'chomhail dhuinn sealbhail
 'Nuair 'thig m' aimsir gu ceann.

MARBHRANN DO'N EASBIC FHRISEAL,

*A chaochail an Antigonish 'sa bhliadhna
1851.*

LE IAIN BOID.

'N deicheamh miosa de 'n bhliadhna,
Ochd ceud, h-aon, is leth-cheud
'N ceithreamh latha de 'n mhios sin,
An am ciarradh do 'n fheasgar,
Fhuair mi sceul as a bhaile
A chuir car mi 'n am bhreislich,
Sceul ro dhubhach do dhaoine,
Gun do chaochail an t-easbic.

LUINNEAG.

O gur fada 's gur fada,
'S bliadhn' air fad leam gach lo
Bho na charadh gu h-iosal
Do chorp priseil fo 'n f hoid.
Tha mo chridhe-sa bruite,
'S bidh mi tursach ri m' bheo ;
Bhon dh 'fhalbh ceannard an t-sluaigh so,
'N t-Easbic uasal gun phrois.

Fhuair sinn sealladh 'bha goirt dhuinn,
A thug osnaichean cleibh dhuinn.
'Coimhead aodann an ostail
'Bha 'na chorp air an deilidh.
Shil ar suilean gu frasach,
'S thanic smal air ar leirsinn ;
'S nial an aoig air ar gruaidhean ;
Chaidh ar buaireadh 's ar leireadh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh do chairdean
A bhi craiteach ga t' iargainn
Mar uain earraich gun mhathair,
'S iad a meilich ga h-iarraidh,

Tha gach Gaidheal a bharr orr'
 Ann san aite, 'n diugh cianail,
 Ca'oidh 's a tuireadh an armuinn
 'Thug am bas bhuainn do 'n t-shiorr' achd.

Bha thu aluinn a' d' phearsa,
 'S bha thu neartmhor thar mhiltean ;
 Bha thu fulangach, scairteil,
 Laidir, spracail, coimh-lionta.
 Cha robh uasal cho tlachdmhor
 Riut, no faisc air, a' d' scireachd ;
 Fear do choltais chan fhaicteadh
 Ann an asdar 's an rioghachd.

Bha thu uasal an toiseach
 Bhon ard oifig a lion thu ;
 Bha thu uasal an ath-uair
 Bho d' dheagh athair 's bho shinnsre ;
 Bha thu uasal bho d' mhathair
 'Thog 's a dh' araich air chich thu ;
 'S bha thu ard bho d' cheann-cinnidh,
 Sar Mhac-Shimi gun mhi-chliu.

Bu mhor t' urram an Albinn,
 'S bha thu ainmeil an Eirinn ;
 Bha thu cliumhor an Sasunn,
 Thugadh seachad ort sceul ann,
 Anns gach cearn de 'n taobh tuath so
 Thug na h-uachdarain speis dhuit ;
 'S ge mor Iarla Dundonald
 Thug e onair e-fhein dhuit.

Bu tu 'm burchaille 'b' airde
 Bha 'sa chearn so a riagladh ;
 Bha do chomhairlean sar-mhath
 Anns gach cas 'san robh diachainn.
 Chuir thu iomad olc graineil
 As an aite le d' riaghailt ;

'S iomad math 'th' air do thailleabh,
'S gann gun aireamh mi trian diu.

Bha thu deidheil air ceartas,
Bha thu smachdail air eucoir ;
Bha do chomhairlean fallain
Bho 'n deas theanga 'bu gheire.
'N uair a dh' fhoscladh tu 'm Biobul
Bheirteadh mineachadh reidh leat ;
'S gheibhteadh seoladh le peacaich
Gu bhì gleachd ri 'n droch bheusan.

Bha thu daonnan a lasadh
Le fìor charthannachd bhrath' reil ;
Bu tu cobhair nam bochdan
'N uair a chitheadh tu 'm failinn,
Bhiodh do dhorsan dhaibh foscailt ;
'N uair a ghlaisteadh le cach iad,
'S lamhan scaoilte na fialachd
A coimh-lionadh nan aintean.

Bha thu ciuin mar an leanaban,
'S bha thu garg 'n uair a dh' fheumteadh ;
'S tu bu mhath air an t-searmon,
Cha bu chearbach o d' bheul e ;
Thigeadh fuasgladh gach facail
Ann an ealamhachd reidh dhuit ;
Is le feobhas do bhriathan
Leam bu mhiann 'bhi ga t' eisdeachd.

Bu tu reula na h-iuil dhuinn,
Ar sciath-chuil 's ar gearrd daingeann ;
Bha gach seorsa fo d' churam,
Is do shuil orra thairis ;
Leats' cha robh e gu muthadh
Cia an duthaich no 'n aidmheil ;
Bha do chridh' air clann-daoine,
'S e le gaol a cur thairis.

Bha do bheatha 's do ghluasad
 Re do chuairt dhuinn mar scathan ;
 Riamh chan fhacas, 's cha chualas,
 Is cha d' fhuaradh ort failinn.
 Cha robh subhaile 'bha luachmhor
 Nach robh fuaighte ri d' nadar ;
 Bha thu glan mar an daoiman
 Is gun fhoill mar am paisde.

'S tu nach togadh an deachamh,
 Ged is ceart do na chleir e,
 Is cha chumadh tu tasdan
 Gun a sgapadh air feumaich,
 Chuir thu cul ris a bheairteas
 Bho na sheachainn Mac Dhe e,
 'S rinn thu raghainn de 'n bhochdainn,
 Mar 'rinn ostail na ceud linn.

'Nis bhon chrìochnaich thu t' uine.
 Is do churs' air an talamh,
 Is bho 'n charadh 'san uir thu
 'N ciste dhuinte 'san anart,
 'S mor mo dhochas 's mo dhurachd
 Gun do ghiulaineadh t' anam
 Leis na h-aingil air sciathaibh
 Gu tìr ghrianaich nam beannachd.

— x —

CUMHA.

Do Dhomhnall Domhnallach, Domhnall Ban
 Mac Sheumais, a bha a fuireach air cladach
 Shiudig an Ceap-Breatunn, agus a chaochail 'sa
 bhliadhna 1828.

LE AILAIN AN RIDGE.

Ach a Dhomhnaill mhic Sheumais,
 Dh' fhag thu cridheachan deurach an drast ;

Fo mhulad 's fo eislean
 Bhon a chuala sinn sgeula do bhais ;
 Bhon la dh' f halaich an uir thu
 Is nach faic sinn do ghnuis am measg chaich,
 An ciste dhuinnt' air do thasgaidh,
 'S gun ar duil thu 'thigh'n dachaidh gu brath.

'S ann Diardaoin roimh an Nollaig
 'Chaill mi 'n t-aon fhear 'b' fhearr toileachadh
 lium ;
 Seod suaice de Chlann-Domhnaill
 Cho neo-bhruaillineach coir 's a bha dhiu ;
 Dha 'n robh tuigs' agus reusan
 Moran creidimh, lan ceill' agus tuir,
 Agus aignearh duin' uasail,
 Riamh chan fhacas 's cha chualas t' fhear diumb'.

Bha thu carantach, cairdeil,
 Bha thu iriosal baigheil, gu leoir ;
 Bha thu cinneadail, rioghail,
 'S tu a sheasadh cho dìreach 's bu choir.
 Bu shar chombach dhaoin' uaisl' thu ;
 Bha thu sìobhalta suaice mu 'n bhord,
 Ach nan cast' thu gu tuasaid,
 'Rìgh, bu ghasd' thu gu bualadh nan dorn.

Cha robh barr aig mac duin' ort
 Rì uchd gabhaidh air muir no air tìr ;
 Chum thu 'n onair' bu dual dhuit
 'Bhi gu curanta cruaidh rì am strìth'.
 Bha fuil ard ort ag imeachd
 Bho d' dha shail gu ruig mullach do chinn ;
 Is tu 'shliochd nam fear mora
 Dha 'm bu duthchas bhi comhnaidh 'sna glinn.

Gur a lionmhor do chairdean
 Anns gach duthaich 's gach aite mu'n cuairt ;

Bidh an cridheachan craiteach
 'Nuair 'thig naidheachd do bhais orr' cho luath.
 Tha do bhraithrean fo mhulad
 Is do bhantrach aig iomadan truagh ;
 Bhon la chailleadh an diubhail
 Gu la bhrath 'bhiodh i 'g ionndraichinn uaip'.

Ach 's e aobhar am misnich
 Mar a dh' fhag thu do sliochd as do dheidh
 Ann an duthchas an athar,
 Ann an cliu 's ann am mathas d'a reir ;
 Na fir mhisneachail, dhana,
 Dha bheil tuigs' agus naire le ceill,
 Agus cruadal is spionnadh
 'S nach cuir bruillein air duine fo 'n ghrein.

Bha t' inntinn leam taitneach,
 Fhir-chinnidh fhior ghasda so 'dh 'eug ;
 Ann am firinn 's an ceartas
 A chum t' onair is t'fhacal d'a reir.
 Chan fheil stath 'bhi ga bhruidhinn
 Bhon 's i 'n uaigh ar ceann-uidhe gu leir,
 Ach bhi 'guidhe gu laidir
 Le t' anam gu farras Mhic Dhe.

— x —

CUMHA DO 'N EASBIC FHRISEAL.

LE AILAIN AN RIDGE.

Chualas cinnteach an sgeula,
 Ceannard priseil na cleire,
 'Chumadh dileas ri 'cheile iad,
 'S a stiuireadh dìreach le ceill iad,
 A bhi 'na shineadh air deilidh gun deo
 A bhi 'na shineadh, etc.

Is cuis iargain gan dith thu ;
 Bu tu 'riaghladh 'san fhirinn,
 Bha do riaghailtean priseil ;
 Bha do Dhia ann an sith riut,
 'S tu nach fiaradh 's nach diobradh a choir.

B' e sud urla na feile,
 A b' fhearr cliu agus ceutadh,
 Nach d' rinn diu de dh-fhearr feumnach,
 Ceann-iuil nan diol-deirce,
 'Bha iochdmhor, ginlanta, beusach, gun gho.

Lamh a shineadh a phailteis,
 Cridhe 's inntinn a ghaigich,
 Teanga shiobhalta, bhlasda,
 Beul na firinn air altair ;
 'S tu bu mhine 's bu taitniche gloir.

Gnuis mhacanta, chaoimhneil,
 Aghaidh smachdail an t-saighdeir,
 Da 'n robh 'n t-aigheadh gun fhoill
 'Sa chom gun ghaiseadh, gun ghaid ann,
 'Chum gach fasain is caoimhneis 'bu choir.

Craobh mhullaich gun seargadh,
 Sar churaidh gun chearb thu ;
 Leoghann curanta, calma,
 'Bhuidhneadh urram 's gach fearaghnìomh ;
 'S tu a b' urrainn 's a dhearb e 's gach doigh.

Bha do phearsa ro mhiaghail,
 Bha do cheartasan lionmhor,
 Bha do chleachdannan rianail,
 Deirceach, traisgeachail, diadhail,
 Cridhe farsuinn 's e fialaidh mu 'nor.

Bha gach muirn a co-f has riut,
 Reachdmhor, luth-chleasach, laidir,

Maiseach, fiughanta, baigheil,
 Bha thu 'd chliu do na Gaidheil
 'Bhi air do chunntadh roimh 'n al s' a tha beo.

'N nis bhon chaireadh 'san uir thu,
 Tha sinn craiteach ga t' ionndrainn ;
 Thug ar Slanaighear ga ionnsaidh
 Thu am farras do chrunaidh
 Gu bhi 'ghnath a seinn cliu ann sa ghloir.

— + —

ORAN.

A rinneadh le Iain Domhnallach, an Sealgair,
 mu shia bliadhna an deidh dha tighinn do'n
 duthaich so.

Mi 'n so am aonar is tric mi 'smaointinn
 Gur h-iomad caochladh tigh'nn air an t-sluagh ;
 Cha choir do dhaoine 'bhi gorach daonnan,
 Ged bhios iad aotrom an dara h-uair,
 A ruith an t-saoghail 's gun ann ach faoineis,
 E mar a ghaoth 'bhios ag aomadh uait ;
 Le 'ghealladh briagach gur beag a's fiach e
 'Nuair 'theidh do thiodhlaiceadh ann san uaigh.

Ma gheibh fear greim air 's gun dean e storas
 Gum fas e bosdail 's e mor air cach ;
 Bidh ad is cleoc air, bidh spuir is botuinnean,
 Bidh each le pois aige 's *carry-all*,
 Ma bha thu 'd rogaire tha thu gorach
 Mar h-iarr thu trocair mun dig am bas ;
 Theid t' anam bronach a chur 'san doruinn,
 'S chan fhèarr an t-or dhuit na dorch cath'.

'Nuair 'bha mi gorach an toiseach m' oige,
 Cha b' ann do storas a thug mi speis,

Ach siubhal mointich air feadh nam mor bheann,
 'S bhiodh damh na croic' ann bu bhoidheach gleus.
 Mu fheill-an-roid gum bu bhinn a chronan
 'N uair 'bhiodh e deonach 'bhi 'choir na h-eild';
 B' fhearr nan cuinneadh 'bhi air a chulthaobh
 Le m' ghunna dubailt' 's le m' chu air eill.

Mo ghaol an cuirtear da m' bi am buirean
 'N uair chuirteadh cu ris 'bu luthmhor ceum,
 A ruith gu siubhlach 's e 'gearradh shurdag
 'S e 'toirt a bhuirn air gu dluth 'na leum.
 Cha b' iad na luigeanan trom neo-shunndach,
 Ach gillean subailt' 'bhiodh as a dheidh
 A bhuidhneadh cuis air le gunna dubailt,
 Le luaidhe, 's fudar, 's spor ur 'na ghleus.

'Nuair bhiodh e marbh againn 's e gun deo ann,
 Chan fhaicteadh bronach sinn as a dheidh ;
 Ach cridheil ceolmhor, 's an cu lan solais
 Le 'mhala romaich ga chur an geill.
 Bhiodh botuil mhor' ann de stuth na Toiseachd
 Is sinn gan ol air a chorr de 'n spreidh ;
 'Nuair bha sinn ogail gum b'fhearr mar sholas
 Na cuirt righ Deorsa 'bhi choir an fheidh.

Tha fir am Mabu 'bhios rium ag raitinn
 Nach h-'eil ach rabhartaich ann am chainnt ;
 Chan fhac iad aicheadh bhon chaidh an arach
 No 'rug am mathraichean iad nan clann.
 'S ann fhuair iad taire mun d' fhas iad laidir
 A cur buntat' ann am bun nan crann,
 'Nuair 'bha mi gorach an toiseach m' oige
 'S mi 'gabhail solais a choir nam beann.

Rinn mi storas greis de m' uine
 N uair 'bha mi sunndach 'san duthaich thall ;
 Ach 's duilich leamsa, ge gearr an uine,
 Gun d' fhas e sunhail le tigh'nn an nall.

Cha dean mi sugradh an lathair cuirte,
 Bhon dh' fhalbh mo luths dh' fhas mo shuilean
 dall;
 'S bhon tholl am *puidse* 'bha dhomh ga ghiulan
 Cha d' fhuirich crun deth gun dol air chall.

— × —

DUANAG.

Le Ailain Mac-Gilleain do Dhomhnall Cubair,
 a mhac, 'nuair a bha Domhnall 'na leanabh.

LUINNEAG.

*O gur h-e 'n lath' e,
 Hug is hug is mi 'g eirigh.*

Ged a tha thu gam phianadh
 Ni thu 'n t-iasgach dhomh fhathast.

Tha do shlat aig Loch Suineart,
 'S bidh i uine gun snaidheadh.

Tha do dhubhan an Glaschu,
 'S e tigh'nn dachaidh air athais.

— + —

ORAN DO MHINISTIR OG.

LE IAIN CUIMAIN.

Nach bochd an latha thanic
 Air Gaidheil nu duthcha s'!
 Cha chluinn sinn mar a b' abhaist
 A Ghailic 'sa chubaid.
 Cha tuig mi luchd a ghramair
 Le 'n canain mhi-shughair.
 Mo raghainn cainnt mo mhathar,
 Is tha mi ga 'h-ionndrainn.

Na daoine aig an robh Ghailic
 Gach la tha cur cul ruinn ;
 'S nan amadain ri tair
 Air a chanain shean chliuitich.
 'S e 'n saoghal a tha'n lathair
 Chuir pairt diu dhe 'n cursa ;
 'S bhon sharaich iad mo nadar
 Chan aicheidh mi 'chuis sin.

Tha duine tapaidh lamh-ruinn,
 Gun ardan na ghiulan,
 Bho 'm faigh sinn brod na Galic,
 Oir 's Gaidheal gu chul e.
 'S fear misneachail, gun sgath e,
 Le gnathachadh cliuiteach ;
 Is ainm a dol na's airde
 Gach la ann san duthaich.

Gu dearbh cha b' aithne dhomhsa
 Duine og ann san duthaich,
 A dh' innseadh dhuinne cho comhnard
 Ar goraich 's mi-churam.
 Ged tha e 'n aghaidh 'n oil
 Cha bu choir dhuinn 'bhi 'n diomb ris.
 'S e dhleasannas am poiteir
 'S a dhoighean a sgiursadh.

Mar chuala mi, tha pairt
 Ann sa Bhraighe so diombach,
 Airson e 'bhi 'gan smadadh
 Mu'n gnathannan bruideil.
 Na biastan ud gun tamh
 Bidh 'ga 'chaineadh gu siubhlach ;—
 Chan iarrainn 'bhi nan aite ;
 'S mi-shabhailt' an cursa.

Bu dichìollach gach la e
 Bho n thanic e 'n tubh so,

Ag innse dhuinn mu shlainte
 'S mu 'n ghradh bha gun tus aig'.
 Na roinnean bha nan grain leis
 Is caineadh is culchainnt ;
 'S ann 'deanamh sith' a bha e,
 'S gur h-airdid a chliu sin.

Tha meas aig air a Ghailic ;
 'S ann da-san bu duthchas.
 Chan fhaiceadh e 'dol bas i,
 'S chan fhagadh e'n cuil i.
 Ma bhios mi na mo shlaint'
 Theid mi bhan,—tha e 'n run orm,
 A shealltainn air a Ghaidheal
 Nach aicheadh a dhuthaich.

Mur fuirich e san ait
 Bidh a chairdean ga 'ionndrainn.
 Cha chluinn sinn searmon Gailic
 'S bidh pairt againn tursach.
 Mo raghainn fein e 'thamh
 Ach ma dh' fhagas e 'n duthaich
 Gum biodh an Ti a 's airde
 Do ghnath na Fhear-iuil dha.

Gu ma fada fallain slan
 Agus ard ann an cliu e
 Le neart a reir a laithean
 Gu h-araid 's a chubaid,
 Ri faire os cionn nan Gaidheal
 'Chaidh fhagail fo churam.
 Gun teagamh 's mor a b' fheairt' iad
 Mar gheard air an cul e.

ORAN D'A DHEALBH .FHEIN.

LE ALASTAIR DOMHNALLACH,

AM BARD.

'Fhir shiubhail dean innseadh
 Do 'n uasal Mac-Iosaic
 Gur toilicht' tha m' inntinn
 A briodal ri m' chail,
 Bhon dh' fheuch e dhomh 'n innleachd
 'S a rinn e gu sìobhalt'
 Mo choltas ro chinnteach
 A shineadh dhomh 'm laimh.
 'N uair ghlac mi 'n am dhorn e
 Gun d'fhas mi cho leomach
 'S gun d' shaoil mi gur coirneal
 Glan og a bha 'm dhail.
 Bidh na h-ionagan boidheach,
 'N uair thig iad 'na chombail,
 Ga 'shliopadh 's ga 'phogadh
 'S a feoraich, co e.

Bu bhreamasach dhomhsa
 Nach faca mi og e,
 Mun d' cheang' leadh mi 'm posadh
 Gu deonach ri 'm ghradh;
 Gum faighinn mar leannan
 Ban-iarla le 'h-earras,
 Cho mor 's a bha 'n Sasunn
 An caisteal a tamh.
 Gun coisneadh mo dhreach i
 'Thaobh ailleachd is maise,
 'S bu mhuirneach i 'n taic rium
 A glacadh mo laimh.
 Gur mise 'bhiodh toilicht'
 Ga 'faicinn mu m' choinnimh,
 'S mi 'g earbsa ri 'sporan
 'Thoir sonais dhomh 's aigh.

A BHEAN.

'S a dhuine bi ciallach
 Is faicleach mu d' bhriathran ;
 Chan fhaca mi riamh
 Dad de bhriadhachd 'ad ghnuis
 Le d' bhoilich gun aithne
 'S ann tha thu 'd chuis-fhanaid ;
 Ged fhuair thu 'n diugh faileas
 Cha b' airidh air thu.
 Gun d' chaill thu do mhath ris
 Do thur agus t' aithne,
 'S e 'n crochadh ri balla
 Fo amharc do shul.
 Chan fhaigh sinn bonn math' dhiot
 Bhon fhuair thu 'chuis-mhagaidh,
 'S b' e turas a bhreamais
 'Thug dhachaidh e dhuinn.

AM BARD.

B' e turas na truaighe
 A cheangail mi 'm buaraich ;
 'Nuair rinn thu mo bhuannachd
 Cha b' fhuathach leat mi.
 Ged dh' fhas thu cho spaideil
 Bhon fhuair thu fo ghlais mi,
 B'e m' ainm aig gach caileig
 An lasgaire grinn.
 'S gun d' lean e rium fhathast
 'Bhi taitneach 's gach rathad.—
 Ged dheant' thusa 'tharruinn
 Le fearaibh do 'n chill,
 Gum faighinn-s', ged chanainn,
 Te 'chunntadh ri baran ;
 Leig dhiot a bhi glagan,
 'S mi fada dheth sgith,

A 'BHEAN.

B' e latha na dunach
 'Thug bhuainn thu air thuras,
 Le d' bhosd ga thoirt thugainn
 Mar ulaidh mor phris.
 Gum b' fhearr dhuit gun d' fhan thu
 Gu gnìomhach aig baile ;
 'S ann tha thu le t' aighear
 Na d' mhasladh do 'n tir.
 Le t' iomhaigh an glaine
 Is t' fhiasag gun bhearradh,
 Gur coltach do shealladh
 Ri baigear air thrìall.
 Gur dìombach mi 'n bhalach
 'Rinn t' aogasg a tharruinn,
 'S nach facas air thalamh
 Mac-samhuilt dhuit riamh.

AM BARD.

'S ann agad 'tha 'n teanga
 Nach obadh an glagan,
 'S i guineach mar chlàidheabh
 A ghearradh gach ni.
 'N uair choltaich thu gaisgeach
 Ri spagairneach baigear
 Gur tu chaidh am mearachd,
 Cha d' aithnich thu 'phris.
 'N uair ni mi mo dhreasadh,
 Is m' fheusag a bhearradh,
 Gu 'n seall mi cho spaideil
 Ri neach tha san tir.
 'S e t' aigne bhi falamh,
 Gun tuigse, gun aithne,
 'Chuir buaireadh is dalladh
 An amharc do chinn.

A BHEAN.

Chan ionghnadh dhomh dalladh
 Is buaireadh 'bhi agam
 'N uair chi mi air ais thu
 'S gach maitheas ga d' dhith
 Ged rachainn bhon bhaile
 Bidh tus' aig an fhaileas
 'N uair thilleas mi dhachaidh
 'S tu crathadh do chinn.
 Bidh iadsan dha 'n aithn' thu
 Gu tric ort a fanaid ;
 'S gun canar 'sgach baile
 Gur fear thu gun ni.
 Ged rachadh do tharruinn
 Le dealbhadair Shasuinn
 Cha sealladh tu 'n glasraich
 Ach prabach gun phris.

AM BARD.

O, Mhari leig seachad
 Droch canran an teallaich,
 'S mi 'g eisdeachd ga m' aindeoin
 Ri d' ghlagail gun tur.
 An t-uasal a tharruinn dhomh
 M' iomhaigh an glaine
 Gun deanadh e 'cheannach
 Nan gabhainn na cruin
 Gach neach dha bheil aithne,
 'S geur-thuigseach 'n am barail,
 Gun d' choltaich iad m' fhaileas
 Ri cnapairneach diuc'.
 'N uair ghabh iad dheth sealladh.
 De 'chumadh 's de 'earradh,
 Gun dug e gu dalladh
 Beachd amharc an sul.

A BHEAN.

'S bhon dh' fheumas na mnathan
 Bhi striochdte dha 'm fearaibh,
 Biodh sith le deagh chaidreamh
 'G a caitheamh gach trath;
 Ged leanamaid seachdainn
 Gun cluicheadh an ceart leam,
 'S gun bhuille 'n t-slait-smachdaich
 A thachairt 'am dhail.
 Mur deanadh tu tarruinn
 Gum faighinn rud fhathast
 A chuireadh gu h-ealamh
 Gach bagradh gu tamh.
 'S ged tha thu 't fhearr-facail
 'S tu 'n comhnuidh ga 'chleachdadh,
 Cha diobrainn mo bheachd
 Air na labhair mi 'n dan.

AM BARD.

'S a Mhari thoir barail
 De 'n reusan nach gabhar
 Gu freagairt aig altair
 'H-aon agaibh ri 'r beo.
 'S e deireadh gach facail
 'Chuir sud as bhur caraibh;
 'Bhi daonnan ga 'chleachdadh
 Gur mearachd ro mhor.
 Ged leanadh an sagairt
 Am Beurla 's an Laideann
 Cha chuireadh e grabadh
 Air glagail do bheoil;
 Ach sioram le sarum
 Mar shruthan le gleannan;
 Cha 'n ionghnadh do theanga
 'Bhi tana gu leoir

A BHEAN.

'S a dhuine bi tosdach
 'S leig dhìot gach droch chosan,
 'S do bhriathran gun fhosadh
 'Toirt mosglaidh do m' chail. .
 Bhon fhuair thu mi 'n toiseach
 Chan iarradh tu tochradh
 Gus 'n do thionndaidh na roithean,
 'S 'n do nochd iad muir-traigh.
 'S e faileas na bochduinn
 'Thug t' ardan gu rosad ;
 Mur bi sinn ga d' mholadh
 Bidh cron bhuit gun tamh.
 Ged thigeadh fìor choigrich
 Ghan fhag thu aig fois iad
 Bidh t' iomhaigh 'g a mholadh
 'S ga thomhadh 'n an dail

AM BARD.

Gu sìth agus sìochainnt
 'Bhi 'n cleachdadh gu sìorruith,
 Cha lean sinn air briathran
 'Bheir riasan do chach
 Gu spors' a bhi aca
 Mu 'r comhradh 's mu'r cleachdadh :
 Mo bheannachd biodh leat
 Is leig seachad do dhan.
 Ma gheallas tu sud dhomh
 Gum faigh sinn gach piseach,
 'S bidh tus' agus mis'
 Ann am meas mar a bha ;
 'S theid cnamhan an teallaich
 Leinn fhuadach air aineoil,
 'S cha chluinn neach air thalamh
 Na 'bh againn an drast.

CUMHA.

D'a mhathair, nighean do Dhomhnall Cubair,
le Domhnall Mac-Gillemhaoil am Priceville.

LUINNEAG.

*Tha mi 'n nochd gun mhathair dluth dhomh;
Tha i 'n cadal trom na h-urach;
Tha mi 'n nochd gun mhathair dluth dhomh;
Fath mo thurs' i bhi gam dhith.*

'N uair a dhireas mi am bruthach
Chan fheil te ann 'ni rium fughair ;
Tha mo mhathair 'san taigh chumhann,
'S bidh mi muladach ga caoidh.

O, gur h-ise 'chaidh a bhualadh
Leis an doruinn a bha fuath'sach ;
Cha robh lighiche mu 'n cuairt dhuinn
'Bheireadh fuasgladh dhi car tim'.

Tha mi bronach, tha mi deurach
Tha mo chridhe air a leireadh,
Bhon a charadh i 'san leine ;
Tha mi eisleineach gun chli.

Gur h-e 'm bas an teachdair gruamach ;
'S iomad dorus aig am buail e ;
'S iomad aon gam fagail truagh leis,
'S e toirt bhuap' an luaidh do 'n chill.

Gu bheil m' athair dubhach, tursach,
'S e gach la is oidhch' ag ionndrainn
Na te chaoimbneil, aoibheil, chliuitich
'Bheireadh umhlachd dha 's gach ni.

'S trom an sac a tha ga 'mhuchadh,
'S geur an gath a tha ga 'chiuradh,

'S tric a dheoir a ruith gu siubhlach ;
Ann san uir tha run a chridh'.

Buidheachas do 'n Ti a's airde
Gun do dh-ullaich E 'na ghradh i
Chum 's gum biodh i ann am farras
'Seinn gu brath air clarsaich bhinn.

Colin Macmillan of Bail'-a-phuill, Tyree, was married to Catherine, daughter of Donald Maclean, Domhnall Cubair, of the same place. They came from Scotland in August, 1851, and settled in Priceville, Ontario. Mrs. Macmillan died July 13th, 1883. She was in the 72nd year of her age.

CUMHA.

Do Ruari Mac-Leoid, a chaochail sa bhliadhna 1884. Bha e ochd bliadhna diag air fhichead de dh-aois

LE SINE NIC-LEOID, A PHIUTHAR.

FONN.—*Chaidh mo mhulad am miad.*

Fhuair mi naidheachd Di-luain,
Sgeula dubhach 'bha cruaidh gu leoir,
Mo brathair caomh Ruairi,
'Bhi na laighe 's e fuar air bord,
'S beag a bh' agam-sa 'dhuil
Nach faicinn am fiuran beo ;
'S luath leam 'thanic am bas ;
Thug e bhuamsa mo bhraithren og'.

Gur a muladach mi,
Gu bheil ceithrear dhiu sint' fo 'n fhoid ;

Chan fheil agam ri m' thaobh
 Dhiu an diugh ach an aon fhear beo.
 Bha iad foghainteach treun,
 Bha iad eireachdail, ceillidh, coir ;
 Ach le saighdean a bhais
 Chaidh iad seachad mar bhlath an fheoir.

Sud an teachdair' gun truas !
 Dh' fhagadh iomadach gruaidh fo dheoir,
 'N uair a dh' innseadh mu 'n cuairt
 Nach bu bheo thus', a Ruari Oig.
 Bho 'n la 'thugadh thu bhuaip'
 Tha do bhantrach dheth truagh le bron ;
 Bu tu 'n aghaidh gun ghruaim
 'Nam bhi suidhe mu 'n cuairt do 'n bhord.

Gur a mis' 'th' air mo chradh
 'S mi a fiachainn ri dan 'chur sios ;
 Bu tu brathair na baigh',
 B'e bhi caoimhneil do ghnaths rium riamh.
 Cha do rinn mi car slan
 Bhon a chuir iad thu 'n caradh sios
 'N ciste chumhainn nam bord,
 'S chan fheil duil ris a bhron s' 'chur dhiom.

Leam a's duilich do chlann,
 Dhaibh a dh'eirich an call tha mor ;
 Ged tha 'm mathair nan ceann
 Gur a lag iad ri geamhradh reot'.
 Tha 'n cul-taice 'sa chill,
 'M fear a chumadh gach ni air doigh,
 A bha baigheil 'na chainnt,
 Agus cridheil gun sgraing, gun phrois.

'S tric a smaointeachadh mi
 Air an turus a mhill do shnuadh ;
 Fhuair thu aiceid do bhais
 Ann an tir nam beann arda, fuar.

Ged a gheibheadh tu 'dh-or
 Luach na h-oighreachd a 's mo thar cuan
 B' fhearr leam sealladh dhiot beo ;
 Cha chuir sailbhreas dubh-bhron air ruaig.

Bha thu furanach, fial,
 Cha do chleachd thu bhi crion mar sheol ;
 Bha thu tuigseach lan ceill,
 Bha do ghluasad le speis do 'n choir.
 B' e do chomhradh mo mhiann,
 'S tric a chuireadh e dhiom mo bhron ;
 Tha mi 'n nise leam fhin ;
 Dh' fhalbh fear-comuinn mo chridh' 's mo threoir.

Jane Macleod was born in the Isle of Skye. She lives in Caledonia, Prince Edward Island. She came to this country with her parents, John Macleod and Margaret Matheson, about the year 1851. She has composed several short poems, and has a great number of excellent old songs by heart.

ORAN.

Do dhuin' uasal de Chlann-Ghilleain, le fear
 a fhuair a thogail 'na theaghlach.

Gur tric teachdair' orm fein
 Ga mo ghreasad gu eug ;
 'S mor m' eagal nach feud mi cumail ris.
 Gur tric teachdair' etc.

'S e a liuthad beachd sgeul
 'Tha mi faighinn mu d' dheibh'nn
 'Chuir mo chridhe ga leir an truimead dheth.

'S e mo chruadal 's mo chall
Do chuairt am measg Ghall,
'Fhir ruaidh a dh-fhan thall bho 'n uiridh bhuainn.

Fhuair thu toghaidh bho 'n righ,
Chuir thu fothad gach ni,
Ghlac thu 'm bogha 's na criochaibh Lunnaineach.

Air chabhsair 'measg Ghall
'S tu gu 'm buidh'neadh an geall ;
Gur h-e mise 'bha thall 's a chunnaic sin.

'Nuair a fhuair thu o 'n t-slogh
Lan t' aide dhe 'n or,
Gur a h-iomad fear-cleoc' 'thug urram dhuit.

Bu tu 'm marcaiche teann
Air an each bu mhor srann ;
'S tu gum 'b urrainn an ceann a chumail riu.

'Nuair a rachadh tu suas
Air an each 'bu leoir luais
Bhiodh am faine caol, cruaidh, 'ga luimead leat.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'shealg,
B' e do leannan mar arm
Pic de 'n t-Sasunnaich dheirg, chruaidh, fhulang-
aich ;

It an fhir-eoin o'n charn,
Is crann liobharr' o'n cheard,
Bian 'bu dioniche 's calg na h-iomairt' ort.

Gum bu bheadarrach mi
Ann ad sheileir air fion,
Ann ad chaidreamh gun dith, gun uireasbhuidh.

'N uair a shumhlaicheadh cach
'Sios air urlar do bhat,
'S tu gu 'n stiuireadh gu laidir urrant' i.

'Mach o fheartan an Treith
 'Chuir an anail so 'm chre,
 Gur a tusa 'n lamh threun 'rinn duinen dhiom.



ORAN DO DH-EACHANN MAC-NEILL BHARRA.

Is ann an nochd a tha mi 'm thosd,
 Fear na mor thoirt dh'fhag sinn.
 Cha robh aig leigh ceirain gu feum,
 Dh' fhalbh am fear treun daichal
 O, sud an ceum bu ro mhath gleus,
 'Siubhal an deidh lan-daimh;
 O, sud an t-suil 'bu ro mhath tur
 Am frith nan stuc arda.

Chunnacas uair 's do chas bu luath
 A dh' fhalbh air cruas fasich.
 Snuadh ort mar aol, gruidh mar an caor,
 'S gum b' uaibhreach craobh t' ardain.
 Bha t' fhalt cha bhreug mar aital theud,
 Gast agus reidh ar-bhuidh;
 Do shuil bu gheur, 's clach innt' mar leug,
 'S do chuma gu leir aluinn.

Bu ghaist air blar fo aital arm
 Gaisgeach do dhealbh aluinn:
 Claidheabh neo-mhaol, gunna 'bheoil chaoil,
 'S daga nach b' fhaoin lamhach;
 Biodag gheur, chruaidh, liobharr', o 'n ghual,
 Sniomhan is duail mheanbh oirr';
 Do mhiann na seoid a chleachd bhi mor,
 Na gaisgich og' chalma.

Bu sgiobair cuain thu ri la fuar,
 Ged bhiodh ann cruaidh sheideadh;

Bu cheillidh ciuin do bheum air Stiuir,
 A reiteach shugh leumnach,
 'S do bhat' a falbh gu sunndach, calm,
 Gun fhiamh roimh 'n fhaig' bheucich.
 'Gabhail gu tir rathad an ri,
 Bu shamhuilt 'n fhior threin thu.

Ged tha mi 'm dhall 's leir dhomh an call
 'Rug air do dhream mhuint'rech.
 Do thriall mo thuath 's e 'liath mo ghruag,
 Do chur ann am bruaich tunga,
 'N eaglais nan ceut far a bheil sreud ;
 B' iat sin am freumh urail.
 Dh' iomain an sguab fine dheas uainn,
 Cinneadh nam buadh cliuiteach.



CUMHA

Do duine uasal de Chlann-Domhnaill.

Ge socrach a tha 'n leaba so,
 Gur h-olc a chulaidh chadail i,
 'S a mhuinntir a dh' fhalbh fada bhuainn,
 'S gach aon neach a bhi bagradh oirnn: —
 B' iad fhein na fir 'bu taitniche
 'S ann aca 'bha 'n deagh ghnaths
 B' iad fhein, etc.

Gu bheil mi sgith 's mi muladach,
 Gu bheil mi cianail, duilich, trom,
 On threig an cabhlach uile sinn
 Mar sud is ceann ar cumalach ;
 A righ gur mor ar n-uireasbhuidh
 Mu 'n churaidh sin a b' fhearr.

Mo churaidh treubhach, eolach, thu
 De 'n fhior fhuil uasail, Dhomhnallaich ;

Gun rachadh fir an ordagh leat,
 Gun deanteadh iomad stroiceadh leat ;
 Bu smachdail, reachdmhor, morchuisseach thu
 'Dol 'an ordagh blair.

Gur mac do 'n churaidh euchdach thu,
 Do dheagh Mhac Eoin Mhic Sheumais thu,
 Dha 'm biodh an sluagh cruaidh beumannach,
 Sgun d'rinn Mac-Leoid dha geilleachdainn ;
 Mur faigheadh e deagh reite bhuaibh
 Chan fheudadh e bhi slan.

Gur cairdeach do Ghilleasbic thu,
 'S do'n chuirteir a b' fhearr deisearachd ;
 Sar cheannard fhear is fhleasgach thu,
 As a bhlar cha teicheadh tu,
 'S gun aithnicheadh fear do leth-truim
 Far an leagadh tu do lamh.

Gur car do Mhac-'Ic-Ailein thu,
 Mar sin gur e do charaid e ;
 Gur cairdeach do Bhrian Ballach thu,
 'S do Dhomhnall Gorm nach maireann thu ;
 'S gur h-ionnan dhuit 's do dh-Alastair
 Bha 'n carraid Innsibh-Gall.

Gur cairdeach do rìgh Fionnghall thu,
 Mar sin is do dh-Iarl' Anntrum thu,
 'S gum b' ait leis a bhi 'g iomradh ort ;—
 Cha robh do lamh- sa iomrallach ;
 A dh' aon neach 'dheanadh tionndadh riut
 Chan ionndrainneadh e 'm bas.

An la 'bha blar na criche ann
 Bha sinne dubhach cianail dheth,
 Bha 'm fiuran foinnidh fìor ghlic ann,
 Slat ur de 'n choill gun chrionaich thu ;
 Gur car do dh-Aonghas Ileach thu
 Bha treis 'san righeachd thall.

Mo dhunach mar a dh'eirich dhomh,
 Gur bronach an deidh t'eige mi ;
 Cha b' i a chreach gun eirig i,
 Bu chliu gach cuis a dh' eireadh leat ;
 'S gum b' ainmeil aig na h-Eirionnaich
 'Bha treubhantas do lamh.

Nan dugteadh marbh gu d' dhachaidh thu,
 Gun seinnteadh piob, 's bhiodh brataichean
 Os cionn do choluinn mhaiseachail,
 'Gad thoirt gu sgireachd Chlachanaibh :
 Bhiodh mnathan uaisle 'n taice riut
 'Sior-acain mu do bhas.

James, first Macdonald of Kingsburgh, was the second son of Domhnall Gruamach, fourth Macdonald of Sleat. He was succeeded by his son John, and John by his son Donald. This Donald was known as Domhnall Mac Iain Mhic Sheumais. He was a distinguished warrior. He defeated the Macleods in several engagements. Alexander, his eldest son and successor, fought under Montrose. Alexander was killed in the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689. He seems to have been the subject of the poem.

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ORAN.

Do dhuine uasal araid, an deidh a bhais, le
 oide.

Gur a beag a shaoil mi
 'N toiseach Mart chur an t-sil
 Gun sgaoileadh do ni bho m' chro.
 Gur a beag etc.

Gur a h-ìomadh long bhan
 'Chuir mi dhuit air an t-snamh,
 Nach giulaineadh ramh no seol ;

Agus saighead chinn chaoil
 A leig mi le gaoith
 'Dheanamh aighir do m'ghaol de m' dheoin.

Tha thu 'n clachan an aoil
 Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith,
 Far nach dig do bhean ghaoil 'ad choir ;

Ann an ciste 'chinn chaoil,
 Air a sparradh le saor,
 Far nach atharraich gaoth do neoil ;

Is a h-iuchair chan iarr mi
 'S a fosgladh cha dean,
 Is cha choisich thu 'n sliabh a'm' choir ;

Ach a dheagh Mhic-a-Phi,
 Slan do thighinn do 'n tir
 'S cairdeach 'n fhear thu bha 'n I fo bhord.

'Mhic an athar 'bha treun
 'Nuair a dh'iarrt' e gu feum,
 'S gum bu cheannard roimh cheud e 'falbh.

'S mise fein nach robh glic,
 Ged a b'urail mo ghibht,
 'S nach robh agam ort idir coir.

'S e Di-ciadain a bh'ann
 'Nuair a thanic an t-am,
 'Fhir bu mhillis leam cainnt do bheoil.

'Thi tha 'n cathair an t-sluaigh,
 S tu 'thug dhomh 's a thug bhuam ;
 Beannachd 'm anma leis 'suas gu gloir.

The Macduffies or Macphies were a small clan in Argyleshire. They owned the Island of Colonsay, which was their original home. Their chief, Malcolm Macphie, was killed by Cola Ciotach Macdonald in 1623. Some of them settled in Lochaber. These followed Cameron of Lochiel.



ORAN

DO MHAC-FHIONGHAIN AN T-SRATHA.

'Fhir ud shiubhlas an rod,
Thoir bhuam soiridh no dho
Gu long-phort nan seol
Far a bheil na fir chrodha threuna.
Fhir ud 'shiubhlas etc.

Chan ann thun an fhuinn,
Ach gu fear a chuil duinn
Dha'n dug mi-fhin m'uidh,
A rìgh, nar fhaicear mi 'caoidh mu d' dheinibh ;

Gu taigh ceile mo ruin,
Fear a b'eibhinne turn,
'S bu neo-eucorach cuis ;
'S tu nach h-eisdeadh ri cul-chainnt bhreige.

'Mheud 's 'g an labhradh am beoil,
'S tu nach h-aontaicheadh leo,
Ach a feitheamh gu foil
Gus an cluinneadh tu doigh an sgeil sin.

Bheirt' a bhrìgh leat a steach
Gu ciuin faighidneach ceart,
Le rioghalachd phailt,
'S gum bu chinnteach a shnas o d' bheul-sa.

'N uair a shineadh tu 'n lamh
Is a lubadh tu 'n ramh

Gum bu ghile i na'n cnaimh ;
'S gum bu mhiannach le cach 'bhi t' eisdeachd.

Cha robh coire 'gad choir,
Bho d'uilinn gu d' dhorn,
Bho do mhullach gu d' bhroig,
Ach a chruime 'bha'd shroin 's cha b' eitidh.

Cha bhi mise ri cainnt
Ort na 's fhaide aig an am s';
Chi mi 'bhuil air do chlann
Gur h-e 'n fhirinn 'tha 'm rann 's nach breug e.

As "mu d' dheinibh" is what is in the manuscript we allow it to stand. It is used at least in parts of Argyleshire.

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CUMHA.

Do Mhorair Tairbeirt a dh'eug, 's e 'na
dhuine og.

Tha mi fada gun dusgadh
'N seombar cadail 'n taigh duinte ;
Cha d'leig fadachd dhomh 'n tus dol a' m' eideadh.
Thn mi fada etc.

Fhuair mi naidheachd o'n t-searman,
Gun do dh-eug Morair Tairbeirt ;
'S gur h-ann leamsa bu shearbh i r'a h-eisdeachd.

Ma tha 'n sgeula lan dhearbhte,
'S mor air maithibh fir Alb' e ;
Ach air m'fhirinn gum b'fhearr leam 'na bhreig e.

Chaill mi'n stiùir a bh'air m'ardraich,
Iuchair dhunaidh mo cheabainn,
Mo chairt iuil, mo chroinn arda, 's mo speuclair.

Chaill mi 'n t-aobharrach maiseach,
Muirneach, moralach, dreachmhor,
Mun d'rug aois a bhi t' ochd bliadhna deug ort ;

Agus marcach eich uaibhrich
Air clar machair a chruadhlaich ;
Nam bu mhaireann bu bhuachaille air sreud thu.

Bu chraobh ard ann san lios thu,
'Thilgeadh straic de shar mheas dith ;
'S maing pairc air 'n do bhristeadh 'na geig i ;

Slat de'n abhal a b'uire,
'Dh' fhas fo chnothan 's fo ubhlan ;
Tha 'nis snodhach a cuil air a treigsinn.

Ann an cruinneachadh duthcha,
'N lathair seisein no cuirte,
Bhiodh do sheise 'n taigh buth' an Duneideann.

Chuir thu 'n t-Easbic an gainntir,
Chum thu deasbud gun taing ris ;
Bu neo-fhiosrach an ceanntart roimh chleir e.

Tha do dhuthaich na bocan,
'S i gun aighear, gun cheol innt',
Is do dhuthaich Mhic-Leoid cho mho theid mi.

Ged a chuireadh iad ann mi,
'Bhail'-a-mhuilinn sin Anndra,
'S beag mo speis do dhol ann 's gun thu f hein ann.

ORAN.

Mu chor na Rioghachd 'sa bhliadhna 1716, le
te de Chlann Mhic-Gillesheathanaich.

'S tearc an diu mo chuis ghaire
Bhon chaidh Albainn gu strith.
Fo bhreitheanas namhaid
A Rìgh, na fag sinn air dìth ;
Tog fein do chrois taraidh
'Thoir nan cairdean gu tìr ;
Ann am purgadair tha sinn,
Thoir gu grasmhor dhuinn sìth.

Chaidh an saoghal gu bagradh,
'S eiginn aideachadh leam ;
Faic a choir air a diobradh,
Chaill am fhirinn a bonn.
Tha na h-urrachan priseil
Gan cur sìos mar am moll,
Aig fìor Chuigse na rioghachd
'Cur nan disnean a fonn.

'Athair, seall oirnn 'san tìm so
Bhon tha 'n iobairt ud trom ;
A Chuigs' a botadh na binne,
Gu de 'nì sinn air lom ?
Luchd a dh' fhadadh am Biobal
'Thoir bho'n fhirinn a bonn ;
Fhuair fìr Shasuinn an stiopal.
'N deidh an rìgh 'chur air luing.

Biobh ag urnaigh le dìchioll
Dia 'chur dìon air an luing.
Tha am post air a dhiobradh
Is tha 'n stiobal ud lom,
'S an t-oighre tuisleach a dìreadh,
Bhon 's e ar miorun a thoill.

Do luchd mortadh na firinn'
'S mor na libhrigeadh leinn.

'Dhream nan cealgan 'bu lionmhor,
'Chuir an righ ud air ghluas'd,
Dhuisg sibh corraich an Fhreasdail,
'S plaigh o 'n easbic bhur buaidh.
Rinn sibh Anna a charadh
Gun a bas a thoirt 'suas,
'S chuir sibh Seumas air saile,
Sgeul a chraidh sinn ri uair.

Shaoileadh Seumas og Stiubhart,
Fhad 's 'bhiodh triuir air a sgath,
Nach dugadh Gordanaich cul ris,
A gheall a chuis air a chlar
Ged tha 'n coileach 'na fhuidse,
Cha b' e dhuthchas bhi bath ;
'S olc a dhearbhadh thu do dhurachd
Gus an crun 'thoirt a cas.

Tha do chairdean mor uasal,
'S iad fo ghruaim riut gach la,
'S eiginn daibh a bhi 'm fuath riut,
Ged is cruaidh e ri radh.
Bhrisd thu 'n cridhe le smuairean
'N aobhar buairidh no dha ;
'S tha cach ag eigheach mu 'n cuairt duit
Gun deach do chruadal mu lar.

Air dhomh tionndadh 'am leaba,
Chaidh an cadal air chall ;
M' aobhar clisgidh a dhuisg mi,
Shil mo shuilean gu trom.
'S ann tha Caisteal na Maighe
'M bu tric tathaich nan sonn,
'N diugh na fhasach gun uaislean,
Is gun tuath bhi mu 'bhonn.

Gu bheil caisteal na tairne
 Mar nach b' abhaist gun smuid,
 Is tha bhaintighearna ghasda
 An deidh pasgadh a ciuil.
 'S tric a deoir air a rasgaibh
 Mu Shir Lachainn nan tur,
 Bhon chaidh prison an Sasunn
 Air na gaisgich nach lub.

Tha do chomhlaichean glaiste,
 'S tha do gheatachan duint',
 Oig phriseil na pailte,
 'S chan ann le airc no le gnuig.
 'S e 'bhi 'n toir air a cheartas
 'Chuir air aiseag thu null ;
 Ghabh thu toiseach a ghatair
 Ged a sharaicheadh thu.

Mo chreach, Uilleam a Bhorluim
 'Bhi aig Deorsa 'na thur,
 Am fear misneachail, morail,
 Lean a choir air a cul.
 Beinn Shioin nach diobair,
 Cridhe dileas gun lub,
 'S e fo chomhla gu diblidh
 'N diugh ga 'dhiteadh 's gach buth.

A Rìgh ghloirmhoir nam feartan,
 Tionndaidh 'n reachd so mu 'n cuairt ;
 Thoir gach duthchasach dhachaidh
 'Dh 'fhalbh air seacharan bhuainn,
 Mac-an-Toisich nam bratach
 Is Clann Chatain nam buadh,
 A ghabh fogradh o 'n aitribh,
 'S cha b' ann le masladh nan ruag

Chuir e m' inntinn gu leughadh
 Gu de mar dh' eirich so dhuinn.

'M faic thu 'n t-eilean 'na eunar
 Gun aobhar eibhnis 'na thur?
 Far am b' aighearach teudan
 An am eirigh do 'n chuir;
 'S fion na Spaine ga 'eigheach
 Air slainte Sheumais a chruin.

'M faic thu 'n t-uachdaran breige
 Air aon ghleus ris a Phap?
 'S iad a damnadh a cheile
 On la 'dh'eirich am brath;
 Gur a tursach an sgeul e
 Bhi ga 'eisdeachd bho chach;
 Mheall thu coileach na feile,
 'S dhit a chleir e gu bas.

Coileach dona gun fhirinn,
 Ghibht e 'chirean 's a ghras.
 Dh'eigh e 'n t-eitheach 'san rioghachd,
 Is cha dirich e sparr.
 Ma gheibh Mac-Caillein 'na linn thu,
 Bheir e cis dhiot nach fearr;
 'S daor a phaigheas tu 'n tim so
 Airson na firinn a bha.

Gur a sean leam a choir sin
 A th' aig Deors' air a chrun;
 Ma 's i Chuigs' tha ga sheoladh
 Guidheam leon air a chuis'
 Ghlac thu 'n t-urram air Fostar
 'S bu daor an comhrag sin duinn;
 Ach sgrios a thigh'nn air a gharradh
 Mun cinn barr ann na's mu.

William Mackintosh of Borlum, known as the Brigadier, was born about the year 1663. He was a graduate of King's College, Aberdeen. He served for some time in the French army. He took an active part with John Erskine,

Earl of Mar, in the rebellion of 1715. He was among the prisoners taken at Preston. He escaped from prison in May, 1716. He died in 1743. Lachlan, chief of the Mackintoshes, was also taken prisoner at Preston.



ORAN.

Do dhuine uasal araid.

'S trom's chan aotrom an t-aiseag
Bho nach d'fhuaras o 'n ghaisgeach ;
Bha thu shiol nan righ reachdmhor so 'dh'eug.

'S car thu 'dh-Eachann han luireach,
Dh'an dug mi toiseach mo shugraidh,
Ged a dh'fhag thu mi 'n Diura leam fein.

Bha do chairdeas o thoiseach
Do dh-fhuil dhirich righ Lochlainn
Is do'n Iarla 'rinn lot an Strath-Spe.

Is gur car do Mhac-Leoid thu
Is do thighearna Chnoideart,
'S do Mhac Iain Stiubhart o Mhorthir nan geug.

Ann ann toiseach na h-armachd,
'S mi gun taghadh mar arm dhuit,
Oigeir sheadhaich 's neo-dhearmadach beus,

An claidheabh gorm, tana,
Dha 'm bi faobhar geur fallain,
Lamh thu leigeadh na fala gu feur.

Gum bu mhath leat glac liobhar
Mar ri iteach an fhior-eoin
Air a ceangal le sioda 's le ceir.

Nam bithinn-sa 'm urrainn
Gur h-ann leatsa a chuirinn,
'S mi gum buaileadh mo bhuille as do sgeith.

Gu ma slan 's gu ma h-iomlan
Do'n ti 'tha mi 'g iomradh,
Ged a rinneadh leat iomrall orm fein.

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ORAN.

Do dh-Ailain Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna nan
Drimnean, le duine bochd de Chlann-Domhnaill
a bha falbh feadh na duthcha.

Tha mi 'm Muile 'san am,
Chi mi duthaich nam beann,
'N goir a chubhag an am a cheitein
Tha mi 'm Muile etc.

Tha mi toileach 'bhi cainnt
Air an Ailain ud thall,
Theid air thapadh an am an fheuma.

'N am dhuit suidhe 'sa chuir,
Cha b' ann air an cul ;
Cha bu chladhaire 'ad chuisibh fein thu.

Fhad 's a bhitheas tu beo
Chan e 'm farasd do leon ;
'S ann a dheanadh tu choir de'n eucoir.

Cha do sheall thu air lar
'N uair a thug thu'n ceum ard,
'S cha do ghabh thu cead chaich mu dheinibh.

Ghlac thu 'n eucag air laimh,
Slat de 'n abhall fo bhlath,
Thug thu dhachaidh gu t' aite fein i.

De'n fhuil uaibhrich tha 'n t-slat ;
'S lionmhor fuaran gle bhras
'Tha mu 'guillibh a gleachd ri 'cheile ;

Bho Loch-Buidhe nam fear,
 'S nan ard bhaidealan geal';—
 'S lionmhor maighdean gun smal 'cur greis ann ;

'S bho Dhun-Olla 'm bi 'n ceo,
 Agus urram gach gleois ;
 Cuim am fagainn de m' dheoin a'm' dheidh iad ?

'S fada chathaidh ort cliu ;
 Thug thu 'n t-urram sin dhiu
 Eadar Muile 's an tur an Sleite.

Dhomhsa dheirich an call
 Bho 'n chaidh 'm eigheach air charn ;
 'S truagh mar faigh mi o Mhari reite.

Tha mi t' ionndraichinn bhuam,
 Tha mo phoca fo ghruaim
 Bho na sguir an te ruadh 'chur sheud ann.



AN CREACHADAIR.

Gur h-e 'n robair ro laidir
 'Rinn mo mhalaid a spuinneadh,
 'S a chuir toradh mo shaothrach
 Ga sgaoileadh feadh duthcha
 Chan fhaod mi 'bhi gearan
 Mu na ghabh e de m' chuinneadh ;
 Ach chan aill leam 'bhi falamh
 Gu bhi ceannach sheud ur dha.

Gur a h-iomadh seud buadhach
 'Thugadh bhuam-s' ann san tur ud,
 'Ghleidheadh m' aran dhomh lathail
 Gun lapaireachd turna.

'N uair a chluinn iad mar tha mi,
'S gur balg fas 'th' air mo ghiulan,
Cha bhuidhinn mi fardach
Ach le canran is durachd.

Ach mu 'n bhaintighearn' sin Mairi
Mhor, narach, shar chliuteach,
Dha bheil subhailcean sar mhath
'Thaobh nadair is duthchais,
Cha bu chomainn domh aireamh
Sgeul nar air a cul-se ;
Ach bha h-impidh ro laidir
Mu mo mhalaid-s' a spuinneadh.

'N uair 'thig Alastair Snodgras
Gun doichioll, gun euradh,
Agus cupaill de bhotuill
Ann am fochair a sgeithe,
'S a chluinnear an gogan
Gun dean sogan oirnn eirigh ;—
'S bu bhinn sin 'sa mhaduinn
Seach tabait luchd-streupa.

Tha bean uasal 'sa bhaile s'
'S Tuath De Danann an deidh oirr',
Catriona nigh'n Mhurchaidh
Bean 'tha iomlan na ceutadh.
Le maoiseagan eorna
Bheir i 'n eolas gu feum dhuinn,
'S iad nan cleasaichean neonach
Aic' air bord a luchdh-feille.

Bha druidheachd aig Tuath De Danann. Rachadh aca air iad-fein a chur an riochd uisge-bheatha. 'S ann an sin a bhiodh iad 'nan cleasaichean neonach. Maoiseag, a small basket, a little bag.

COMHRADH.

EADAR SGIOBAIR AGUS A SHOITHEACH.

AN SOITHEACH.

Nam faighinn-sa mar-rium
 Na daoine bu mhath leam,
 Gun sininn ri Manain
 Le barantas cruaidh.
 Chuirinn Patric an urras,
 Ged chairt' air mo mhuin e,
 Nach h-eil gearr ann sa mhunadh
 A chumadh rium luaths.
 Ged leanadh iad dluth mi
 Air thailleabh mo chunraidh,
 Chuirinn failt air mo dhuthaich
 Ach siuil a bhi suas.
 Le cursaireachd bhoidhich
 Bheirinn ionnsaidh air Roaig,
 'S gheibhtheadh rud air mo bhord
 A chuireadh boilich mu'n cuairt.

Gu bheil m'inntinn ag eirigh
 Ris na ruitheannan eutrom ;
 'S gur h-e mise tha gleusda
 Gu reubadh a chuain,
 'S mi nach eisdeadh gu dilinn
 Ri soirbheas glan cinnteach,
 Le sgioba math dileas,
 'S gach ni airson gluas'd.
 Bhon dh' fhas mi mion eolach
 Eadar Eirinn is Morthir
 Gheibhinn teisteanas sonraicht'
 A Steornabha 'nuas.
 Gur mi gheallbhanach lurach
 'S boidhche dealbh agus cuma,
 'Choisneas ainm air gach turas ;
 Gun robh buidhinn rium fuaight'.

AN SGIOBAIR.

Fhuair mi 'm bliadhna crann ur dhuit
 Nach bi furasda 'lubadh ;
 'S bidh mi-fhin air do stiuir
 Is mo chul ris gach stuaidh ;
 Fhuair mi acfhuinn do 'reir sin
 Nach leig cluicheachd no leum leis ;
 'S aobhar misnich do m' cheile
 'N uair a theid e rith' 'suas.
 'N uair 'bheirinn thu sabhailt'
 Gu cala math samhach,
 'S a shinteadh do chabal
 An caradh ri d' chluais ;
 Gum biodh stoirm fo na gillean
 Leis nach doirbh a bhi tioram,
 'S gur h-ann leotha bu mhinic
 An tine 'thoirt air cuaich.

AN SOITHEACH.

Ach nam faighinn-sa ceartas
 'S a bhi ur bharr mo bhac-stuic,
 Le darach math Sas'nach,
 'S a bhi snasmhor mu'n cuairt.
 'S a bhi dubailt' an calcadh.
 Air chul mo reang tarsuinn,
 Bheirinn cunntas a m' astar
 Nach do chleachd mi 'thoirt bhuam.
 'S nam faighinn saoir dhileas
 'Chuireadh fad' a'm' dhruim direach,
 Agus fear 'dheanadh sgriobhadh
 Bheirinn sinteag do'n t-Suain,
 Le 'm sgioba math gasda
 'Dheanadh m' aodach a phasgadh,
 'S leiginn cunntas mo chairtealan
 Gu beachd Eachainn Ruaidh.

'Mhic Sheumais mhic Dhughail
 A Eirinn 's a Diura,

'S mor an leth-trom do m' chuirteir
 A bhi 'giulan le t' uaisl',
 Tagh thusa bean bhoidheach,
 'S biodh a cairdean lan deonach,
 'S mur bi i-fein gorach
 Ni i comhnadh leat suas.
 Ach ma rinn thu mis' fhagail
 Ann an urra ri Patric
 Mur faigh thu na's fearr dhomh
 Dean do bhrathair rium 'suas ;
 Ma tha thus' ann ad oigear,
 Chan fheil mis' ann am bhreoitich ;
 Dheanainn mire roimh sheolaid
 Ged a phos mi da uair.

'S a chur crich air gach gnothach,
 Dheanainn sineadh ri nodhaichean,
 'S chuirinn ciosanaich choimheach
 Le leathad aig lugths.
 Cha bu bhaol daibh bhi romham,
 'S mo thaobhs' air muir domhain ;
 Ann an caonnaig mo threabhaidh
 Dheanainn omhan air fuar.
 Gum fagainn gu freagarach
 Mor agus beag iad ;
 Cha b' urrainn iad seasamh
 Ri leagail mo ghual'.
 Gur neonach mur creid sibh,
 'S mi eolach am Breatunn ;
 Gheibhinn comhdach math, teisteil,
 Far 'n do leasaich mi 'suas.

Tha thu t' oganach brioghasach,
 Eolach 'feadh thirean ;
 Gur tric thugadh sgriob leat
 Leam fhin air a chuan.
 'Measg nionag bhiodh aoibh ort,
 'S tric dh'fhalbh thu gun m' fhaighneachd ;

'N uair thigeadh an oidhch'
 Bhiodh tu 'd shlaightear air chuairt.
 Ged a bhithinn 's an osbadal
 'S daoire 'bha 'n Lochlann,
 Bhiodh tusa gun sprochd ort,
 Gun osna tigh'nn bhuaith
 Ma dh'fhuilingeas an ath te
 Cho tric rium le d' mhacnas,
 Gun cluinn thusa racaid
 'S am bata mu d' chluais.

Cursaireachd, coursing.—Nodhaichean, new ones.

RANNAN

LEIS A BHARD MAC-GILLEAIN.

'Nuair a phos Domhnall Camaran, Mac Iain
 a Chliridh Mhoir, agus Mari Nic-a-Phi bha beagan
 de shluagh cruinn ann an taigh athar gum failt-
 eachadh dhachaidh. 'Nuair a bha Iain a Chliridh
 Mhoir, Iain Mac Eoghain, a toirt drama do dh-
 Iain Mac-Gilleain, am Bard, thubhairt e ris, So
 Iain, cluinnim facal bhuaith agus feuch nach bi
 ciorram air. Ghlac am Bard an gloine agus dh'
 ol e deoch-slainge na caraid oig ann sna briathran
 a leanas:—

Deoch-slainge na caraid oig
 A thanic oirnn an drast air sgrìob;
 Domhnall Camaran 'tha mi 'graitinn
 Agus Mari Nic-a-Phi.
 Saoghal fada dhuibh 'sa phosadh,
 'S barrachd eolais air a mhnaoi.—
 Iain, ceartaich thusa an rann dhuinn,
 Ma dh'fhag mi dad ann 'tha cli.

We got this stanza whilst waiting for the train at the station in New Glasgow, July 14, 1890, from Donald Ur Cameron, who was present when it was composed. John Cameron, Clerramore and the Bard were near neighbors and good friends.

At the present day there is a railway station at Clerramore, or Big Clearing, which is known as James River Station, an utterly unhistorical, unmusical, and inappropriate name. It is a pity to see old names changed.

Bha Domhnall Mac-Coinnich, an taillear, a gearradh cota do'n Bhard. Thachair gun robh eachdraidh Iosibh ann am poca a Bhaird. Thug an taillear an leabhar as agus chum e e gu 'leughadh. A chiad uair a chunnic am Bard an taillear an deidh so dh' fhailtich e e ann sna briathrabh a leanas :—

'S e Domhnall Mac-Coinnich, an taillear,
Duine 's taire 'tha mu 'n cuairt ;
'S beag a shaoileadh Seoras Baillidh
Gun robh a mheirle riut fuaight' ;
Thug thu 'chreidsinn air le d' chrabhadh
Gun deanadh tu pap do shluagh ;
'S mise nach faod sin a ghraitinn,
'S do lamh 'thoirt mo leabhair bhuam.

We got this stanza from Catherine Macinnis, Fraser's Mountain, October 11th, 1880. Donald Mackenzie was an old soldier. He was twenty-one years in the army, and was a very intelligent man.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

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- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2, 33, the rein, reign. | 69, 32, mamed, named. |
| 3, 15, perion, period. | 70, 32, fhaithrich, fhairich. |
| 5, 26, rightly, richly. | 71, 21, aithin, aithn' |
| 6, 15, buathran, briathran. | 75, 10, conquered, conquered. |
| 6, 22, no, mo. | 82, 19, de 'n chall, do 'n chall. |
| 6, 5, eum, eun. | 83, 29, fhaire, fhaire. |
| 6, 19, 'n ar, 'n ur. | 100, 2, fhear, fhear. |
| 8, 10, Obhar, Odhar. | 102, 18, mar, mur. |
| 8, 26, Chaidheamh, Chlaidh-eabh. | 109, 26, glaidhteachd, glaidhteachd. |
| 9, 28, Loug, Long. | 119, 8, tlghearna, tighearna. |
| 10, 12, cran, crann. | 123, 11, Carlisie, Carlisle. |
| 11, 4, Eana chor, Eanach or. | 125, 10, nochdadh, a nochdadh. |
| 11, 19, Domhuall, Domhnall. | 127, 12, Chiadh, 'Chaidh. |
| 14, 8, aineoil, aineol. | 129, 26, Bni, 'Bhi. |
| 14, 24, sheidu, shuidhe. | 129, 30, fear, fear. |
| 16, 5, a' d', ad. | 130, 3, brass, bras. |
| 20, 24, bhuiadhne, bhuainne. | 130, 6, C' air, Cait. |
| 21, 7, d' thught, dugt' | 130, 9, chruachdan, chnuachdan. |
| 23, 5, bheal, bheul. | 130, 10, us, na. |
| 26, 3, uam, nam. | 130, 14, seilleair, soilleir. |
| 35, 10, ehur, chur. | 130, 28, cumidh, cinnidh. |
| 36, 17, Lnnnainu, Lunnainn. | 135, 1, t-ordach, t-aodach. |
| 38, 28, Jsmes, James. | 136, 3, Chunnaeas, Chunnacas, |
| 40, 9, brnsg, brusg | 136, 10, Thr, Tha. |
| 40, 23, bhei, bheil, | 136, 10, tuath, fuath. |
| 41, 5, Ba, Bha. | 136, 14, fhdath, fhuath. |
| 42, 8, received, resided. | 139, 20, work, poem. |
| 44, 25, tuireid ch, tuireideach. | 140, 24, Luch, Luchd. |
| 44, 31, ghaths, gnaths. | 145, 8, uidhean, uidheam. |
| 46, 21, ei eadh, eideadh | 147, 5, struth, shruth. |
| 55, 28, Carnabrug, Chearnaburg. | 147, 12, c oc croc. |
| 60, 30, airdead, airdid. | 147, 15, tuair gneadh, tuairgneadh. |
| 61, 29, pinadh, pianadh. | 147, 23, clann, ceann. |
| 63, 1, dearbhadh, dhearbhadh | |

- 147, 27, dhinbhail dhiubhail.
 147, 27, sluagh, sloigh.
 148, 8, Culdres, Culdares.
 148, 10, bend, band.
 148, 18, Clearc, Cearc.
 148, 18, Mrcdonald, Macdonald.
 148, 27, 1778, 1678.
 149, 28, fineault', finealt'
 150, 14, sgnr, sgur.
 151, 1, Cumba, Cumha.
 151, 1, Ghilleasbing, Ghilleasbic.
 151, 19, aigneahh, aigneadh,
 151, 29, cuimhuich, cumhnich.
 152, 10, mam, nam.
 152, 32, cnmaibh, cumaibh.
 154, 1, slnn, sinn.
 155, 8, letha latha.
 156, 4, alr, air.
 157, 14, agaidh, aghaidh.
 157, 19, thugadn, thugadh.
 157, 25, fragairt, freagairt,
 159, 2, ga mi', ga m'.
 159, 26, thiurich, thuinich.
 160, 17, Maboch, Mabach.
 161, 4, bhliadhna, bhliadhna.
 167, 28, phiuthar, phiuthair.
 169, 28, chadadal, chadal.
 170, 23, cumhuanta, cumhanta.
 174, 28, stirochd, striochd.
 174, 32, lcat, leat.
 175, 1, nar, na.
 175, 6, lean, leam.
 177, 23, Umha, Cumha.
 178, 16, Trionaid, Trianaid.
 178, 29, chunatasan, chuntasan.
 180, 30, Anus, Anns.
 181, 23 b' urram, h-urram.
 181, 26, Mac-Neil, Mac-Neill.
 183, 8, 'bhearadh, 'bheagadh.
 183, 33, nc, no.
 184, 16, cheirtaidh, cheutaidh,
 186, 6, bnuillean, buillean.
 187, 1, iosaidh nn, ionnsuidh.
 187, 11, nhath, mhath.
 187, 26, chnramach, churamach.
 187, 33, ruel, rud.
 188, 25, shleisdean, sleisdean.
 191, 2, fhao ainn, fhaotuinn.
 191, 15, ciarach, ciatach.
 191, 20, bailidh, bailidh.
 192, 12, Mhis, Mhic.
 192, 17, doireabh, doireadh.
 192, 25, 'Fhnair, 'Fhuair.
 193, 2, des, deo.
 193, 25, stamn, stamb.
 193, 28, tor, torr.
 194, 20, dug e, dug thu e.
 195, 17, tarsuing, taruinn.
 195, 27, dilear, dileas,
 198, 5, ghuilan, ghiulan.
 198, 10, og, ag.
 200, 20, fha ail, 'fhagail.
 202, 24, Seallr, Sellar.
 203, 19, pcacadh, peacadh.
 207, 28, tapaidhe, tapaidh.
 207, 31, cluinut' cluinnt'
 207, 32, ghabbadh, ghabhadh.
 208, 8, bhois, 'bhios.
 210, 17, bhiadhna, bliadhna.
 212, 8, bhas, bha.
 214, 10 Alustair, Alastair.
 216, 11, mbac, mhac.
 216, 30, bliadhna, bhliadhna.
 216, 32, Rha, Bha.
 216, 34, theaunga, theanga.
 216, 36, ri am, ris am.
 217, 3, uighinn, nighinn.
 217, 9, 'dhitha 'dhith.
 217, 10, 's e nu, 's e mo.
 217, 16, nac, nach.
 217, 28, cheirt, cheist.
 217, 27, treum, treun.
 217, 27, fabh lum, falbh nam.
 217, 29, inn cachd, innleachd.
 217, 33, thoirneadh, thairneadh.
 217, 33, sgriob-hadh, sgriobhadh.
 218, 10, eeutach, ceutach.
 218, 14, Na'm, 'N am.
 219, 12, sbios, shios.
 219, 20, cyeann, cheann.
 219, 22, dam bniach, nambruach.
 219, 24, nau, nan.

- 219, 30, g aradh, gharradh.
 219, 33, mealt, meall.
 220, Page 230, Page 220.
 220, 16, faineach, fainneach.
 220, 25, chuace, chuach.
 220, 27, ghlen, ghlan.
 220, 31, clin, cliu.
 220, 32, Au'm, gum.
 221, 26, was, was a.
 222, 11, Mcfarlane, Macfarlane.
 222, 29, 'san-shocair, 's an-shocair.
 228, 7, macraichean, mach-raichean.
 228, 7, Gu'n, Gun.
 228, 7, ghioraicheadh, ghiorraicheadh.
 229, 28, bedchd, beachd.
 230, 16, dhuinne' dhuinn' e.
 230, 30, bliadha, bliadhna.
 232, 10, fear ann, fear fann.
 232, 24, ceudla, ceud la.
 236, 3, gheibheadh, gheibheadh.
 236, 25, mhlael, mheall.
 236, 34, mhisneach, mhisnich.
 237, 8, hruban chruhan.
 237, 29, ainneanch, ainneamh.
 237, 34, fasannan, fasan nan.
 238, 2, 'san cai, 's an caise.
 239, 25, 'bhu, 'bu.
 239, 25, macaan, macanan.
 240, 5, fheaail, fhearail.
 241, 13, bhoidhach, bhoidheach.
 241, 14, bhudadheach, bhuadhaich.
 241, 19, lan ch, lanach.
 242, 5, tlachmhor, tlachdmhor.
 242, 7, 'mu 'm 'poca, mu 'm poca.
 242, 13, truen, treun.
 242, 13, j heuma, f heuma.
 242, 21, N' uair, 'Nuair.
 243, 6, pleasd, pleased.
 244, 26, ledaidhe, luaidhe.
 245, 7, gunn nheirg, gun mheirg.
 245, 18, Triach, Triath.
 245, 25, an fhair, an fhear.
 245, 26, Morthrieach, Morthrieach.
 248, 8, 's 'o 'r, 's o 'r.
 247, 10, Luch, Luchd.
 248, 20, a asadh, a lasadh.
 249, 4, Ba, Bu.
 250, 2, Siadri, 'S iad ri.
 250, 4, Gar, Gur.
 250, 9, urraim, urram.
 250, 10, Cumha Eile, Cumha.
 252, 17, buadh, buaidh.
 253, 1, Ta, Na.
 254, 3, chaitein, cheitein.
 254, 10, chlinteach, chliuiteach.
 255, 7, 'chrenchdan, 'chreuchdan.
 255, 7, ath-cqar, ath-chur,
 256, 15, sinu, sinn.
 256, 18, misneach, misneach.
 257, 8, Marealaidh, Mar ealaidh.
 257, 19, chuald, chuala.
 258, 1, Domhuallaich, Domhnallaich.
 258, 17, ioghbnadh, ionghnadh.
 258, 19, carthanuach, carthannach.
 259, 3, Domhaill, Dhomhnaill.
 259, 7, choreaich, chorcaich.
 259, 10, treuin-thear, treunfhear.
 259, 13, chruinich, chruinnich.
 259, 14, Clann-lain, Clann-lain.
 259, 16, nau, nan.
 259, 32, compell ot, compelled to.
 260, 2, Gilleasbing, Gilleasbic.
 260, 4, dhubradh, dhiobradh.
 260, 14, ghnus, ghnuis.
 260, 14, adbhach, aobhach.
 260, 16, caoimhneli, caoimhneil,
 360, ailleach, ailleachd.
 260, 23, bhoian, bhuan.
 263, 6, atr, air.

265, 9, cuilin, cuilinn.	313, 9, tanml, tamull.
268, 10, is mi 'ghlac, is 'ghlac.	314, 11, fiosracn, fiosrach.
269, 16, leaonn, leann.	314, 15, bhreagh, bhriagh.
271, 18, B' an B' ann.	315, 16, Dhomsa, Dhomhsa.
273, 22, Domhnan, Domhnall.	316, 27, gu 'n, gun.
274, 4, nineth, ninth.	316, 32, no, na.
274, 17, do Domhnall, do Dhomhnall.	319, 28, spuie, spuir.
275, 5, romhan, romham.	319, 30, mo an, moran.
275, 25, buideul, buideal.	321, 4, Domhallach, Domhnallach.
277, 17, breislien, breislich.	322, 2, 'chuireus, chuireas.
278, 10, chreachadairean, creachadairean.	322, 6, spinn-asuin, spuin-asuin.
287, 15, taiug, taing.	322, 14, No 'n ni, No 'n i.
293, 6, phris, pris.	322, 25, dhuthaich, duthaich.
295, 18, Bhiodmaid, Bhiodhmaid.	342, 12, 'ghruund, ghrund.
296, 3, claideamh, claidheabh.	345, 29, burchaille, buachaille.
296, 8, smachdal, smachdail.	350, 10, ginlanta, giulanta.
296, 13, chasgadh, chaogadh.	351, 20, theidh, theid.
300, 22, balachan, ballachan.	354, 19, dhuinne, dhuinn.
300, 27, spioradau, spioradan.	367, 3, duinen, duine.
308, 12, eirighd, eirigh.	372, 4, Cola, Colla.
309, 3, rl, ri.	385, 18, lugths, luas.

Page 35, For Mar eun clomhach an ruchain read Mar eun-cladhaich an rucain.

Page 96, Delete the stanza at the bottom.

Page 121, Delete the first twenty-one lines.

Page 123, Delete Sliabh a Chlamhain and substitute Blar h-Eaglaise Brice.

Page 128, Delete He was a very excellent man, as the same statement is made again.

Page 134, Cabhuil, a kind of creel for catching fish.

Page 142, For of Lochiel read Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel.

Page 153, Read lines 9, 10, 11 and 12 as follows:

Aig ceann Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa
 La roimh Dhi-domhonnaich; 's da la na dheidh
 Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,
 'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic Dhe.

Page 158. Gilleasbic Dubh Mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill was unquestionably the Ciaran Mabach. In Gillies's collection, at page 77, the Ciaran Mabach is called Gilleasbic Ruadh Mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill. Ciaran is from ciar, a dull black colour. It seems to us very unlikely that a red-haired man would be known as an Ciaran. We feel sure that Gilleasbic Ruadh is a mistake.

Page 169, Oran Gaoil. The sixth stanza of this poem was omitted by mistake. It is as follows :—

Do mheall-shuil bu ghlan aogasg,
 'S do shlios mar fhaoilinn air snamh ;
 Gruaidh dhearg ort mar chaorann,
 'Dh'fhag mi daor ann ad ghradh.
 Gur h-e mheud 's 'thug mi 'speis dhuit
 'Dh' fhag mi-fein ann an drip ;
 'N diugh chan iarrainn de 'n t-saoghal
 Ach leine chaol agus cist'.

The last stanza, Chunna mise do chinneadh, etc., should be deleted, as it does not belong to the poem.

Page 200. Rugaid, a long neck. Slat-mhara, tangle.

Page 219, Oran molaidh. The first four lines should read as follows :—

Air dhomh-s' a bhi 'm onar
 Troimh aonach nam beann,
 Gun gleus mi na teudan,
 'S gun te dhiu air chall.

Page 246. Uaibheachd. We have not met this word any where else. It seems to mean subject.

Page 247. Delete the note at the bottom of the page. The following may take its place :—

In 1784 John, 7th of Morar, gave over his estates to Simon, his son, reserving a life rent for himself. Simon, 8th of Morar, was a Major in the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders. He married in 1784, Amelia, only child of Captain James Macdonell of Glenmeddle, third son of John Macdonell of Glengarry, and had by her three sons, James, Sim Og, and John. He died March 12th, 1800, and was succeeded by his eldest son. John, 7th of Morar, died in the autumn of 1809. James, 9th of Morar, entered the army in 1805. He returned home a Major in 1809. He died in Edinburgh after a lingering illness, in October, 1811. He was succeeded by his brother, Sim Og. Sim Og, 10th of Morar, studied law. He was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun, July 22nd, 1812. He died unmarried.

Page 248. For Cumha read Cumha do Shim Domhnallach, Triath Mhorthir.

Page 250. For Cumha eile etc., read Cumha do Shim Og Domhnallach, Triath Mhorthir, Page 255, Delete Cumha eile, etc. This is not another poem, but the

last part of the poem beginning on page 250. The poet refers first to Major Simon, then to his father, then to Major James, and lastly to young Simon.

Page 265. Rannan Targraidh. The following is the poem word for word as it is in the MS.:—

Claun Ghilleoin on Dreolinn
Mar ealt ian air bhar culinn
Mar chaor dheirig a tin o thellach
'S bronach an sgeul sud ra inns.

Claun Dughil on aird a niar
Slioc Aula ni sgiath dearg
Greadan gun teasregin doimh
Air aon chlar luing do bheirther.

Mac Iain Stewart ceaun na fearr
Thuigh e air dun Insa for
Chaill e dun Insa for
'S cha do bhuining e dun Insa gil.

Claun o Dhuimhn ceun gach fine
Tuitim mar aon uniag ghlaoine
Air bhur teachd a niar on bhile
Struadh air milleadh le mirun.

Page 272. In the line *Slan ur muineil cha till sibh breug orm*, *slan* means in defiance of, in spite of, and is pronounced short like can, say or sing.

Page 322, *Le spuin-asuin a dh-aindeoin*. We do not know what *spuin-asuin* is. We give it as it is in the MS. Perhaps it should be *spain-asuin* or *spuinn-asuin*.

PAGE 344—IAIN BOID.

John Boyd, son of Hugh Boyd and Mary Macfarlane, was born in Arisaig, Scotland, in 1797. He came to this country with his parents, who settled at the South River of Antigonish, in 1801. He composed several poems, but unfortunately they have all been allowed to perish except the elegy on Bishop Fraser. He died at Antigonish, Oct. 5, 1871. He was married twice. By his first wife, Mary Macdonald, he had one son, John. By his second wife, Jennet Macdonald, he had two sons, Angus and Donald, and eight daughters. John, his eldest son, published a Gaelic and English spelling book, in 1848. He published a Gaelic Monthly for about two years. He started the "Casket," a weekly newspaper published in Antigonish, in

1852. He published in pamphlet form several of the poems of the Bard Maclean, in 1856. He sold out his interest in the "Casket" to his brother, Angus, in 1861. He died in Boston, December 18th, 1880, in the 57th year of his age. Angus Boyd gave up his connection with the "Casket" in 1888, having been in that year appointed collector of Customs for the port of Antigonish. Whilst the Boyds had the "Casket" its columns were always ready to welcome a Gaelic contribution.

Bishop Fraser was born at Crasky, in Strathglass, in 1779. He was the eldest son of John Fraser and Jane Chisholm. He came to Nova Scotia, in 1822. He was appointed Bishop in 1827. He died in Antigonish, October, 4th, 1851.





